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CHOCOLATES FOR MY WIFE

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CHOCOLATES FOR MY WIFE

by

Todd Matshikiza

London
Hodder & Stoughton



Four Quills, Blacks

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CHOCOLATS FOR MY WIFE

by
Todd Matshikiza.

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PREFACE TO CHOCOLATES FOR MY WIFE.

The reason I wrote this book of split second impressions was my friend Solomon Maqambalala saying to me:

"When a white man sees a black man, he sees red."
He also said, "When a black man sees a white man, he sees red."

Alternative preface:

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Printer's imprint

12 for Esmé

~~5~~

line shows between Johannesburg
* / *

Arrival, is a most beautiful thing, ~~San I ever forget~~

MP
The English Channel dressed up in the most beautiful blue and white, the most gorgeous of satins as my family and I flew across towards London Airport. I kissed her, the English Channel. I kissed her each time the ~~Belgian~~ ^{jet} plane dipped a wing, a nose, a ^{dive} wing to give us a glimpse of great, big London where we were heading. I would have kissed her long and lingering if our seats were not the ones on the wings. [I could have kissed the white air hostess too, in Johannesburg. The one who called me to the desk and said, "Excuse me, Sir, may I show you the seating plan. Here right across the wings are your seats with your family. You will be comfortable. Have a good flight, Sir."

MP N.P.
And then she telephoned the Johannesburg Car Hire Company and asked them to send a big, black Cadillac with a white ^u chauffeur to take Mr and Mrs Matshikiza to the Jan Smuts Airport. Suddenly I loved ^{this white girl.} ~~her~~. She was dark, with long black hair that seemed to want to be thrown around my neck in a pleasant moment. She was my ~~little~~ ^{four} height, five foot ~~three~~, and her eyes were long and black and far away from South Africa, just like I have always wanted Continental white women to look for me, especially as I was soon going up in the air. She kept on saying, "Make yourself comfortable, Sir." [And I followed her wasp of a waist around the office remembering that yesterday when I was in the same office she had said I want to confirm my booking and this girl with you is she your wife and these two piccanins are your children? Yes your booking is here. The passengers leave by bus from here at three tomorrow and you must be on time. I think I said yes missus.

I kept looking through the window to see if Reggie Rathebe was waiting. He had sacrificed the whole day driving me in his car on that very hurried day. Reggie drove me to Cynthia Whitbank's house. Cynthia is the white woman who saved the piano on which I worked out some of the things in me. I had kept and loved my piano in my Orlando Native Segregated barracks ~~for~~ through the riots. She bought ~~it~~ my piano.

I had gone to collect the cheque and to say goodbye to her. As she opened the front door of her big, beautiful white house to let me in I suddenly remembered the white papers have been saying black men visit white women in Parktown while their husbands are at work. Before I had time to finish thinking like this, she was putting ~~25~~ the cheque into my breast pocket with her beautiful, ~~ling~~^{ling} expressively talented hands, and I was drinking in her lovely, delicate face barely one foot from mine in the mind of someone wanting but not daring to say goodbye, farewell, as one does on the brink of a long journey. The buzzing in my head suddenly looked round to see that the large wooden gate facing the front door where we stood was looking gape wide at us. She said, "Bye-bye dear, we'll see you off at Jan Smuts Airport."

Reggie revved up the car and we were off to the bank where the woman had said, "Come tomorrow my boy, I wouldn't serve even King George near closing time."

type space King George ! But that was the land I was going to. I'd be there in a matter of hours. I remembered during the war tinkling the piano at the Windsor Hotel in Queenstown, South Africa. Every school holiday time I earned some money entertaining the English Air Force from School 47. There was a very tall sergeant who lifted me off the piano stool at closing time to say, "Jolly good, jolly good ol' chap. At the end of the war you must come to England." I told him, "I must come there if only to see the ~~King~~^{King}." |

And now after all those years through which I'd heard people say it's not your King it is your King...and all the clothes of that argument... my family and I were gliding smoothly over the English Channel. I forgot about the Belgian plane and all of that story, and wondered how the English would be. I was cross ~~the~~^{with} the plane's wings for obstructing my birdseye view, but then the Johannesburg Travel Agent had said the only available cabin on the ships was on the rumbling propellers.

Raymond Pitje who had been to England by ship several times had said, "Boy, all Natives are put on the propellers in the ship." That meant throwing overboard the dreams for my children of a long, lovely, lazy holiday at sea. My wife Esmé and I said it's just as well because the South African Special Branch could chase a ship by speedboat and stop it in midocean in case there had been a mistake in giving us passports! They can't stop a plane in midocean. And anyway we were within swimming distance of the English shore now.

linespace

#

The Air hostess at London Airport called out our names. There, were letters of welcome awaiting us at the Airport. | "

"Mr and Mrs Matabikiza!" It was thoroughly astonishing, | she was pronouncing the ~~xx~~ terribly awkward, long, difficult name/correctly, with the accent properly on the second syllable. Well, | it was my own fault that even ~~among~~ my best ^{white} friends | in South Africa, ~~the whites~~ could not pronounce my name. They had never ~~had~~ practised | the "Native" name because over there I was Todd 92867. To them | I was Todd. To the Administration I was 92867. Perhaps that | was why Dr. ^{Ralph Bachelor} ~~Guy Butler~~, a white South African, had written | to me in London ^{and named me} ~~as~~ Mochichesa. A white South African woman, ^{Mildred} ~~Peggy Harper~~ ^{Miller} sent us a Christmas card in | London and spelt us Mochashise. So I wasn't crobs with ^{Bachelor} ~~Butler~~ | nor with ^{Miller} ~~Harper~~. They did not know my official number. But if | this English lassie at the airport was pronouncing my name the | right way at first shot either the Special Branch had caught up | with us and practised her, or England was going to be great fun. | "

linespace

Then we moved into the passenger bus and sat on the top deck. | It was a beautifully warm, clear, clean day and we looked to the | left and right of us seeing nothing because we were saying inside | of us, "We have arrived." | "

2
MS

Then suddenly, out of nowhere, loomed the the chimney pots, the | chimney tops and the chimney ghosts of London houses. The | chimney pots were grouped at the top of the roofs, bent at the | ~~elbows~~ elbows or sitting down close together huddled like gossiping old | women come out to say, | "Isn't it awful, or isn't ^{it} grand, isn't it shocking, this constant | influx of foreigners into our quiet country." They were watching | possessively, the chimney pots, over the great big, sprawling city | of London. They looked like rows of miniature factories that had | long stopped puffing smoke and money. They sat on top of long, | unending rows of buildings joined together like trains long off the | track. Thousands of sash windows curtained lacyly so that you | could not see into the | life inside. Thousands of bricks through | which little attics were peeping like curious eyes. The long trains | looked like settlements. We were told they are houses. We were | told in London you build your house on top of the other man's | house. | "

Or else you crowd the land out and there's no chance for | the chimney tops to reach for the sky and gossip up there. | "

(so we found later)

MP
The bus rambled on under the brilliant blue sky of that ~~rarely~~ bright day, of which there are so few. There were Comets around, jet planes about, Skymasters above and Boeings all over till we stopped at the air terminus, screaming with multitudes into London. Out of London. In. Out. [Porters. This way, Sir. This yours, Madam. We were tipping left and right. Shillings. Halfcrowns. Anyone who called me Sir. I had twenty pounds in my pocket ~~and more in the bank~~ and I wasn't going to let the English ~~swear at~~ me for not giving tips.

She & I had a share → # Anthony Sampson was there to meet us. He was all there. Bigger. Stronger. Blue and bright in the eyes as ever. I had worked with him when he was Editor of Drum magazine in Johannesburg. Here he was, talking and walking as upright as ever. Warm and comfortable as the central heating in London. Bright and cheering as the sun in Africa. And May 26 when we arrived in London was a glorious Summer's Day.

Anthony drove us in his car to his Kensington flat where we were to live for our first three weeks.

"This is Mrs ^{Beatty} Quinn, my housekeeper."

"Oh! how perfectly wonderful. I was told a lady and gentleman and children from Africa were coming to day. Welcome. I have just finished cleaning the place for you." She had a broom in her hand. Same one as I had got used to handling or being hit over the head with. But her's was made of English bristle and handle.

Anthony ^A poured wine, Beer, Brandy. I reached for my Liquor Permit, the one issued in South Africa to "Natives" who qualify for two bottles of brandy per month. I put my Permit on the table and I drowned its conscience in English beer.

Then Malcolm ^{Burns} ~~Hart~~ telephoned to say, "Aha! Toddyboy, the sun is shining for you." We had left Johannesburg at sunset on May 24.

Johannesburg to London is six thousand miles away. So when Anthony said his flat is in Kensington, how nearer to Johannesburg could one ~~not~~ be with all the poshest ~~or~~ white women flowing flowerly, fragrantly through Kensington High Street, London.

We went for lunch at the serve-yourself restaurant round the corner from Anthony Sampson's flat.

Five hundred white people looked at me helping my black body to the ~~fast~~ cooked food on the counter. I am sure they were looking at me but I am told they were not seeing me. [The English people look at you, but they do not see you. And here I was with my family, boasting our black faces in the white land, and welling up with resentment that nobody was taking any notice of us. Then the woman sitting besides me said, "You come from Africa?"

"Yes."

"What part?"

"The South. Johannesburg."

"Oh! really, how interesting. Well you are very welcome here. We have Coloured people from all over the Commonwealth, and they're just like anybody else. How long are you staying?"

eye space A few days later a white South African doctor, very anxious to help, sent ~~me~~ to an eye hospital. I had looked and loved the beautiful, friendly light shade of green in the parks too feelingly. The men go bathing naked in the green parks in the summer when the sun comes around warm and golden. In a few days the sun will go back to shine, scorch and burn in South Africa for many long, damp, grey, dark English winter months. So while the sun shone brilliantly over London till eleven at night, my eyes took all of it in, until they tired, and I had to go to hospital.

The clerk at the reception desk said, "You are Dr. Vernon Richard's friend? Sit down."

"How long have you been in England?"

"What have you come to do?"

"How long do you intend to stay?"

"What is your profession?"

"Are you registered under the National Health Scheme?"

"Have you found work yet?"

"You are a coloured South African?"

"What is the number of your passport?"

"Will you take any kind of work?"

"You have come to live on the dole?"

"Will you take work anywhere they send you?"

His goose had been biling higher and higher in me since I met his face. He looked a dirty, pinkish-yellow brown like South African Coloureds playing White. His eyes were a muddy brown graced with darts of green to help him pass. His mind was a cross between a successful playwhite and a dismal flop. [And when my mind told me this, his goose was cooked. I blew up. "Don't you go asking me silly questions. I've come for help. Not for yelp. And if I'm not getting it you can keep it." [Now what did I say? Stranger in the land misusing the hospitality.

~~But the man's face had only reminded me of a face I had seen somewhere.~~

Back to Kensington to a pub with Lionel Ngakane. It was the barman's face. He heard us chat in Afrikaans and came over.

"So youse come from South Africa?"

"How did you guess?"

"Oh, I heard you speak Afrikaans, man."

"Do you come from there as well?"

"No, hell, no. I come from Rhodesia, but I learnt Afrikaans while at school in South Africa, that goddamned place, hell. I'll never put my ^{bloody} ~~bloody~~ foot there again."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

Then he went over to three men at the other end of the bar and they said, "Aren't you afraid of meeting them here? You do come from there, don't you, you told us so?"

"Agh, yes but I was in the p'lice force. Could have had something to do with these two maybe in Johannesburg."

Lionel roared out laughing. I roared out laughing. We said, "Sure we did, sure as hell meet in South Africa, 'specially if you were in Joburg."

I looked at his crew-cut hair, searching eyes that never moved or emoted when he laughed; tightly pursed mouth and bravado around the shoulders like they were ~~xx~~ spoilt from carrying a gun, and I said ~~with~~ like a mocking bird, "You aren't perhaps the one man, Sergeant Diedericks who told the court he doesn't fear 'Natives' or God?"

We never saw him again in that pub.

~~But~~ We saw him in the tube the other day reading, "The Saint," by ~~Robert~~ Chesley. Leslie Charteris.

live
space

That was the night Lionel said how are the boys and girls back home.

"Don't you miss the dog's meat back home, Lionel?"

Dog's meat is what we call the nice girls who live in at their places of domestic employment. When we go visiting them at their quarters, we share their food which is whatever's left over from the boss's table. It's really meant for the dog. But if you've been ducking the cops through the white suburbs for an hour, you get there hungry, 'specially if you've been carrying your shoes in your hands to stop the pavement giving you away. 'Specially if your lunch was fish an' chips eight hours ago. You get there nice an' hungry. So you have the dog's meat in your girlfriend's quarters.

Of course Lionel wasn't ever the dog's meaty type, so he popped out laughing eyes and said, "Brother I'd sooner have dog's meat in Kensington, London than Kensington, Johannesburg."

Back in the house in Kensington I was looking through Anthony's front window overlooking the square. The street was full of people, all white. Did they know a black family was living in the posh flat Anthony had lent us for three weeks? What would they say? **Across** the street they were building a new block of flats. The builders were all white. All standing. Putting on one brick, then standing. They didn't work with rhythm or sing. They looked very sad they still had to go on building this great city which started building so many centuries ago. So they stood. **Then** I spotted a black man among them. Aha! I must corner him one day and ask him what it's like to work with white men.

~~Then~~ I met him as I waited for a bus near the building site. He came and asked me for a light. ~~Then~~ I said, "How's things over here chum?"

~~He came from Nigeria to study mechanical engineering and said,~~
~~"He said we in Nigeria are just waiting to sign the papers for our Freedom,~~
~~then we'll give it a bang. You see you must only take out the clean water~~
~~and swallow the blot."~~

I said, "What do you mean that way brother?"

"Well," he said, "You must bring out the nice things only while you want something from them, and keep the dirty things inside."

Then he went back to the building site, climbed up the scaffold and stood again with the white builders who were not building.

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[asked,

He wore overalls, and his hands were covered in mud and cement.

"What~~h~~ you doing, I guess you been here quite long?"

"Oh, I came to study Mechanical Engineering. Got a job with the Nigerian Ministry of Works when I finish."

"How's England, nice?"

He said, "Well, you know, when you come to study in the white man's land, brother, you take out only the white water, an' you swallow the black blot."

I said, "What do you mean, brother?"

"You see we Nigerians got our freedom now. Well, when we finish to study in England we go back to kick them out, all those British stooges, hey, there's quite a few in the Cabinet working for Britain, not for Nigeria. Meanwhile we look nice on the outside. Keep the black thing~~s~~ inside. See what I mean?"

"No brother."

He said, "Thanks for the match," and went up the scaffold where they were putting up a new building. He stood up at the top next to the white builders ^{who were not builders,} ~~on the scaffold,~~ and waved to me.

line space #

On that morning I was on my way to see a landlord about a flat. Was I surprised on that day! His English wife opened the door of the delicious doll's house tastily furnished in Swedish panel wood, futuristic vases carrying red roses and white tulips, and a clock that chimed each half-hour with "Hey-diddle diddle, the ~~cat~~ cat and the fiddle." She herself had the young delicate complexion of a newly ripe peach that lay in a tray with the notice, "Please do not handle the fruit." I was sure I had knocked on the wrong door, but when she said, "Please sit down, my husband will be back shortly."

Her short, chubby husband came in shortly. Was it her husband, this very dark, near ebony black man whose moon face was defaced with tribal fearsome scars to make him look like a totem mask? He sat down and said, "Where's the tea darling?" [The tea ~~would~~ ^{would} be up in a minute, love. This gentleman has come in answer to the advertisement for the flat in Angier Road, sweet. He has a wife and two children." Then he said, "let's begin properly. My name is Ahobu Naboukei from Ghana. This is my wife, Gladys. And who are you, Sir?"

I told him.

"Where do you come from?"

"South Africa."

"South Africa?"

"Yes."

"Good god, what the hell are you youngsters doing down there, all this muck?"

Then his wife stood up and said to him, "Darling isn't it wonderful to see a genuine South African, not all this nonsense we're told. Here's a real South African."

The husband said, "let's go and see the flat, but I think it's too small for a family."

But he was right. He only had two single rooms to let but said he would put me on his waiting list. He had a great big block of family flats coming up if I could hang on.

* 2 *

On my way home I slipped into the pub on that very hot day. I
standing there half afraid to go forward, ^{and} the eyes turned round and made me
want to run. But I didn't run. The barman said, "What's for you, Sir?"

That reminded ^{me} of my friend Philip Thorburn who had recently arrived
in South Africa from London. He hustled me into a corner at the farewell
party for us two days before we left. He said, "When you get to the pub,
take it easy. Take it easy. The barman will say to you, 'What's for you,
Sir?'"

Suddenly there was madness in Philip's eyes. He stood up flushing red,
and grabbed me by the shirt, pouring his long, brown undisciplined hair
all over my face and said, "When you get there, walk straight into the
pub. Forget that you're damn black, man. Do you hear me? Forget that
you're black. When the barman comes over and says, 'What's for you, Sir?'"
look the other way like you don't care a damn."

I said, "Will the barman be white?"

"Of course he'll be white. He'd jolly well better be." [Then after:]
"Will he really call me Sir?"

"If he doesn't, you push everything on one side, jump over the counter and
give him a jolly good kick in his backside, hard. Then he'll call you Sir."

"Thanks, Philip, then?"

"Then you go back to the other side. Grab a stool. If the chap next to
you gives you his back, tap him on the shoulder and say, 'Mate you got a
face like you could be a musician, ~~are you one?~~'"

By this time Philip was demonstrating England for me like I was going
to pay him for the lessons. And everybody at the party had moved to our
corner. [Philip was having a lot of trouble about the race thing down
there in Johannesburg. He'd never heard of it and never knew how it worked or
functioned. He'd said he didn't even want to play that thing, it was
a monkey's game. And for the first time since he'd been in South Africa
he was clearing his chest of it all that night.

Philip went on, "If you don't get a satisfactory response in that
pub, go to one around Archer Street. That's where London's musicians
meet. There'll be hundreds of them there on Mondays. They'll be broke,
hungry and friendly. Walk into the pub. Order a double brandy in a loud
voice then watch them turn in your direction, saying inside of them,
ah, theres a bloke has money on a Monday."

"Then you'll say to the chap next to you, 'How's it, mate?' Then you take a sip of your drink."

I was then to watch my carefully selected victim water for my drink, buy him one and I shall have made my contact in Archer Street.

But every time I tried Philip's technique it didn't seem to work. They seemed to be eyeing me more disapprovingly than with curiosity.

MP [This was my South African conditioning at work. You don't go blundering into the pubs there to test the white man's reaction. That's fatal. And the ones in the Eastern Cape, where the hotels are allowed to have separate little hovels for privileged "Natives" to drink European liquor in, offer no opportunity for experiment. So I found myself wandering through London Streets down Trafalgar Square.

line face Ah! South Africa House imposingly situated to the left of Nelson's Column. I had been standing there when I suddenly realised I was looking at the sign of the Springbok, white South Africa's national symbol. A naughty streak in me said;

h/ had *1/2* # Benie Meenie mina mo,

Catch a nigger by his toe.

Go inside and then you'll see

h/ line face If Africa for you or me.

The white South African doctor who had sent me to hospital for my eyes, had said of course you can get South African papers at South Africa House. That gave me the excuse to go in, carefully, cautiously, calculating for myself which way the safety exits were should an emergency arise.

"Which way is the reading room, please?"

Then a large, bulky arm ^{shot} ~~sprung~~ out of the massive body whose face was glowering at me two feet above my five. The arm was pointing the direction. I went. Another uniformed figure was at the foot of the stairs.

"Is this the way to the reading room, please?"

Another arm shot out in the direction of the reading room. There was no escape for me now.

The chairs arranged all around the walls of the room were occupied by faces hidden behind newspapers. I went round the table looking like one searching for something to read. But there was nothing I could find an excuse to pick up and look at. Something inside of me said, lift up your head, and when I did I found numerous eyes, blue, green and fiery red, peering at me from all round the reading room. I left the table in the centre of the room and found myself crouching pressing against the wall as though someone was pushing me. I found myself in the silent, mute company of the "South African 'Native' ^{bronzes} Heads" by a sculptor named van Wouw. They were to me grotesque. The first bore the title, "Native Awaiting Sentence." The other was called, ~~"Native~~ ^{"Sleeping} ~~"Lobby~~ ^{"Kaffir."}

5 I walked out of South Africa House and stood outside the Church of St. Martin ~~in the Field~~ ^{Fields}. I do not know how long I stood there until I felt a hand on my shoulder. A voice said, "Why don't you come inside, my friend." It was a clergyman from the Church. When I got inside I suddenly realised I was soaking wet from head to foot. It had been raining while I stood out there.

line space 74 The subway was wonderful on my way to the Underground train back to Kensington. An African woman was walking ahead of me towards the ticket office. There were white men on ladders, painting the walls. As she walked past them they turned their heads in her direction and said, "Cooee, cooee," making wolf whistles as well. Then she stopped. Turned. Went back to the men who stood smiling like naughty school boys saying, "It wasn't me." She went up to them and pinched their buttocks. The men yelled a delighted, "Ouch!" and she went off wagging an admonishing finger at them as they laughed happily. Then one said, "Lovely little cookie, ain't she."

I walked faster to catch up with her, and asked her, "Are they friends of yours, madam?"

"Oh, you mean them? No, I don't know them. But boys will be boys, you know."

It stopped raining and I left the church to look at the plaques at the foot of Nelson's Column. The plaque facing South Africa House depicted soldiers weathering a stormy sea. Among them was a Negro soldier with a face full of pride. He had a rifle and the rifle seem^{ed} to point in the direction of the gold-plated Springbok on South Africa House. Under the plaque are Nelson's famous words; "England expects every man to do his duty."

While staying with Anthony Sampson, he invited us to spend a week-end with him at his mother's cottage in Walberswick, a refreshing tiny village on the East coast of England. The village has an intimate population of friendly East Anglians who are proud of the fact that Walberswick has retained her identity of a homely English village: Thanks to the river just below, because across the river is a large caravan site where holidaymakers crowd each other out in ^{the} season there. Were it not for the river, these caravan crowds would overrun Walberswick and such an invasion would turn the village into a holiday resort, introducing blaring/jazzy loudspeakers into that otherwise lovely, secluded part of Suffolk.

My family and I went shopping. We were also looking for souvenirs. The lady at the sweet shop was quick to find us just the right thing. Out of hundreds of scenery postcards here was "Mrs Sampson's house, Number One, Norland Cottage, where you live, isn't it?" Heavens, how did she know? Perhaps Anthony Sampson was the first person to have brought a black family there before. Anyway he is the most inclined to do so even where the least expected was most likely. We were very welcome at Walberswick where everyone says "good morning" to the other. So different from London where the metropolisites don't seem to wish each other anything at all.

We took the children for an early morning walk at Walberswick. To get to the sea-shore from Anthony's cottage we had to go over a narrow footbridge big enough for one at a time. A middle-aged man, tousled hair from the strong wind blowing in from the sea and flushed red in the face from the fresh bite in the nippy air, was about to cross in our direction, so we let him come through as his dog ^{Steve} had already come over the bridge and he wanted to keep in touch with it. He came over the foot-bridge and stopped with us to say, "A very good morning to you. A good cheerful morning."

This was most wonderful to us. Just as we've always known greetings exchanged back home whether you knew the person or not.

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I patted Steve gently. We walked along, half together, 16c half alone. The brine-soaked ex-mariner's glint wanted to ask me who the hell are you, sniffing around my dog's ducks, ruining the peace and quiet, anyway? My gloriously beautiful morning faded from fantasy and became a physical thing. A few painful, suspicious moments later the beard growled, "I won't hurt nobody, only someone come snooping round the house at night."

"Lovely morning."

"Yes, I ~~thx~~ felt it rather like a Gainsborough brush."

"Oh, you know the old ones then, the great ones of Suffolk? 'cause 'e woz a naytive of Suffolk?"

"Oh, truly? Didn't know that."

"Ye-e-es, 'e woz." That moment bright, blue, distant and immortal names warmed up his eyes. He wound the long dog-leash around his wrist like he was about tugging a historical frigate out of the sea where we were now walking together. "And John Constable, 'e woz a Suffolk boy."

"Thomas Candish, second Englishman to sail around the world, 'e woz too."

"But that's marvellous, mister?" Would he go on ~~and tell me~~ please. ~~what makes the English tick.~~ But he didn't have to be asked.

"Ya-a-as. Those there caravans clustered like a baker's pan of over-risen buns," pointing towards the holiday camp, "they don' know what or who Suffolk is all about. They can stay there across the Blyth till the sea catches up with them again agyne."

"Does the sea come up sometimes that far, then?"

"Oh, yes, good many miles up the sea come up once an' drowned a lot o' people couldn' listen." That's where he dropped his voice down to a mumbly mouthful. But he rose again to full voice as he said, "Lucky thing ~~was~~ still around to tell the story. ~~Did you come Ipswich way~~ many famous names didn' come down 'ere. Could have taken chaps like Cardinal Wolsey, 'e woz a Suffolk boy."

I said, "You know I thought I'd be the first one out on such an early morning and have the beach deserted all for myself."

"Oh, naw?" he said, spiriting a laugh, but not away, "Where there's land, there's an Englishman."

6

He said, "What lovely children! Are they yours? I have always had a fascination for black boys. I had a fascination for black dolls when I was young. My family thought I was mad. I would weep and get quite hysterical when they did not allow me to take my golliwogs to bed with me. How absolutely lovely. I was just like a little girl when it came to their hair. Always combing my golli's hair which looked as fascinating as your little children's hair. When I grew up they always told me it was lucky to meet a black man. Good morning to you." Then he was off after his dog.

line space We went along thinking, how absolutely marvellous. The children went into the water while my wife and I sat watching them from a little cove dug out for shelter against the wind. Two men sat watching the sea a few hundred yards from us. They smoked away peacefully for an hour before they rose to part. One came in our direction. *N.P.* I said, "Good morning," quite loudly. He mumbled something and walked past. Then he turned to walk past us again, and said quite loudly, "Good morning." *N.P.* We said, "Morning." *N.P.* It was funny. We thought he had forgotten something at the spot where he had sat with his friend. But he had not reached the spot when he suddenly turned again and came straight to us and sat down.

"Well how do you like this part of the world?"

"Oh! quite pleasant. Very pleasant indeed."

"Well, you see we have always tried to keep this side of the river from those holiday makers over there, free from the juke box and empty cigarette boxes and all that jazzy litter, you know. My family has lived in Walberswick for four generations."

9 Then he lit a cigarette and went on, "Nice to be on holiday. Had an argument with the manager at the assembly plant where I work, about Dick. Now Dick is a sporty kind of chap and so when Harry mixed up the cogs..." He went on like this while we were trying to sort it all out. Then after thirty minutes he stood up saying, "Oh! yes. The war was played around these parts. And the one before that. We've always borne the brunt around here, anyway, welcome to East Anglia."

We did not have a clue about his manager or his work. We could only sense that he was very glad to be on holiday quietly and if we were to be the ones to provide him with a hearing ear, *fine.*
~~We were not going to deprive ourselves of the hospitality of Walberswick.~~

Esme and I wanted to go back into the village to discover the pottery ^{works} that had been closed down. Maybe we could salvage something out of the rubble and send it home to South Africa. To Rona, the freckle-faced white girl who had always boasted to me of pottery, and the pleasure of it and its money.

She used to say, "Look for the sign under the saucer. It's not where it's made, it's who made it, like who made you." She always made me feel she knew so much more than I did, that I did not stand the ghost of a chance against her, no." I wanted badly to send to Rona a piece of pottery I had myself unearthed out of the ruins of an historic village. But the village had become a place of refuge for famous writers, and there was nothing else to remember it by.

One space Oh, yes. There was something to remember Walberswick by. The boat trip up the river with Anthony. I had taken my boat and only trousers for the week-end. It had rained. But Anthony was determined to give us a good time.

"I don't think you can come in the boat up the river in these. Here's a fishing outfit. And gumboots. It's muddy by the river," he said.

We sailed up the river, there was not enough wind. We put the engine on and sped round the bend. It was good. The tide was against us and we wanted to see how well the little boat could do.

On the way back the tide was flowing out to sea. So we pulled the sails down and switched the engine off to feel what it was like to drift on the seaward current. It was fine. Until we wanted to steer the boat. Then the engine would not start. It was too late to put the sails up. Anthony grabbed an oar and steered the boat towards the river bank. It wasn't easy. The current was extra strong.

I stood up in the boat wanting to say, "I won't let you down. But I don't know how this thing is directed. I'd like to help."

"Stay where you are. Stand easy, or she'll rock madly. I'll row towards the bank. Grab anything there to stop her while I plunge the oar in the mud."

There stood four ancient pillars on the bank. Imposing cement blocks that must have been part of the pier many years ago. They stood there offering their strength if we could get to them. We seemed like failing. I looked for anxiety in Anthony's face. There was none. I looked for fear, hope, flushed face, despair. Nothing showed. [Then the little voice of Nelson ^{in Trafalgar Square} said inside of me,

"England expects every man to do his duty." The boat was within my short arms of the pillars on the bank. I flung ~~them~~ my arms around one of the coarse pillars whose salt and concrete ate into my arms like a greedy hound. With my feet stubbornly stuck into the side of the boat I hung on to her side. I remembered the plaque on Nelson's Column, ~~in Trafalgar Square~~. ^{on the side facing South Africa} House ^{was not} ~~is shown men~~ in a panic-stricken sea. They're facing South Africa House. A kinky-headed Negro face holds a rifle pointing in the same direction.

Anthony throws a rope around one of the pillars to stop the boat from giving under my feet. The muscles in my groin are bursting taut, and Betsy, the girl who travelled in Anthony's car with us to Walberswick is waving ~~and~~ saying "Hello there" from the other side of the river. Three hundred yards away from the mouth of the river is the angry North Sea rising rapidly with the tide. An anxious but helpless crowd of English holidaymakers ~~is~~ eating bananas four feet above our heads. Eating bananas as anxiously as one does for the man on the flying trapeze, thinking we're being adventurous. We throw a rope to them but this Eur-African combination enhances their holiday adventure. And we drag our bodies out of the North Sea, to the Public House across the car park where bikinied and balk-eyed Londoners are spending a quiet afternoon.

line space
Back in Anthony's cottage at Walberswick we stripped off the sea-faring outfit and sat down to Scotch and soad, hot broth and bread.

He threw his head over a comfortable easy chair and said, "Did you see the fair as we drove in past Cambridge?"

MP AP
"The fair?" ["Oh dear, what can the matter be Johnny's so long at the fair." [We sang about it in Africa. We didn't have to know what it was. We learnt English that way.

"Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the West."

(We never asked who was young, Lochin or Var. "The Oak and the Ash."

"Cherry Ripe." "The Lincolnshire Poacher." "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled."

line space #
There was a religious sect back home in the Cape Province. They were known as the Israelites. They were the followers of the Xhosa religious leader Mgijima. He and his followers had refused to yield the land they had occupied in the Bullhook district near Queenstown. They regarded this district as their spiritual home. But the South African Government wanted that piece of land for re-allotment and White occupation. Mgijima said he would not budge. If they were to be forced out of the land the bullets would turn into water. God had told him so. General J.C. Smuts moved the Israelites down and out of the territory. Those of them that remained fled to Queenstown to pursue their religious belief. As youngsters we attended their spectacular Saturday ceremonies and sang with them their rousing flag waving hymn:

all time space
"># "When ah de lodga see de bla,

"I wee passover you."

all time space
Queenstown had been a prosperous little English colony since it was founded and inhabited by the British Settlers of 1820. The Xhosa colonists took favourably to the English British settlers there and were fascinated with Mgijima's corrupted English hymnology. As young men we discovered Mgijima's Biblical references in the hymn to be:

"When I the Lord shall see the blood,

"I will passover you."

That was many years ago. When we grew up into young men to take responsible positions in society we started music competitions for the community and the schools. We prescribed ~~entirely~~ in English ^{and African languages.} We knew about the Trinity College of Music and the Royal Academy of Music and we were not going to be left out. So we prescribed songs like "Down Vauxhall Way."

"There are roses ^{fair} at Chelsea,
~~in the garden~~ ^{down} at Kew."

Those of us who had a hunch we knew the English language better than the rank and file started classes in diction for prospective competitors.

"Now, Chel-see is a place where row-ses grow.

"Don' say 'and', say 'und'."

"Und blossoms down ⁱⁿ o."

We wanted to evolve a perfect system of diction because our competitors must aspire towards the Royal Academy and Trinity College examinations. So we found in our little book, "Guide to Perfect English Diction," self compiled, space for a paragraph, "The Xhosa language does not have the R sound as in Roll. Make the trainee sing, 'My old friend, John,' and you will get, 'My old friend, John.' Let the Zulu sing 'Shesh bells' and you will get the required 'church bells'."

We had great fun in my own home with my brothers and sisters, coining phrases and vocabulary like this. My father would play the piano and my mother would lead the family in;

"Ha, ha, ha, you and me.

"Little Blown jug don' you love me,

"I love gin an' you love llum,

"Little blown jug don' you love me."

The competitions were a big success. We could see the competitors heading for England and the top. Griffiths Motsieloa the foremost black South African concert impresario added prestige to our aspirations for English. He is the only black man ever to have worn the bowler hat in South Africa. He had been to London to study elocution. He returned impressively well-spoken.

Throughout his concert tours he would recite impeccably,
if ad nauseam ;

half line
"Old mother Herburrd,

She wen' to the caburrd,

To get her poor doggie, a bowa."

h/line → And we would say, "Ah, Africa is coming."

We never prescribed Afrikaans songs. There was no impetus. We were never moved to "go" when we heard the Afrikaaners in their ditties sing, ["Where did you get that dirty old hat,

Where is the mouse that was in the vat,

This is the place where Paula sat,

Bring me a nice big native mat."

half line → There seemed hardly any inspiration in Afrikaaner songs like,

"The donkey is a wonderful thing.

"It brays like a mule and kicks like a mare,

Oh, the donkey is a wonderful thing."

line space
My father had been a civil servant, musician, language interpreter in the law courts, a great civicist and English scholar. He would say to us in English, our adopted home language,

8 "My sons, ~~singing~~ the English song. This Afrikaans thing they sing in the street, ["What ~~does~~ ol' Karlie there;

What ~~does~~ ol' Karlie there;

Ol' Karlie takes a stiffish dri nk

An' beats his wife with a broomish stick

What ~~does~~ ol' Karlie there ?"

Then dad would fill the house with roaring laughter stooping his ~~five~~ foot frame to hug mother's five-foot-two, and say, "Grace darling what's that all about, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

NP [My sister Grace, named after my mother, once won seven gold medals in a singing competition; she had entered for the soprano, mezzo soprano, contralto, the lot. The adjudicators had said to her, Miss Grace we feel unanimously South Africa can offer you nothing. You must go to England. # [But I came instead. And walking down Vauxhall way with my wife Esmé, our children Marian and John-Anthony, I can't help thinking, "What does ol' Karlie there?"

We could not possibly live in Anthony ~~Simpson~~ ^{Shapson}'s Kensington flat, forever. Soon we had to ~~fix~~ start looking for a place of our own. We loved Kensington High Street. Beautiful. Sunny. Busy. Buzzing. Tony's flat was in a large, posh, grand, elegant block. Carpeted floor to floor. Telephone in every room. Television. Radio. The Observer, The Times, Reynolds News, first class library, excellent food, cosy comfort. Drinks which I had spent half my precious life time stealing in South Africa. Drinks. We ~~as~~ just looked at them, lived with them like you live with acres of pretty flowers, loving them if they are yours, instead of ravaging the garden next door if you have none of your own.

I wanted badly to write to the white woman in South Africa. She worked in the bottle store serving the blacks who had liquor permits, and the whites who required none. She would say to the white customer, "Let me check up first if your name is not on the black list of bootleggers. Right. Now what do you want." [Then she'd say to the black customers, "Jong, don't let them catch you 'cause they'll catch me too. Your permit gives you two bottles a month. I won't enter them in your permit, see. Come again at five to three when the boss goes to lunch and you can have another two, see. You must give me a nice Christmas you hear. Miserable wretch, why don't they give you more? Listen, if they come to your house an' find you with twelve bottles, tell them you've been buying them over the months an' saving them for Christmas."

"Yes, missus."

"Come to me my boy, any time. So long as you got the money. Poor thing."

The ~~small~~ ^{bloody} voice inside of me said, "You coward, you've guzzled gallons of the ~~blinking~~ hot stuff back home. You been, you been very strong, tough, you. Remember the lavatory behind the Stock Exchange in Johannesburg where the white boy brought you a bottle every evening an' you two drained it in five minutes? An' when the cops came rushing in the other day, the white boy said he's the caretaker in the building an' he's jus' checking if you cleaned the lavatory properly 'cause generally you black bastards are lazy ③ Now you can't face one tiny drop of the stuff on the sideboard."

Wig space #

Standing there in the colourful, fashionable atmosphere of Kensington High Street pattering little footsteps cheerful and feeling free to romp and roam in the manner of all children soon joined me. It was my daughter Marian rushing up to say daddy it's so lovely in the sun here can we com^e with you. And my son John-Anthony saying he'd just spoken to a policeman.

"What did you say to him, son?"

"I said, 'hello' and he held me by the hand and said to Mummy, 'Mind the cars, love,' and helped us over the road."

Marian said, "And you know Daddy he isn't wearing handcuffs or revolvers, and he held my hand and he's got such soft hands like he never has to catch people with them. He only needs to direct people and the traffic with his hands, hey Daddy."

Eam^e joined us and said, "These ~~black~~ and ~~white~~ stripes that mark the pedestrian crossings. Isn't it wonderful to walk over a bridge so safe and comfortable. I wanted badly to stop and say to the drivers who stopped to let me pass, 'How wonderful.' How wonderful a white car stops and let's you pass."

"Let's go and see Piccadilly Circus." And we sat on the top deck so's to view freedom from above. Past Prince Albert's Memorial in Hyde Park and John-Anthony said, "Is that how his house looked, so big Daddy and full of picture things an' all that big. Was he a giant prince, Daddy?"

M { And boys and girls were painting pictures of London. They sat there feeling free. Prince Albert didn't step down an' say what you doing on my monument, you monster. Or Queen Victoria come out an' say what you doing sunbathing naked in my park jus' because the sun is shining once a year in England. The Queen was wearing long pearls an' cullinan diamonds right round. Also ostrich feathers and an ivory fan and things like that which relaxed the English bat'ing in the long, long years that built their houses right up against each other when we came and space was short.

The bus went past the big, round Albert Festival Hall, rotund like a meat-dish cover. Africa dreamed long ago she would sing there one day and taste of the anastomosis there.

(?) sense
in
book
first

#

live space 11

That grand ol' man, my dad would say, "This is called a sun-~~drux~~ downer, my lad. When you're big, and you've done your work, then pour yourself a sundowner. But never a sun drowner, my lad."

[When I left the Cape Province to work in Johannesburg, ~~Trans~~ Transvaal, they said to me, "Bottoms up!"

I said, "Bottoms what?" [And as I gaped like a country boy, They said, "Another sundowner,

"Never drown a Transvaaler." [I said to me, "Boy, where you been sleeping?"

live space → Dreaming away like this in Kensington, London, I looked into Esmé's soft brown eyes and said, "London, baby." She ~~smile~~ smiled softly, tenderly, sipping leisurely at iced orange, and said, "Have a drink." I poured a long one and put it out there to look all mine. Then we flipped through the telephone book to ring our great friend Father Trevor Huddleston to say, "Hello, there."

We were looking for the Community of the Resurrection. My eyes fell on "Communist Party." Hell! If the Special Branch ~~were~~ back home were to catch me reading "Communist Party" in the telephone book, I've had it.

[I'll phone Father Huddleston tomorrow. Let's take the kids for a walk."

[I think the kids and I will lie down a bit. You go for a walk. You can leave those papers ~~bulging~~ bulging in your pocket behind now, you know."

[Shucks, you're right. I'll go into the street an' see who the hell is going to ask me for my pass."

In the heart of Kensington High Street, surrounded by white, genuine white people, like Naboukei's wife had called me a genuine South African. Standing on the pavement. A black man came to me.

"Got a match, brother?" He was very dark, with kingly incisions running down both cheeks, carefully narrowing at the ends like little spear points.

"Yes, brother."

"Where you from, brother?"

"Nigeria. And you?"

"South Africa."

"Mh."

White women stood around the notices reading Russian Banzai. Their leashed pets lashed away at lights coloured conspectus and blue, at yellow Dalmatians denims and aspirin reading, "Don' be a dog. A ordinary dog. Come in have a shampoo an' be a poodle. Aextraordinary dog. Did you dog shampoole today?"

The bus halted at an intersection. Esmé said, "Oh! look." We rose from our seats to see a white man box us away at an elderly Chinese. The white man was cantankering, "You stupid ass couldn' you wait an' make sure you wouldn' scratch my car before you overtake." And the elderly Chinese gentleman's daughter was intervening, "Please don' hit my daddy". The Chinese man was immaculately dressed in black and grey and his middle-aged tall statesmanly figure hung strongly, firmly, defensively against the front door of his car. He made a fine target for the churl; rustic blows that fell on him from the white man whose white sporting shirt and soiled black trousers looked like Saturday gone shopping in Johannesburg. But neither of them called each other bastards, and the bus moved on before anyone did.

As I sat down after witnessing the racial spectacle I felt on the woman sitting by me, ruffling her skirt, exposing her knee and raising my wife's eyebrows. The woman said, "'S allright, dear, set you down. I an' 'e mean beatin' up 'n old man done nothin' to 'im like 'e was beatin' an ol' punching bag. 'S allright, dear." Then we left the bus.

We stopped at Piccadilly Circus and watched for hours dropping arrows that never fell. The eyes around the statue of Eros fell on us and our eyes fell on the tourists around us like cinders fall on a brand new carpet dying to penetrate. ["I bet that's a South African. Why does he look at us like that like we had no business to be here?" "I bet that there with a telescopic lens is a Jap. I bet we're the first blacks around here, or why are they looking at us so." And so on until the shadows lengthened towards evening. [Then Esmé said, "You remember the sunset from the plane as we approached Villa Luzoo over the Congo? Such glorious blue and gold, purple and mauve, one couldn't paint it in words." But that was shortly after Johannesburg and way above Leopoldville and many miles from our destiny...and many miles from our destiny.

We decided we would try and find our way back to Kensington High Street on foot. It was such a truly beautiful summer's evening, we did not desire to waste it on another Anglo-Chinese ~~xx~~ road muddle. We found ourselves in Oxford Street staring at West Indian men wearing jackets ~~tightly~~ ^{snuggly} pinched ~~jackets~~ close at the waist, tailored down to the knee and all but fish-tailed at the sleeve. ~~Alongside walked wide-bottomed English trousers and.~~

10 Oxford Street was very hot and bothered with bursting shopping bags and women's slips showing up their stockings untidily, un-Londonly seamed. We promised ourselves we would catch up one day with the bowler-hatted umbrellas and miniature taxi-cabs that squeezed us out of walking space. Oxford Street wore her dresses short enough to reveal her knob knees. Walking with one's head bent with fatigue, one's eyes were caught in the stampede of legs that looked like so many Roman soldiers. There was very scanty of the London ~~inxxx~~ we had ever seen in the fashion magazines.

We stumbled into a coffee bar where Marian and John-Anthony immediately began to swing their legs and swivel their bodies backwards and forwards round and round. Esme and I stood back a few yards wondering when the proprietor was going to jump over the counter and tell our children to get the hell out of here. The children asked for suckers. But there weren't no suckers dear, only lollies. They asked for Coca-Cola but that was nine pence a bottle. But more than anything they asked to be left alone to swing on the swivel stools for the first time in their little adult-pestered lives.

The management would come along any minute now and ask us to remove our children from there. ^{when} But the management came ^{it} ~~coo~~ ^{ed}, purring like ever such loving doves, "What lovely children. How sweet. Oh! do come and have a look, aren't they gorgeous little things. Oh! I could eat that little thing up."

The people in the coffee bar on both sides of the counter suffered long and hard for the children. The manager cooed, the waitresses purred, the waiters caved and the people ~~moaned~~ ^{moaned} for the ~~piccaninies~~ ^{piccaninnies}. Esme and I

Piccaninnies

*NP 48
NP 49*
 I slipped back into the street towards Kensington bus stop. I love the London bus stop, especially when ~~xx~~ she is hanging around not waiting for a bus but waiting for her poodle to pee. And the poodle piddles at the pole bearing the notice, "Any dog found fouling the pathways will be fined five pounds." "Take your litter home." "Keep Britain Tidy." Then the doggie tugs at its leash towards the people in the bus queue. It sniffs away at all of you and stops at my feet, sniffing away. The lady at the other end of the leash smiles blandly, affably. She has been looking at me while I was looking at her dog. *MF* And when I look towards her hoping please don't let your dog bite me, she looks down at ~~xxx~~ the other end of the leash and says, "Fufu, come along now, say hello to the gentleman. Be nice Fufu, say hello. Welcome. Ask the little girl what her brother's name is, Fufu. Come on, Fufu." Just then the bus came and Fufu sat upright on his hind legs waving while his owner looking half young, half tired and half relaxed, smiled the bus away in generous dimples and worry lines that ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ dimmed the levity in her eyes.

*line
space 7*
 Bus Fifty Three dropped us on the corner from Anthony's flat. I ~~xxx~~ still felt like looking around while Eamé and the children decided to go and lie down a bit. So I ducked into the pub on the corner and hesitatingly asked for a double brandy, and the barman said, "Yes, sir." Sipping away at my French Cognac I was suddenly carried away to the Coloured Bar in Queenstown, South Africa. An educated native was tolerated into that bar, by the coloured community who considered themselves white. And also if Smith the barman liked your dumb, thirsty-looking face and he could have some fun at your expense.

Smith stood at the side entrance ~~sixxxx~~ next to the servants lavatory. He was in charge of the non-European Public Bar located there. He called Black people in and gave them drinks on the house.

"Can you drink, jong, hey?"

"Yes, Baas Smitty."

"You can't drink, you."

"Try me out Baas Smitty."

Then he poured you triples and quadruples and said, "There."

Then he would go and stand at the side entrance so that you could not escape the ordeal or so that the police did not catch him giving you liquor illicitly. Smith stood there watching you go through the pain, agony, misery, distress, torment of trying to go through a quadruple brandy in five minutes. [One day we watched Henry Finca succumb. He fainted at the second large gulp. Smith slumped ~~his~~ ^{Henry's} half dead body against the wall and said, "You can drink, hey?" Then as Henry's lower jaw dropped from his upper jaw in a wide open-mouthed coma, Smith shoved a handful of sawdust into Henry's ~~an~~ gurgling, choking throat and said, "Lining for ~~the~~ stomach."

We stared at each other around the room and Smith said, "Any other of you boys wanna drink?"

We laughed, just like ^{any} ~~the~~ child of Africa laughs when it wishes to be ^{ice}. We laughed ~~at~~ ^{during} ~~the~~ ^{back} occasions, same as the child of Africa laughs when it is lost and asks the way. At those moments of Smith's great bigness we would laugh same as you say how absolutely funny when you mean how absolutely atrocious and abominable. Smith always put sawdust into people's mouths after he had made them sopping drunk. And several hours later when his victims came, spitting sawdust and slime, back to their senses they always told him, "Smith you funny."

^{live face} But I was thinking nearly aloud in this pub in Kensington, so Smith wasn't true. The pub in Queenstown wasn't true. What's more, Smith wasn't there.

I dashed out of the pub remembering there was something in my diary 'bout meeting a man from the newspapers. Newspapers.

^{live face} "You have just arrived and they will be summing you up for news value. They will have murdered their grandmothers, taken their fathers-in-law to court, cut their own heads off for ~~xxx~~ a story. You come from down there!? Careful what you say to them. They will murder you if it's juicy."

Telephone. Yes, I am here waiting for you/as arranged Mr. Star. But the telephone was ever so polite I thought they had a recording put on there to say such nice things as only the telephone can repeat.

"Is that the gentleman from South Africa?"

The telephone ^{message} was dressed in immaculate brown. It came rushing up the staircase, two at a time or more, to meet the gentleman from South Africa. Was this ^{white} man truly rushing up three flights of lavish, splendid, brilliant, illustrious carpet to meet the black man ^{from South} Africa. (

I sat thinking if anything went wrong at this very first ^{British} newspaper interview then all was lost. I had quickly changed into a respectable suit and felt equal to the toughest interview in my life. A legally-minded friend had said, "For the sake of King Kong, don't say anything ~~about~~ that will damage the chances of the show."

I had been warned to be as nice as I ^{could} ~~can~~ as I left Johannesburg, "For the sake of the show."

Do contact William Ferguson. Do see Mrs Mabel Richards, she is on our side. Do be careful what you say. Do represent us well. Do say the right thing.

And do remember that the newspaperman will ask you questions out of the blue.

So as the man from the papers said to me, "God, I had to run around looking for this place. You told me it was Queen's Terrace when it's Queen's Court; what a comfortable place. What lovely weather shines for you too, and how awfully nice, (he was pulling his head out of his collar as a tortoise ^{or} ~~to~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~lattice~~ ^{lattice} and withdraws instinctively), "how awfully nice, (his awful neck straining awfully every awful time), "it must be awful in South Africa when it's awfully hot here. We're in the summer now and you're in the winter. But it's awfully nice to meet you."

That was the day when I felt the most awfully-niced family in the world.

Then I said to him, may I ask a favour of you? I am anxious that I do not give too strong a picture of my homeland. I know you will not misrepresent me in your paper /... somehow I have taken a liking to you, and think you are reliable... That was when he stood up and thanked me for the interview. Later I was to learn that I should never have "taken a liking to a man." Parliament was debating the matter.

Parliament I was told was debating strongly on the matter of men saying to to/ other men, "I like you." Was that why the reporter had suddenly looked so completely petrified when I said at the end of the interview, "I do know you will not let me down. I've taken a great liking to you and that is why I have spoken so freely."

I began to panic. The newspapers quickly heard there was a Black rather wellknown South African recently arrived in London.

line 4 space 7# We had left Johannesburg during the State of Emergency. The South African Special Branch milled around the airport like vultures. They mixed freely with the large crowd that had come to see us off. At one time they were breathing down my neck to hear if I was giving some last minute subversive messages to my mother-in-law as I kissed her good-bye. Letters from home later described how police vans arrived at the airport as our jet airliner took off, but this kind of show ubiquity is regular police practice down there.

Do contact Ferguson when you arrive in London. He is a very good friend and very much on the side of African Enterprise. If ever you're at a loss...

line 4 space 7# I was at a very great, big loss. "Ferguson could I see you sometime?"
line 4 space 7c "Yes, come to the Club in Norfolk Street."

For the first time I ventured into the great metropolis by myself.

There was something very lonesome in the crowded police helmets that made me want desperately to put a sixpence in the slot each time they volunteered promptly, "First set o' traffic lights, secon' turnin' on the right, pas' the roundabout and firs' left, right?"

After that, what would Ferguson look like? He sounded nice on the phone.

"Do come an' have some lunch with me."

"Yes, Mr. Ferguson."

"I'll be delighted to have you."

"Yes, Mr. Ferguson."

He didn't volunteer to say, call me William.

"Yes, Mr. Ferguson."

I was not going to let my good South African upbringing down. He was William to Anthony. He was Mister to me.

I had worked with him, Ferguson's counterpart in Africa, for several years. We got on very alright with him. What would Ferguson himself be like? [The street was full of Black people whom I wanted to grab, seize by the collar, "Good Lord, Joseph, I left you in Johannesburg. When did you arrive in London?" They were the exact pictures of faces I had left behind. They were West Indian, Jamaican, anything ~~using~~ you like, but for me they were ~~xxx~~ the full, solid and substantial faces I had left behind. I was convinced that if ever there was duplication, multiplicity repetition in the human visage, then it was more so in the faces in Black London and Black South Africa. [Let me take a try and exploit this burning thing within me that's dying to throw fraternal blessings, greetings, good wishes, at each black man passing by.

"Hello, brother man, in your broad-brimmed stetson. My brother Noble wore that hat when I was a kid an' Louis Armstrong played 'Cut Bucket Blues', way back in '29.

"Hi, brother. You won't smile, but them there lyric blue lyrics in your face, "I got it bad, and that ain't good," maybe we've got something in common. I'm off to see an Englishman about a South African.

"Hi, there sister. You remind me of the Black Coloured woman in the tube train. She wore the uniform of the London Transport Workers. Black serge coat trousers an' bell-bottomed pants. Cocky beret and the official badge. Shouting at the top of your voice, crying out loud, "Let them off please." Telling white people, "Mind the doors." Telling white people on the loudspeaker, "Stand over train on platform tree." Making your grievances, "Min' the doors, please." An' being allowed by British Law to grant ~~xx~~ or refuse permission to let the British bring their dogs or not on the bus. She stunned me. Black woman employed in important work in Britain. Black woman in the London streets off shopping. I'm looking in her direction asking to be recognised. She and her black man don't even smile. Get you're up in the mornin' early. Time to go hunting for rooms. But I didn't know that.

But I didn't know that ^{the} Black man walking down the Strand wasn't looking for my common curry. I thought how nice ^{it} could be if all the Black men in all the Black world and all the White men in all the White world.

Thinking like this, I stopped a Black man to ask him the way to Club in Norfolk Street. He said he was going that way, follow me.

"You been here long?" I dared to ask.

"Yep. Six years."

"How they treating you here, brother?" If that man had seen him in my eyes calling him brother he'd have seen how anxious I was to avoid colliding with the gigantic t-enty stone of a manmountain that he was. Supposing I'd said the wrong thing and he crouched pouncing down at me, he could have crushed me under his thumb into a powder.

So he did not hear me ask, "How they treating you here, brother?" But he said, "Over there past the taxi rank on your right is where you're looking for."

Me and my frozen smile. Frozen on my face like the butcher's display window freezes a pig's head and trotters, or ^{sheep's} ~~sheep's~~ head and trotters. We called it the Smiling Face in Johannesburg; all the savoury meat bits, the tripe, trotters and inners attractively arranged around the sheep's shaven head.

I had my polite smile on full throttle when I walked up the marble steps of the Club in Norfolk Street. The steward flashed his tail-coat like a cat-o'-nine-tails, and said, "Afternoon to you, Sir," at which my heart stood still. [I had forgotten the name of my host. The ^{chandeliers} ~~chandeliers~~ ^{beast} engulfed me. The ~~oak~~ oak-panelled walls besieged me. The carpet pile, thick as the Arabian Nights buried me. The lofty, imperious, mighty ~~ceiling~~ Florentian friezes tansured me, leaving me small, brown and bedraggled.

While I was fumbling for the name in my head, Ferguson jumped out of the dim, hazy light of the inner temple of the club and ^{breathing} tall, upright, sincere and warm he said, are you Todd? I said, yes please I have an appointment with Mr Ferguson.

"Take his coat, Simon. The gentleman is with me. Shall we have some wine." Then he towed me up the stairs to the club room on the first floor. There be what-will-you-haved me.

That was the day I had in my hands, in my possession out of the hands of a highly respectable white man, a wine of extremely rare choice, and I simply did not have the ability to drink.

Ferguson ambled me downstairs to the ~~midax~~ dining-room. By this time I was reeling with waiters, valets, caddies, ^{gillies} butlers, pages and boys ^{so} that when Ferguson flashed the menu in my face I asked for meat, rice and potatoes, please.

"You could have some calves brains breaded and sautéed in butter?"

I said I'd love something with potato, please.

"What about some sole in butter with lemon?"

"Or chicken covered aubergines?"

"Or sole in breadcrumbs."

Then we were joined for coffee by William Smythe who had been to South Africa with the Covent Garden Ballet in 1959.

"What is all this business about you Africans wanting to have equal share of any performance put on for the Whites down there?"

I tried to reply, "If the gentleman's talking about the Union Artists

we're only trying to ask artists visiting South Africa to remember

~~there are Black people there so much darker than their brothers that it~~

~~was~~ but my reply was drowned in the man telling me he was manager of the ballet and there was not one Black face in the audience when he took the Company down there. So who the hell was I telling him this and that about bringing ballet from England for the Blacks?

I said, "I'm not asking you to bring ballet for the Blacks. I'm just trying to say us Blacks..."

"Oh, yes! You Blacks are filled with a sense of injustice. You think anything happening to you is unjust. You're full of complaints about everything. I didn't see any of you at any of our performances at the Empire..."

"But we're not allowed..."

"Oh, I've heard that one before. We're not allowed."

Everytime we performed there was a public announcement to say where and when we were performing at the Empire..."

"What I had really wanted to say Mr. Ferguson, how do I handle the press in this country in such a way that it is not detrimental to the others back home?"

"Did you come on a genuine South African passport?"

"Did you have any difficulty getting out?"

"Were you questioned by the police?"

"Are you glad you're out?"

Smythe of the bushy eyebrows badgered away at me. He scowled under his graying, balding skull. Eagling, vulturing away at me.

13 "Wherever I took the Covent Garden Ballet Company I never saw a single Black face. After three months in your country with the Company we came back to Britain fed up. You blokes want to start a Black theatrical movement. Where do you think you'll perform in your great big, beautiful country? You're hoping to get your Whites to come and see you in Orlando? Be reasonable. Why should they come to Orlando ^{to} the segregated ~~area~~ Bantu area to see natives doing Shakespeare by candlelight."

I sat through that lunch hearing judgment passed over my people.

"You see, I don't know the country at all," said Ferguson at my rescue. "I've been asked questions about this Theatrical Union putting Shows on and King Kong and scholarships and I thought you and Smythe would put us here in England into the picture. What's going on I do not know. Smythe tells me the theatres are Indian and White owned. All I know about you Black blokes is King Kong wanting to raise money for the establishment of a Black Theatre. Why not a Universal, joint, great big South African Enterprise with nothing Specialist Black about it?"

2 Ferguson said, "My artists have gone in and out of South Africa and come back each time with glowing reports about your marvellous country. A big, blue sky, antelope, stars and sun. Food, money, nice people and beautiful jacaranda. If there is anything that we here in Britain can do more than that, I am certain we would like nothing better."

"Coffee, Sir,"

"How d'you like your coffee?"

"I never take coffee, thank you."

"Come come, how d'you like your coffee?"

line space
 These were the exhausting days for ^{my}Anthony telephone. We still wonder how much it did not cost him that month.

"Is that Mr. Rutherford near Kensington Palace? I understand you have kindly agreed to let me practise on your piano?"

"Yes, do come by all means. My housekeeper will let you in."

MP
 She opened the door near Kensington Palace. This will be a proud day for me when I write back home to tell them I have been practising piano near Kensington Palace. [Anything to do with a palace extinct or alive, would bring back to my people the memory of the princely days when my father sat in conference with the big, white men planning how Africa would receive and entertain His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales in 1929, on his Royal visit there. My father and his fellow advisory committee of important Black men did not have the Royal opportunity of meeting and shaking hands with the Prince of Wales but they were placed in an honorary box from where they could bow in the direction of His Royal Highness in full view of the general public. They were allowed also to take charge of the ceremonial slaughter where several beasts were sacrificed and thousands of the location residents partook of the traditional royal roast.

line space
 7# She opened the door. [I said, "Good morning, Mrs. Rutherford."

"No, I'm not Mrs. Rutherford. But he left a message to say I was to let you in. I'm his housekeeper."

How could a white woman be a housekeeper. I sat down at the piano pondering this. She shut the door of the living room and said, please ring the bell if you should need me, SIR.

MP
 It was all silent behind the door as I improvised away ^{getting the} feeling of the ancient upright piano. I hammered away at the huge, clumsy, bulky box ~~that~~ with triple candlesticks and brass music stand that seemed to obstruct the sound from ~~the~~ coming out of the instrument. Then I paused to throw my eyes around the room overcrowded with Renaissance art pieces. "Dante and Virgil in Purgatory." [The silence was broken by the housekeeper's broom brushing away busily behind the closed room. I began to play and the sweeping ceased. Thrice I paused for reflection and thrice the broom resumed its activities at the door.

My mind ruminated in Rutherford's huge flat for nearly an hour.³²
Apart from the broom that swept constantly and thoroughly ~~around~~ ^{behind} one spot behind the door, the stillness of the entire house was thoughtful. One could sit and ^{stand} ~~under~~ over the masses of Punch magazines that lay methodically everywhere one looked for something to page through. I was waiting for the broom to stop sweeping. Then I poured my spirit into loud protesting Rachmaninovievian chords that asked of her to come out wherever you are and tell me about this great, famous England so notoriously desired by all. But I wasn't playing Rachmaninov proper. And she came in.

"Oh, you play beautifully, Sir."

"Thank you very much."

"Do you come from Africa, Sir?"

"Yes, South Africa."

"Oh, yes there's a lot goin' on there at the moment, isn't there, Sir?"

"Yes, a lot was going on even as we left."

"I had an uncle of my father's there once during the Boer business, you know, and ~~he~~ ^{he} told us all about them, you know. But ~~he~~ ^{he} never liked the place, you know. He said there was too much Boer business there an' being a proper Englishman 'e ~~could~~ ^{could} never understand them trigger 'appy Boers. But 'e 'ad to stick it out in those days an' 'e says 'e never saw such wild country in 'is life, Sir. Oh! 'e says they was a funny bunch, they were, those Boers."

"Well, I think I'll be going now."

"Sorry if I disturbed you, Sir, but do come whenever you like."

Mr. Rutherford said to tell you so. Goodbye, Sir."

line 17-18 [#] I lost my way home but wandered instead in the direction of the crowded Kensington High Street along ~~the~~ with the holidaymakers whose curiosity was walking them towards Harrods. That magic name had quietly inhabited my mind ever since I was ~~that~~ ^{so} high. The Queen does her shopping there, you know. Crowds floating in directions like that do carry you along. I found myself standing at a corner listening to a street violinist. He was about sixty years old, hunchbacked but very intimately, positively, predominantly present in the street that morning.

14 (2)

live there
 That was the different Saturday morning. Back home was also warm, sunny, busy and energetic. This London Street Violinist was more than all of that. He was also personal. He was fiddling away at Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies. He was old but inspired. He was White and I was Black. He stood there hunched over his music as possessively over his violin as a loaf of grimy brown bread in a Johannesburg mayoral dustbin. Then ~~he~~ his greasy cap lying on the ground, then his few pennies in the cap, then my dirty black hand and body dropping a coin in the white beggar's cap, then his tearstained face and glassy eyes that hadn't slept since last night. Then his ancient hand released the bow from the rhapsodic ^{morning} and he said to me, "Thank you, Sir."

NP
NO
 I walked away from Liszt. [He played again. [Then he stopped his name was Lombardo. "The last time I played for ~~gen~~ colonial gen'lman like you was crying also, thinking far away." Then he chuckled quietly out of a cavity toothless with age. [He said, "For colonial gen'lman I wish good morning like this, always." [That's how I found my way back home.

CHAPTER - 6 -

NP
 Esme had pencilled another advertisement. Two rooms, kitchen and bath. We had now ~~the~~ ^{techniques} technique the whole process of screening through the advertisements for accommodation. We drew a circle in ink on the likely possibilities. We pencilled thinly around the remote possibilities. At the end of each triple newspaper session our reading material resembled our newspapers back home, after we had pencilled around such constant ~~words~~ ^{phrases} as 'kaffir', 'coolie', 'hotnot', 'bastard' or 'bitch'.

NP
 [I've always wanted to make an engraving of those pencil marks. There was a time they resembled a Dalian surreality.

live there
 I took a quick note of the address and hailed me a cab.

NP
 [The Indian gentleman was interviewed and asked to wait a while.]

NP
 [I was interviewed and informed the place had been taken.]

Then the landlady called the Indian gentleman back to the desk.

Live space

34.

My tail in between my legs, dragged my body back into Anthony's flat. [There was an arrangement to meet Herbert Joffe. He was a White South African.] Popped in casually at the offices of "Drum," in Johannesburg. He and the white boys from the Sunday Tribunal now and then hopped in, "What's the news, chaps? What's about Robert Resha today?" [Us black boys would say, "Agh, he needs another bottle an' he'll talk, man." Then snippets of egg and chips would exchange black and white lips over the lunch-hour. [And each Sunday Herbie scooped us. He was first with the bottle past the guardsman at the gate because Robert lived in Newclare, prohibited for white entry. Another bottle helped Robert's neighbours to spill about him. Robert himself never fell for newspaper bait. Then Robert would come and tell us Herbie was around the township yesterday and I gave him nothing but women. [Herbie had lots of egg an' chips with us, and he scooped us occasionally. So I thought meeting him would be nice an' ol'-timey. It was push, pretty, ^{easy} in his Baker Street flat.

He said, "This is my London digs, man." He pointed at the sex opposite the piano and said, "This is Jean." [Herbie's piano stood nearly flush against the ^{entrance} door so that every time the door opened wide, the wind caught her cheeks and blushed them.]

He said, "Man I'm so sorry I can't think of anything for you to do around here. People live so all alone here, you don't know how to make any contact at all."

He said, "Do hop in again. But hell I do hope you find somewhere to live, man. Digs aren't easy here. They haven't anywhere to live here, man. I struggled like hell."

So I struggled like hell back home. The English friend seeing me home to Baker Street Station said I musn' worry, he knew a ~~int~~ lot of South Africans who would certainly help me to find somewhere to live.

Line space

15 An Englishman said to me at Baker Street, "This way, Sir," and I went down the escalator in the fairyland of Baker Street where I had read Sherlock Holmes Watsoning away at the baskervilles. [My elder brother Temba read me to bed on that bound way back in South Africa. There was not a footprint I ~~was~~ would not have outwatsoned brother Temba upon that night. There was not a book in a brown cover and written in the English language and covered in Harley streets that I could not that evening have uncovered for my brother Temba. [He told me the story of the tramp who walked up to him at the petrol pumps and said, "Where could I find a place to sleep tonight, Charlie?"

My brother Temba was a petrol attendant at an all-night filling station in the little agricultural capital that joined British Eastern Cape Province apologetically with North Eastern Beers Brotherhood.

They filled up at his pump, the whole bang lot of them, British and Beers, and he read them rings round their eyes about where to spend the night. They could go to the Hexagon Hotel across the road, five pounds a night and breakfast, or go to the Khaya down the road, half a crown per night which was a "native" owned "home" plus excellent à la carte. [But more than the son of the town's best known civil servant in the better ol' days, Temba was my brother. So when this Englishman said to me this is Baker Street Station my brother Temba came to lixxx me and said, "Elementary, dear Watson."

The bus winded me home. Preparing for dinner with twenty five glasses of wine that got me thinking it couldn't be true, that white people and black people could . . . /

Line space 74 I nearly forgot to tell you that the South African Coloured girl Mabel opened her eyes wide when she met me at the corner of Kensington High Street and Earls Court Road, London. She and we last met at the American Pyjama Game in Johannesburg where she had sat in the front seats for Whites and we had sat in the ~~Black~~ ^{back} seats for Blacks.

MP [When I met her in Kensington suddenly she was not ~~an~~ ^{the} ~~coloured~~ girl from Africa without no playing white streaks in her. She didn't have no coloured streaks playing ~~in~~ white in her but she came right up to me and said, like a kind of curious, jealous, anxious, "Oh, God hello."

"Hello Mabel," I replied.

It was like the meeting of two animals that have been avoiding each other like poison. They have been forced to live together in a thick dense forest that provides very scanty sustenance and these two animals both appear to each other like not wanting to have anything at all to do with the scant provision of the forest. What they really want to get at is each other's throats. In the land of their birth, South Africa, one is called a Coloured and the other a Native. And they have never said anything to each other about ~~one another's~~ about each other's throats. But they have ever exchanged polite, courteous, tolerant smiles at each other, and the truth came suddenly upon both Mabel and me on that most unexpected meeting in Kensington. [That reminded me of her friend Catherine who was ^{fairer} fairer than Mabel. Catherine belonged in the ^{Coloured} intellectual circles that met regularly to discuss the shows at His Majesty's Theatre where the ^{better} white people went. She always came back to us and said rather boastfully, "Mabel and I were discussing Antonio's Spanish Ballet, but of course she hasn't seen it you see, anyway I took her the programme and some notes."

Now here was Mabel in London. I was wanting to say to her "So you beat Catherine to it and got here first." I did not say that. There were more important things to resolve between the beasts now meeting outside the forest. There was no way of running away from each other either...after ~~staring~~ ^{seeking} ~~hunting~~ after each other all that long.

Mabel's eyes ran all over London, trying to avoid me. But her person was fixed on the spot where ^{she} found her. There was no alternative for either of us. What would the people back home say if they heard we tried running away from each other when the nicest thing to write home about would be, "I met so-and-so in London."

"Oh, God how wonderful to meet you. Good God."

"Isn't it a small world, hey?"

"Is Esme here too?"

"Yes. Come and say hello to her. We live just round the corner."

~~She said to me,~~ Mabel said to me, Oh, God how did you come?

And she said she's living at the Overseas Club and she's fed up and she's jus' living there teaching without no interest in the job and how are we.

"Mabel, do come and have a drink with us at nine. Anthony is throwing a party for us and there'll be lots of people, you know.

"You mus' come, you know?"

"Yes, I mus' come, you know!"

"Yes, you mus' come, you know?"

"Yes, I will come, you know!"

That was the night that Mabel came.

~~Mabel stayed for a drink or two because she had to go back to~~
~~here are the following day's lessons.~~ Mabel stayed for another drink.
 Then she got up and said, "Goddamn that bloody country."

That party was the night I met Peggy Dickenson.

She crossed her stockings glamorously and said, "I'm South African too you know," and she flung her thin ~~hittsxx~~ fingers in a comfortable position around the glass and the chair and suddenly looked White to me.

The English girl came up to us and said she's got several telephone numbers we could contact about where to live and here are some of them.

That night we were introduced to Peter Schell. He was the dramatic critic of the ~~to~~ Commentor.

"If there is anything I can do."

"They're doing a lot of nonsense down there, aren't they?"

live *7 #* *We* ~~So Mabel and I~~ tripped up the stairs to Tony's flat.

space There was to be a party there that night. People coming to say hello to Esme and me, for coming from so far away.

"Oh, God, hello Esme. How wonderful to see you."

"Hello Mabel."

"How did you people get out?"

"We got out."

"I live at the Foreign Visitors' Club. It's funny you know. Full of white South Africans. Oh, *God* I wan' to get out of there. They *make* me thoroughly sick."

How are you getting on, Mabel?"

"I am a relief teacher and *God*, those children make me sick. I'll have a small gin and lime please. I must get back to prepare tomorrow's lesson." *copy a*

She stayed long enough to meet the first of the guests. A tiny black vengeful streak made me keep her to meet the second arrivals. What was this white privilege she had kept from us all our lives? Now it was our turn to share it with her in the open and for all I care she can write home about it.

No The room was filling up rapidly with wine. Gin and lime and theatrical talk. ~~nothing more~~. Mabel disappeared as the night grew warmer. But not without the icy greeting that goes to get her with an armistice. *copy b*

← Tony was ~~talking to someone seriously~~ receiving his guests and propelling them from name to name. At the end of each complete cycle, the newly arrived name dangled a glass precariously by the stem over there in the corner. Each name hung on to the circle it knew better. Little clusters ~~formed~~ *formed* around the room talking hunting, writing, acting, governing, ruling, singing. Esme and I wore gentle, acknowledging smiles at so many large, blue, green, hazel and friendly smiles that had come to welcome us to England.

The eyes You had to look around fast to catch up with all those eyes watching you from several dimensions. The conversation was warm, deep, open, saying to the girls, "Now, now, I can offer you another drink?"

The girls were saying, "How orf'llly nice of you." / And as they were being presented with someone they hadn't met before they all said, "Orf'llly nice to meet you." As the men tri ambled in or out they good-nighted and "Orf'llly niced/us," more than it's ever happened in our lives. / [The soft purr of the conversation was burst ~~int~~ by the loud, explosion of Fellow Darky Lionel Ngakane ~~who was spotted~~ spotting us across the claret red wine and clear blue cigar haze. / "Aha! Ho, wow, hey, hell's bells, what the hell." / ["Pan' akithi, mfo vethu, Africa! when did you come ?" / ~~KaxkixxaxxKaxxKaxxKaxx~~

Lionel's huggy, kissy, shining black beard stung Kamé. / Then his five foot six inched pleasantly distinguishable personality grabbed my hand flinging the rest of me into a very warm embrace, just like home.

Then Lionel and I stood there sizing each other up. / "How did you manage, you bloody black bastard!" / he cajoled. / ["And how have you managed over all these years, you equally bloody ~~bastard~~ black bastard!" / We lifted glasses. Lifted hearts. The last look upon one another back in Johannesburg was when he left in 1960. We were restless young men, fed up with domination. Lionel chose to refresh himself in England, to teach or go into the film industry. ~~He did both~~ There were many patient long waits before he could leave. But ~~that~~ ^{he} was lucky because Alan Paton's "Cry, the Beloved Country" gave him a break into the film world.

That night at Tony's party we reminisced.

"Shucks, Lionel, d'you see any of those American Negro you starred with in Cry ?"

"Gee, Kamé you remember how you nearly ~~got the part~~ ^{became} of my girl-friend in that film."

"Ya, ~~hell~~ heavens and I'd have had to be pregnant by you in the story."

"Wow, the respectable shop owner's wife Mrs Mangena! Standing by to be ~~exposed~~ swamped in the crowd scenes! For two pounds a night! So as to record in history that she was once a film star! And so as to be seen in the film! All over the world!"

"And hundreds of beautiful African women dying to get a break acting in a real film."

"Damn it, we're here now. Welcome to London, let's have a drink." /

Line space

That was the night a ~~White~~ South African woman danced for me.
 oo-la-la. She was orf'ly glad to meet you, and twanged away gutturally
 in Anglo-Afrikaans; "I hear you the musician. I also from South Africa.
 Kipe Town, you know. I'm Judith Phillips. Call me Judy. I want you to."

"Yes, Miss Judy."

"But really ah'm dying to do something you know, man." [She crossed
 and uncrossed her long legs, dancing even as she sat down. She ~~twanged~~ ^{shimmered}
 her eyes appealingly, tossing her head constantly to throw her dark hair
 off her sprinkly, hairy, pretty face. She seemed to feel neglected. She
 was determined to hang on now that she had found people to talk at.

["I know Naytiff music backwards man. I qualified in dancing at the Kipe
 Town Drama School an' I know Naytiff dancing too, so I mean I can work with
 you an' your carst an' we can have a genuine South African feeling, man, hey?"

["Yes, Miss Judy."

Then she raised her tall, graceful limbs out of the easy chair and
 Miss Judy swung her hips out at me. She did half a ~~shimmy~~ ^{shimmy}, half a wobble,
 half a jive. She put her sherry in my hands and said, "That's what they call
 the Kwela. I know their language as well, man. Ghod, I do wan' to work
 with your South Airfricans when they come. An' wen we feel like we/
 wan' to go to a rehearsal you'se can bring your children to play with mine,
 Paul an' Piet an' my nanny Nancy'll look after them for the day. I brought
 her with me, you know. Didn' wan' to leave her down there. She can be
 free here. She's Coloured you know, but she's noice, man."

["Yes Miss Judy."

She grabbed herself back into the easy chair as though she hadn't startled
 the ~~bees~~ ^{eyebrows} that were now raised all round wanting to know who we all were.

Lionel was leaving.

17 "Which way you going, Li? Can Oi give you a lift. Got my cor with
 me. Doesn' matter where you going." Miss Judy purred hungrily, "Ohh,
 come on Li. Do let me give you a lift wherever you goin'."

The English girls were now holding their glasses higher, wagging them at
 perilously at the menfolk.

M "I do wanna be introduced. You lovely thing." ["You're so sweet, I'll
 have another with you!"

last time a hit was
 Lionel threatened, "Kunjale, it is like that here, my brother."

Hands were shaken with dingy eyes. "Nice to see you."

We exchanged addresses and telephone numbers and see-you-soons.

CHAPTER 7

That party was on the night of May thirty-first. We had a wildly, jolly laugh to think that we were celebrating in London/South Africa's Union Day. That day is a public holiday/^{when} the South commemorates the unification of the Boer Republics/of the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal with the British/Colonial Territories of Natal and the dear old Cape of Good/Hope. By the Act of Union us Blacks/^{who} were deprived of a full/franchise in the Cape. Some were given a semi-franchise. Others/^{who} were granted magisterial liquor licences. And ~~and~~ here we were/drinking in London on May thirty-first without a licence.

Mrs Quinn the housekeeper came in as usual the following/morning to clean up, and in addition clear up scores of lipstuck/wine and cocktail glassware, cigar stubs and four drowsy black/heads.

I said, "What's she like?" softly, not wanting her to find out we were uncertain how she would react.

The children hollered, "Oh, Mummy she is/ very nice. She/gave us sweets."/

Then Mrs Quinn, apron and broom flipped quietly into the/bedroom with a "Lovely morning, yes, lovely morning. Will you/be taking a look at the park, Sir? Oh, good, Sir, then while you're/out I can quickly do the flat for you. I'll fix the telly. Would/you like to watch telly, children, Oh, how sweet they are. I'll/fix it ready so when you come back you jus' turn this button/and it's all there for you."

Hyde Park was overflowing with/white bodies sprawled across/the delicate sunny greens. They grabbed at their clothes every/time the sun disappeared behind an unfriendly cloud. They/bared themselves defiantly, protected by obscure warnings at/the gate, "Anyone interfering with the leisure..." "Anyone/taking a girl behind the bushes in this park..." "Any ~~dog~~ /ouling the pathway or the owner thereof..." "Anyone doing/ anything will be prosecuted." [They not only have huge beautiful, well kept parks but ample/protection as well. Then we saw a black man also sprawled/across the free, green grass, but he had all his clothes on.]

MP We were on our way to meet Gibson Finca, a Khosa refugee/who had made his way out of down there by the back way. He had been offered a scholarship to study at any university of his choice overseas. He couldn't get a passport so he walked out./ He had been waiting at Piccadilly Circus an hour while we were losing our way all around the great, big metropolis. No, we were losing time listening busily as the English people were telling us, "Take a number twelve bus, get off at the roundabout for a number thirty-seven and make sure the conductor drops you at Selfridges, alright? From there you can either hop into the number ninety, fifty-five or eighty-eight, alright? Piccadilly is the circle with a statue of Eros and people getting wet under it, alright?"

Finca shouted greetings as he saw us approach.

"Hey, how is it, man? I hear you came running out?"

"Man, how are you, man? Agh man."

"Ntwana, man I'm okay, man." Then his fellow student at the college came along. "This is Helen Ferguson, son, man."

MP He held me in the vice grip of his five-foot eight inches/yelling, "Son, man, this is Helen." [His great big wide open mouth laughing up things that did not have to be said. "Son of the Soil this is Helen, man."/

I said, "Where are the Daughters man, the Daughters?"

"Boy, the Daughters of Africa are coming. Meanwhile I'm having some great dog's meat."

"Hau Gibsy you still remember ~~HOW WE CALLED~~ ^{how we called} our girls in the domestic service our dog's meat."

"Hau Son, man, how can I forget when I shared the pet's food with my girl-friend. Don't you remember I had to run out fast when the night watchman saw me eat the dog's food. What's more I did not have permission to enter the servants' quarters, boy, man. I failed to make arrangements with the boss to introduce myself so I could not tell the watchman it was my sister."

"But you miss dog's meat back home Gibsy, man?"

"Son, man, I'd rather have dog's meat in London than down there, man."

"Come to the Freedom Rally at Trafalgar Square, Son of the Soil. Bring the family."

^{Fixie} We read the pamphlet he thrust into our hands. "I got this from Zolile Sono. He is a refugee. Man, the boy is hot stuff."

The pamphlet read hot, blue, black.

"Africa needs you, brother, more than ever. Roll up! Roll up!"

Will you not heed the call? Come one, come all.

Meeting extravaganza. Gala extra ordinary.

Biggest and fullest attendance of the most important event in the history of mankind. Come and hear ^{Fixie} Zolile tell us how he as Africa's foremost journalist found the concentration camp where he was himself nearly dumped."

Your best opportunity to meet the man ^{ask} wanted by the South African Special Branch, dead or alive."

^{line} ^{flow} The ~~meeting~~ rally packed the pigeons on Trafalgar Square out. The banners bore the names of all those who "MUST GO." ^{Fixie} Zolile was highly agitated as he pronounced, "I want to see that flag over there come down." He pointed in the direction of South Africa House. "I want to see the flag of a Free Africa fly there." [Cheers. ["I thank the British people." [Cheers. ^{Fixie} Zolile stepped down the platform smartly, ^{winkle-picking} winkle-picking his tweeds and brown stetson smilefully through the dense crowd. ~~Then~~ ^{He} in my direction. He must see me tomorrow morning urgently because the underground movement back home have assigned him importantly and I must introduce him to the right people as he is sure I would know them.

Our contact was disrupted by a poodle accompanied by pretty blondes who, "Live in England. Never heard of such horrors you describe darling," and they kiss ^{Fixie} Zolile formally ~~ex~~, decorously on the cheek. "That was a lovely party last night. You coming again to the big one tonight, ^{Fixie} Zolile?"

^{NP} ["Please dear, don't mix parties with my politics. We'll discuss that later."

^{Fixie} Zolile turns ~~to me~~ ^{seriously} his golden cuff links and starched white ~~collar~~ ^{collar} seriously to say to me, "Man, I must have a word with you about this."

^{NP} [At that greedy moment ~~another~~ a well shaped, ~~prettily~~ ^{prettily} speckled brunette bosoms up and gives him the most populous kiss. She girdles around him and says in Afrikaans, "When are we going, man?"

^M [That's when ^{Fixie} Zolile smiled.

live space
Margarete's
 The party was at ~~Pat's~~ place. She comes from the West Indies. That made it easy for all Blacks in London because there would be no politics involved. We from the South of Africa were bleeding to meet the Blacks from Carribean. *Margarete's* flat soon became *Margarete's* "Pat's Place". She said, "I'm from the West Indies." She said, "No, I'm never ever allowing you to call me an Indian, because I'm not." From the South we said, "Anything will do, but African is better."

Fikile
 Zolile's girl friend whom we had met before was drinking boastful South African Sherry. She said, "Heil," each time she raised her glass then she sipped slowly, drinking her surroundings. *through her glass* But her alert, grey eyes were not drinking. She took her coat off and her parading shrug vaunted the blouse her body was wearing. She wore the pattern and colours of the African National Congress, ~~Blue~~ Green, Black and Gold.

She said, "Heil," "Gesondheid," "Mayibuye."

She said, "Tell them about the discoveries and exposures et cetera." *Fikile* *Zolile*.

He said, "I wouldn't have sacrificed Africa for the Freedom of England if ~~the Underground Movement~~ had not ~~sent me~~ discovered the concentration camps in the Eastern Transvaal and the labour camps in the Western Transvaal. I went writing for the African Sunrise on the situation and..."

Fikile
 Zolile was interrupted by another African political refugee, Joseph Dubaduba. "Shut up you berry bastard an' have a drink instead of throwing Congress Secrets at *Margarete's* ~~Pat's~~ Place all over the people."

"Havu, Joe, you telling me to shut up when you wearing the best clothes from London's bespoke tailors? And Joe, who are you, by the way?"

"I am the representative of the People."

"Which people, Joe?"

"The People, the masses, the oppressed. And if you wan' to know about my clothes boy, the ~~maxxxt~~ diplomatic secret is to look better dressed than the people you represent. You can't look like a peasant if you're a leader, boy."

~~I thought what a beautiful house, piano! Baggie woogie couldn't do better.~~
Fikile
 Zolile said, "That's barrel-house piano you're talking, boy."
 Dubaduba retorted, "It's better than baggie-woogie, boy."

"I'm doing better than baggie-woogie, boy!"

The girl in the Congress colours never stopped. She could sense like a mole where her presence was not wanted. She busy-bodied herself sending us hundreds of London's most exclusive accommodation contacts. She attached herself to every new arrival from down there. She had a heart-breaking story of her own self expulsion from the South.

A truth-seeking student of political philosophy. Frustrated by the unavailability of persons she sought and gave up a luxury life to come and live in England in search of the truth. Expelled by her own family for believing differently. Knows how brownly every white person will frown upon her for her black associations, but didn't care a damn.

There was a spate of incoming refugees whom she was able to contact mysteriously on immediate arrival. They were all Black men. She was living on England's National Assistance money and it was becoming difficult to keep everybody on that little bit.

She had been to South Africa House to look around for possible crumbs. After flirting with South Africa House for a while she sickened of them because they held parties where they invited no Blacks. "It was just like home and it made me sick," she suggested.

Then she went into lodgings with Fikile. That lasted one month.

She said, "He was wonderfully volatile. A guy like that could knock any girl cold. He was a predominant male, complete with hot pants. But I had work to do so we called it off."

"What happened about your Congress girl-friend?" we asked Fikile. He said, "The bitch was up to shit. Wouldn't let me sleep with her, so I threw her out."

The hot pants throw the bitch out? That didn't click with Fikile's political outfit. Was like politics without intrigue. So they threw out a net for to catch the blighter and his girl to strip her of the Congress uniform and him of his badge.

19 We asked him where he stayed in London. That was when he telephoned me to ask if he could come and see me at home. He said, "I have a very big story for you to send to Drum Magazine in Johannesburg. It is the story of my dramatic ~~xxx~~ flight from South Africa."

That ^{next} morning arrived the most immaculately polished pair of patent leather shoes, oxford bags, starched white smile, and anxiously darting sympathetic eyes. They were the dartingest eyes I'd ever seen.

"Hello, come inside our humble flat, ^{fixile} ~~solite~~." |

He thrust his brief-case in first, holding it protectively, in ~~agenteel~~, apologetic hand; ~~like a gentle woman-handing~~ his infinitely courteous, affable self following.

"Morning, morning, ^{Bhuti} ~~brother~~," using the polite form of address.

"I see you brought your Dignity Bag with you, ^{fixile} ~~solite~~ ?" I cajoled.

"My Dignity Bag, Bhuti?" |

"I mean your brief-case."

"Oh, Bhuti you are funny. You call it a Dignity Bag. But you are right, Bhuti. That's what we use it for back home, isn't it, Bhuti ?" |

"What do you keep in it? Congress Papers I guess ?" |

"Oh, no, Bhuti. That I keep in my head. I just use this for my odds and ends and sometimes my pyjamas. You know back home a young man is not sure which one he will go to each night. So you carry the pyjamas to work in case the one you decide to go and see hasn't got a pair." |

"You don't carry pyjamas around in London, surely ?" |

"No, Bhuti, but it's like the Englishman's bowler hat and umbrella. That's what the bag does for me here. You know even back home a fully integrated man carries a stick. You know Bhuti, even just before I left there was trouble. The big men wanted to get rid of juvenile delinquency, hooliganism. So they met in conference and decided every circumcised, ~~man~~ married man, must carry his stick. If you didn't have your stick they said you were a juvenile delinquent, a boy, what were you doing in the streets ~~after~~ without your stick. They said you were uncircumcised, that's why you didn't obey the custom. They beat you up and carried you forcefully to the tribal circumcision school they started out in the country. Wow, Bhuti, they used to carry big men away to the school. The man would yell, 'Hey leave me I am a man. I am circumcised.' Then the abductors would say, 'Where is your stick. You must come and show us your circumcision mark!'" |

FILE

Zolile was perspiring, sweating profusely. He was greatly agitated, like someone with lots to tell. ~~His~~ Speckless white handkerchiefs alternated between dabbing, wiping his face ~~and~~ and fanning it, and dusting his shining shoes.

"Have a drink, cool down. What will you have, beer or brandy?"

"Ehuti, you know I don't drink. A man in my position, a busy politician and fleeing journalist must not drink. But if you think it's alright for me, I'll have something."

"What about the papers back home saying you're a government spy?"

"Ehuti, it's all nonsense. I'm suing those papers. The thing is, I went into Pondoland to cover the trouble there for Drum. I was arrested and taken under escort back to Johannesburg by two African policemen. I made friends with them on the train, buying them food, drinks, everything. Then when the train stopped at Bloemfontein they said they were going to shut their eyes and I must make a quick getaway. I got a train as far as the ~~South African~~ Tanzanian border, and walked up to the river. At night I swam across the ~~Limpopo~~ Zambezi and walked across Rhodesia to Bulawayo."

"Have another drink," you darting, restless eyes. "Good God, what about the man-eating crocodiles, the Zambezi is full of hungry ones, man?"

"Ehuti, God is great, on my honour. You know, when I got to Bulawayo at the Congress offices there, they said shucks how did I manage. They took me to their clinic at the back of the secretary's house and showed me twenty five people, Ehuti, all ~~with~~ sitting there, lying down, crawling in bandages and plaster, sprawled all over the place, and they all had half a leg, half a thigh, half an arm, half a buttock. Everything half, half, half a prick, half a nose. I've never seen such sorrow. They had all run away from South Africa and those half limbs were crocodiles work."

"Congress gave me money and I proceeded to Tanganyika. I went straight up to Mr. Nyerere and he said, 'here's more money. Go on to England and finish your course in Economics and come back here and develop this country with me.' Mai, that Nyerere is a gentleman."

He sat there sweating his tale away. The expression on his youthful face showed none of the emotions of his tongue. His smooth round cheeks and girlish mouth suggested none of the virile, profligate, vehement beast his white girl-friend had described and so bitterly detested. He looked so weak and round and pretty that he could have been carved out of elm wood. I had a burning desire to make him wonky. Perhaps that would bring out some strength and colour in his face. That's right, make him happy.

"Have a double brandy. The liquor here is much weaker than what we drink back home." He knocked that off without wincing.

"Aha. We call it gologo from greg. But Bhuti, I am struggling here."

"You look like a splendid new sixpence. What struggle?"

"I must find a place of my own. At present I live at the Quaker Institute."

"Wha-a-at?"

"I am the only African Quaker that I know of. And that is why I am living there. You have not heard of a black Quaker in your life, well, I am a member. That is how I come to live there."

He did warm up to my double brandy. So I pulled the detonator once more.

"How come you are associated with spying?" That strange, unaccountable feeling of wanting to know without needing to suffer; the tiny ^{sixpence} ~~sybil~~ niche, oddly occult; the rummaging ^{tendency} ~~bit~~ of man in me, asked him that.

"How come spy?"

20 "Bhuti, let me open for you. The naked fact is that I am a spy, but I am not spying on Congress for the South African Government. But I am spying for the American Government for the South African Government." Then he twitched ever, but ever so slightly like pekoe, almost as ^{repeatedly} ~~repeatedly~~ on the dimple in his cheek.

"So you are a Quaker, spy, economist, journalist, fresh-water fish, what else?" my own double drink asked.

Like space → # The following morning I wrote a letter back to Johannesburg almost in the language of who dat man, dat. The replies came back to me in London, "Who dat man, dat."

We got up very early one ~~Sunday~~ morning to meet Mabel Punani. Meet her at Swiss Cottage Station sharply at eleven to go and view a flat.

"Hawu, people, it is very nice to see you, really. How are things back home?" We hadn't seen her since she was that high. ^{Heard} in the past all about her successful nursing career in England. Orthopaedics, obstetrics, all the wonderful things.

She wanted to know, "How is David Nenkudu? Hawu, that boy."

NP. [David had recently returned to Johannesburg after several years in England. We had ^{left} ~~seen~~ him ~~on~~ ~~the~~ street corners, busily occupied in a notebook and pencil taking down the statistics of the girls as they passed. He told them, "For television." London studios wanted fifty African beauties for a special programme. Television is a fascinating word. Conjures up all the glamour that prohibition invents. The girls posed for ~~David~~ London, for David on the street corners although his trousers, and his chin were frayed at the edges. Besides, David, although we called him a bug in the days before London, was a handsomely persuasive go-getter. The girls called him Long, Smiling Eyes.

line you ^{that a young in London} Mabel said, "Look people." And we saw white ~~men~~ digging on the roads. Shovelling in the mud. Heaving dustbins, loading trucks. White man tattered at the knees. White man swinging pick and shovel. White man black with coal dust. White man on his knees. We didn't see nothin' no we didn't see nothin' only white man shovelling on his knees.

Then we saw white man loading bricks and making mud and fetching water and building his own house and sitting inside the house ~~xxxx~~ and looking through his window smoking a pipe and cleaning his own car on ~~Sunday~~ ^{Saturday} ~~Sunday~~ ^{Sunday} after morning. Then we saw black man digging a trench and white man also digging. Some were digging back to back. Others head to head. But all were digging spade to spade and there was no foreman standing there smoking while the others were digging. [The only thing they didn't

NP ~~could see the~~ do was singing while they ^{were} digging. Singing while you ^{are} digging digs the hole deep down. [Mabel said later, Digging an' singing is two diff'rent things in this country.]

David left Africa to come and sing in London.

"Did he ever do any singing at all, Mabel?"

"Ever since I was here I have never seen him billed anywhere.

But there was a street-sweeper on the rounds along Gray's Inn by the Royal Free Hospital. He had a familiar face that urged me every morning to say hello. He always looked away and flung back the greeting over his shoulder in a West Indian dialect. There was something personal about his face which I could never explain. One day I was in the casualty section doing my practicals. The ambulance brought a case. ~~in~~. It was a street-cleaner, his cap covered his face and when I lifted his cap, there lying helpless on a stretcher in his County Council uniform, was David Neukudu."

Mabel was gesticulating importantly on every strong syllable of the man's name. "Then I realised what my strong affinity towards this particular street-sweeper had been. Why on earth he had to be shy about it I cannot understand because the labourer here is the best paid job in London."

We didn't like the dingy basement flat she showed us. Nor the idea of living beneath or below. [Let's go and see what's advertized in the shop windows.

Swiss Cottage, the underground railway station. Big shop window display of places to let. Bent backs and straining necks filling up the pavement and craning at the addresses. Busy notebooks, rushed pencils and body odour scribbling away at possible telephone addresses. Apologetic students and tourist cameras from all over the world exchanging "excuse me's" for a place to live. The window bears a notice, "Advertisement rate sixpence per week." The advertisements offer; "Europeans only." "Asiatics Welcome". "Suitable Business Couple." "Retired Family." "Share Bathroom." "Cooking Facilities." "No children." Mabel said, "My dears, there's nothing less than eight guineas in London!" Then we saw, "Coloured Preferred!"

21 The great big mighty search for accommodation. That constant friendly warning ^{that} there are fifteen million people in London alone. Let alone the millions outside the metro, who want to come in.

NP We were now living in a dugout. We had been seeing London's war sores everywhere. The English are still building and re-constructing where the bombs had given hell. Big, giant cranes are still digging up just across the street from St. Paul's Cathedral. [Our guide said, "Well, St. Paul's did survive, you know. Somehow." He said, "Ha, ha, ha," chuckling modestly like the Victoria Cross in its case before she proudly adorns the ex-soldier on parade. [He said, "It's funny but the war still goes on, you know, in my mind." A blank, reminiscing fear suddenly gripped him as he recalled, "My kid brother an' his mates were playing on a bombed site, long after the war. One of these places ^{where} the Council is putting up houses an' flats. His mate jumped off a wall and as he landed on the ground he was caught in a bit of exploded bomb, ripping his entire manhood off his body. My kid brother came dashing home calling for help and I remember picking up the pieces of meat in a paper bag an' taking them along to the hospital. They stitched 'is up. An' today when 'e meets me or my kid brother he still says thanks, 'cause ^{his} gut married an' has four healthy kids. Four." Then his own face came back to natural. [He said, "Four pieces of meat!"

NP ^{Line 184} Well, this dugout we were living in was a pleasure to get out of. Even more so to get out of it in the early morning to go looking for a place where "Coloured" were "Preferred."

We climbed in and out of the Underground Railway, pushing her faster urging her on as time went. Pulling the children along tiredly, draggingly. We paused and gazed across the most beautiful valley we had ever seen, the valley below Shepherd's Hill, facing the ~~the~~ majestic Alexandra Palace, ^{now} ~~now~~ home of the B.B.C. Television.

NP [The entire area was too beautiful to be true. [We found number seventy-five and dared to ~~enter~~ press the bell. The rosy-cheeked maid in a ^{surf} white apron and her oak panelled reception-room, rather startled politely at our hesitant presence. She knew nothing about a house to let but she would telephone the master. ["But this particular place is not to let," we didn't have to ask.

The man came over the telephone ever so kind:

"I am terribly sorry you have to be so bothered. There's a Fascist organisation painting swastikas and sending Coloured people walking all over London on useless errands." He explained that he had been busily occupied condemning this organisation and in turn they were ~~advertising~~ putting up these misleading advertisements.

M. [That was the day my daughter said, "I wish I were a tree. Then there is nothing to worry about."

M. We got up early the following day to have our hair cut. ~~Besides lack of accommodation this is the African's~~ The neighbours told us for our kind of hair we would find the most likely barbers in Soho. We chose the smaller shops so that ~~xxx~~ if there is any embarrassment, the effect should not resound as loud as a big posh place would make it. We must be able to make quiet unobtrusive exits. We made our gawky entrance into the friendly-looking little place with a continental name. [He was using scissors. That's fatal on a kinky head. Disastrous on a crop of vicious curls. ~~Scissors take chunks off, and leave.~~ The man raised his eyes in our direction, suspended the scissors in the air leaving the head he was cutting for a while. He looked at the bush on my head and ~~xxx~~ shook his head from side to side, "Honestly not this morning, Sir. Try round the corner."

They were even more to the point round the ^{corner}, "Not that kind of hair, Sir."

Desperate, I took my courage in both hands and went into the big posh, ~~posh~~ "Gentlemen's hairdressing saloon."

"Do you do my kind of hair?" He was using clippers. An encouraging sign.

"But of course. What's the difference, Sir."

He was getting on very well until he picked up the scissors which brought up a lump of protest in my throat.

"There you are, Sir." And he showed me my head from the mirror at the back.

[When I got back home, I looked again in the mirror. I wept at the patches of football fields dotted all over my head.

7 line space

So this is the great St. Paul's Cathedral. Only God knows how we are dying in Africa, longing to know all about the symbolism of that huge, overpowering, steadfast ~~xxxxx~~ golden cross on the dome. We wondered if there was argument about St. Paul's. We were told the English had argued hotly when it was discovered that Nelson's ~~xxxxx~~ hundred and eightyone feet of colossal monument was facing Whitehall instead of the sea as befits the great sailor. But who was going to change that now?

And all these ^{cameras rolling} ~~people pouring~~ in and out of St. Paul's like ants on tour. Weren't they desecrating the place? Wouldn't it be nicer, more fulfilling, more fitting if we were allowed into the services only on Sundays

and more appropriately wait our turn to enter? [Don't be ridiculous. Go in and see the ^{worldwide} attraction for yourself. Would there be a side entrance for Black people? [That was a funny thing at St. Mary's Cathedral in Johannesburg, ~~last year~~ one Christmas. It was to I was on my way home when

I heard a group of White boys quarrelling at the gate. There was a notice on the board, "St. Mary's Youth present a Nativity Play each night till Christmas. All Welcome." The White boys were rattling off ^{strong} words and belching cigarette fumes yelling, "You ^{get the} hell out of my way or I'll crack your bloody skull with this ^{thing} ~~incense~~. ~~Thankxxxxxxx~~ Give us a bloody puff we'll be called in jus' now." Then they were called up. ~~They~~ I went inside up the gallery where the Blacks mostly were ~~used~~ to be found. Looking down upon the procession coming up the aisle, there were the same angry young men swinging the ^{lances} ~~incense~~, bearing the cross and candles making their way piously towards the altar.

I wonder if the servitors at St. Paul's tell each other to go to hell. Anyhow there wasn't a separate entrance. I hope the bishop is inside. I'm going to tell him look England is Head of the Anglican Church. Please tell the Anglican Church down there in Africa to stop having ~~two~~ a Black church and a White church. But the bishop wasn't there, so I didn't tell him. I bet he doesn't know they're imitating the Afrikaans churches there having double churches, double congregations and double-sided sermons.

We stopped at the door and looked around. You can't lose your way around St. Paul's because there are directions placed all over the door.

Then there was a man ~~in clerical sitting at a table~~ He sat at a table covered with pamphlets and booklets and guide books. - Would we like one or two, shilling please? Would we like to put something in the box for the upkeep of the church? There were nuns all over telling us when visitors may ^{look about} ~~come around~~ during the service and when it was not permissible to do so. Esme said, ^{But} isn't it exactly why Jesus whipped people out of the temple because they were making it look like a bazaar?"

MP [We must ask Father Timothy about this, and Bishop Phillip. They had both recently arrived from Johannesburg. They knew all about life or some of it there. ^{One} of Father Timothy's headaches in Johannesburg was being called out in the middle of the night by the police to come and identify "a Native who says you know him. We caught him with a bundle of brand new clothes and he can't produce a receipt."

Father Timothy always came to the police-station and said, "He is a member of my congregation at Western Native Barracks. He is an honest man. You can let him go." And Bishop Phillip? He had stood on several platforms with people who condemned for us the ghettos and shantytowns. Always, Bishop Phillip said, "Let the people build or live ^{equally} Black equally with White." ^{always, the Archbishop} ~~the Archbishop~~ ^{unhealthy} ~~boasted his~~ ^{unChristian} ~~own~~ He said, "You drive a man to cheap/houses and cheap/living, you drive the man mad."

line space MP [So that morning in London we said we would go and see these two men of God and ask them if it is right about St Paul's Cathedral selling pamphlets. We arrived at the "House of Christ" in Bayswater. *We had been asked to dinner.*

"How do you like your adopted home, England?"

"Very much, my Lord."

"Have you found accommodation, how much are you paying?"

MP ["Ten guineas, my Lord." [Then he sounded like the White man when he said,

"Good Lord, that's as much as I am paying. That's many times more than you paid back in South Africa isn't it? Good Lord, can you afford it?"

MP [Then the priest, Father Phillip said, "The cost of living is jolly sky high here isn't it?" [Father Phillip is a small, bouncing man whose head never settles permanently on his shoulders. He agitates it constantly, up and down if he wants yes for an answer, or left and right. He up-and-downed it at the last question and I said, "Yes Father Phillip." Then he held me by the lapel of my coat and ran his fingers tenderly, gently up an' down *the left hand's neck*

He felt the texture of ~~the~~ brand new jacket examining it like a cloth merchant^{like}, glinting his middle-aged, inquiring, petulant, querulous eyes. Then he said, surreptitiously, like an expert back-door agent, "If things are all that hard, where d'you get this expensive coat?"

He was about moving away quickly but I held him back and said, "You know what, a nice little English girl took us out sight-seeing the other day. She has been to Africa, working in the Colonial service. She was telling us how poor the people are in the district where she worked. Then she said, when she sees the Black people driving big, beautiful expensive cars, posh left-handed connoisseur in London, it makes you think, doesn't it?"

line
AP
stage
[Father Phillip disappeared in the large crowd of guests who had been asked to come and meet the people from South Africa. There were large men with huge, bald, shining domes. They published books. There were pipe smokers who spent more energy cleaning out their antique pipes than smoking them. There were tall, elegant young men anxious to look old, they wore their dignity as well. They all spent the time sidling through the severe, austere, but expensively, choicely furnished large dining-room, from group to group. ["my very dear Joseph." "My dear fellow." They reminded me of our English teacher, Dr. von Holman in whom he said, "This man from Oxford speaks English deep down the bottom of the back of his neck. Deep down and cultured, "Mah good fellow."]

NP M
A friendly young man named Frank joined us in the obscure corner where we sat watching Father Phillip flitting from celebrity to celebrity. "Frank, who is that extra tall, stout young man in thick short-sighted glasses?" "Let's go and introduce ourselves. He is one of these things delicately cultured in a Public School."

23
["What's a Public School?"]

[Frank chuckled sarcastically wishing he had been to a Public School himself. Or if he had been, wishing he had not.]

"A Public School... yes I can't really explain why it's called a Public School because it is in fact a Private School. Very select. Expensive. Usually has a name like the House on the Hill, building up to Eton or Rugby, that sort of thing, you know."

Then we were introduced to William Northfield.

"Bill and I went to school together but he is now very prosperous as you can see. How do you manage to look so prosperous, Bill?"

"By avoiding the company of the poor, dear Frank ol' chap."

Bill raised his heavyweight high above the slight, neat height of Frank's impertinent question and walked away."

Frank seemed bitter. "See what I mean. Public School and all that. He's been thoroughly sorted out at the Public School and who he is has been determined. Now that sort of ~~chap~~ ^{chap} trash has to be boosted constantly while the Empire declines."

I was very disappointed when I was introduced to a peer. Lord Stockford was clean shaven, medium built, and very ordinary in a plain dark suit. He spoke softly, politely, gently. That shattered my picture of a lord. I had wanted him to be large, rotund, gold-chained and diamond studded. I wanted him deep voiced, resonant, present. I ~~didn't~~ ^{didn't} want his friends to call him by his first name either. It sounded funny when we were told many lords, earls and things were denouncing their titles wanting to be called plain Mister Stockford. All over the papers England was handing back the papers that make lords, handing them back to Parliament and saying, "I wanna be an ord'nary bloke." The lords who didn't resign were asking common people like us to their houses for ~~xxxx~~ dinner. Everybody coming down from upstairs, walking an' talking on level ground. Of course they did remind you the radio commentator when he said, "Now here in the studio with me is Richard Marib...". The lord cut him short reminding him, "SIR," and the commentary was buried under the profuse apologies from of the commentator.

"Not at all, ol' chap, not at all. ~~You didn't~~ ^{After all} It wasn't you that knighted me!"

Lord Stockford was even simpler than that. He introduced us to his wife using her first name. She was charming, sweet, unaffected, natural.

[She said, "What is the present population of your country?"

[Twelve million Black people and..."] But she cut me short.

[Oh! why do you call yourselves Black when you have such a lovely brown? It sends a shiver down my spine every time you say 'Black' people."

X9 X

Eric Hopland was one of those inquisitive, bewildering, rather flurried attachments that one collects along the way. He was honest and unpredictable. Newly arrived in South Africa from Britain he did what all knowledgeable tourists did. Look up the Black newspapermen for a 'knowledgeable' how-do-you-do. ~~The Black Staff had~~ ^{we had great} big chuckles in the newspaper office where I worked. We bumped ^{into} the tourists in the passage leading through the maze of editorial departments. They would be exchanging Black names and Black Addresses.

"I'm from the ^{Toronto} News."

"I'm from the Manchester Post."

"Yes, I thought you looked rather overseasy. Ha, ha, ha."

"You seeing Dan Chocho? I hear he's the big noise around."

"Not jus' now. Had a helluva fling with him las' night some ^{bloody} fuckin' place."

"Naw, not Back-0'-the-Moon? Sophiatown? Gawd! An' did you meet Fats?"

"Shucks, you wouldn' say those big, fat, black dimpled buttocks could jive like that, hey!"

"Hell, I mus' go there again. Freddie Maponya's taking me to see Mabel."

"He's the Sports Department guy? He's taking me to meet the Congress blokes but I b'lieve you got to take some brandy along, coupla bottles to make them open up."

"Yes, meanwhile they plug you cockfull of Shimiyana. Some randy home brew mixed with brandy, you all get thoroughly pissed an' you get nothing from them, only great big chunks of laughter."

"I must see this guy, maybe I can cable something back home if I nip in before he gets into a drinking mood."

We moved up an' down the passage with proofs and copy from editor ^{sub-editor} to sub. ^{Sub-editor chief reporter} ~~The delicious bits little white bits that passage does retail~~ ^{In}

Once I passed through in time to catch a dainty that got me a bonus that week. I was ~~taking~~ delivering copy on the jazz artiste Margaret Maseko. The couple in the passage were saying, "What a marsupial maw!"

Eric Hopland, unlike the others who wafted in and out, anchored himself somewhat permanently on ^{see here} San-Thomas who wrote in impetuous philosophical irritability, his talk daring, bold, with mustard, and ~~some~~ bubble-gum and his life a simple day to day occurrence of miracles.

24 This easy-going intellectual, ^{Joe} ~~Can~~, bristling with ~~vermouth~~ and sleep, was right for Eric, the playwright. Eric was also easy, ~~unbothered~~ yet anxious. He ^{Joe's} ~~popped himself~~ at ~~Can's~~ desk punctually at five each day, but not ~~usually~~. He ~~hopped madly~~, rocking ~~the~~ ~~back~~ ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~tremendous~~, ~~purled~~ ~~sea~~. The big, bald ~~head~~ ~~shone~~ down his enormous forehead into his blank face. He hopped madly, nervously at each new ~~disturb~~ disturbance or old one such as the ~~editor~~ ^{editor} rushing in shouting for copy in a profane stammer. We named Eric "Hopping Hopland."

The staff would ask, "Where does that white guy Hopping Hopland, where does he stay?"

"Ehe, but he's okay. He gets the booze if you ask him. He's okay." His name passed around popularly but his hop drove me mad and out of the office each time he called. ^{Joe} Themba said to me, "That guy is keen to make friends with you. He's a script writer and you're a musician an' he's dying to chat but you're always ducking him." "He says you seem a severe type, but I told him you're helluva boozy, so he's going to ask to meet you some time."

Hopping Hopland ~~xxxx~~ sure did ask me come over let's have a chat 'bout a musical he's got in mind. The script is halfway through but he doesn't want to take a chance on Africa, a subject he hasn't really quite dug.

^{Joe} "Can, I can't stand the man's philanthropic hop."

"You don't dig Eric, boy. He is dolly," (okay ~~is~~, un-~~white~~).

"Who's coming to this evening besides you an' me?"

"I'll bring Ernest Kolisang, the 'Kabaka'."

"Ehe, the 'Kabaka' will be there? Hell!"

Telephone, where are you? ["Tr-i-i-i-ng."

[Female, caustic, impersonal voice: "Hello."

[Me: "Coloured Welfare Section, please."

[Caustic: "Who d'you want there?"

[Me, very meek: "Mrs Matabikiza, please."

[Acid scream: "Wh-a-a-at, wh-o-o-o." Do I capitulate?

["Mrs Ma... No chance to finish here. The line is hot and hurried.

["What's 'er firs' ~~is~~ name?" The voice is easy now, simmering like a stew with the lid on tight.

["Ehehe!" ~~Because~~ I am anxious to get through, and I must pay for it.

"Why don't you say so at first 'cause we dunno their naytiff names 'ere."

"Excuse me, it's her surname. Not her native name."

"Well we dunno their naytiff surnames or naytiff what nots. An' is it business or private?"

My heart said speak bold and stand on your rights. Answer back. Answer strong. They can't hurt you on the telephone like when you're physically face to face and if you answer back they bang your head against the wall to drum a lesson into it. Tell her who you are. The whole hell of who you are. The receiver was perspiring in my hand. My ear was hot and incensed. Suddenly my heart became strong as a double brandy and I changed my legs and said, "Listen, if I can't speak to the person I want I'll make trouble for you."

She said, "Listen," (Afrikaans equivalent for who-the-hell-are-you). "Listen, I got instruction on this here switchboard, you hear?"

"Then, put me and your instructions through to the manager. Now!" I braved, adding, "Listen if you don't do that I'll call him personally through his private number."

Brief cursing, threatening mumble. [Exit switchboard. Enter Esme.]

"Is that you, Chummy?" Look I'll be late for supper. Going to see this chap Eric Hopland who's asked me and Can along. Shall I bring the car round and you drive home?"

"No I'll go home by train. You might be so late that you'll just get into trouble walking through town. You know your papers are not right," she reminded me. [So Can sat next to me to show the way. The "Kabaka" sprawled his limp, lazy limbs all over the back seat, sickening about his father's death, the legacy of property and vast lands, the tenants who won't pay up-to-date, and the Congress Youth League. He babbled, "Ya, that's what I think this bloke wants to know. I'll tell him how we'll blow up the bridge bridge on Freedom Day and he can tell the papers in England, that'll be damn good publicity, hey Can!"

Hopping Hopland's luxury flat on Louis Botha Avenue, which carries the the large highly charged African pedestrian, cycle and bus traffic to Alexandra Township. The road hums, buzzes with black faces alert w-for

The road hums, buzzes all day with hurrying black faces, alert for gangsters, pimps, preachers and politicians. We entered Highbury Court by the side entrance, the one for hawkers and traders, ~~and natives~~. Tiptoed cautiously almost as though we carried our shoes in our hands. Ah, he's on the fifth floor. Press the button quietly, gently. Dammit. The lift HAD to come down with a loud buzz, producing the Zulu nightwatchman out of the eight o'clock shadows.

His big stick, pierced ears and police whistle wagged at us.

"What the hell do you Tsotsis do here this time of night? Nobody goes up there to the top now! Only me, Gumede, that's me, or the Flying Squad. Go ~~xxx~~ away! The girls are sleeping up there. No visitors for servants. Go!" He was emphatic and precise, but his eyes told more. So we acted fast. "Au! Gumede we are your children. Even this pound is chicken feed. You are bigger than the moon over there. This pound is nothing. Money is nothing to Gumede, lion of lions. But Gumede will please accept this humble pound as we go away."

"Give that pound here. I let you in only this time. Hurry. I think they all there. But don't lay them on the bed. Have a quick, quick, quick. God help you if the Squad catch you on top of them!"

We shot up to the fifth, saluting Gumede as we pushed up. The long, dark porch took ages to get us at Eric's door. The neighbours might come out any minute now. The flat would be on snarling Louis Botha Avenue. Even during the bus boycott this Avenue snapped Black and White fangs at each other. White liberals gave the walking Blacks lifts up and down the twelve miles to work and home to Alexandra Township. One morning the car halts abruptly and hurls the black woman bang against the front seat, hard. Hard. Little boys shouting, "Come back, Africa," see the incident and they shout even louder at the Black woman, ~~in the white~~ "Come out and walk with the people. What you doin' in a white man's car. White man bang you in there all alone, all on your lonesome." Always Louis Botha Avenue snarls like that.

At last the long porch arrived at Eric's door, thank heavens he left it open so's we can slide in fast. Then he locked the door and hopped uneasy welcomes from handshake to handshake.

He led the way into the sitting-room and watched us from or smile as he uttered, "You all know ^{Fay} Peggy, don't you!" Shucks! We all knew ^{Fay} Peggy, didn't we. And there she was, perked on the divan and waving us seats around the room, smiling pearly white teeth, darting rapid, pernicious wit out of her ebony black face, ^{this African beauty} (c). She curled up on the couch like a trained pet, purring at us.

"Kunjani Bafana, how is it boys?"

"Kunjalo Ntwana, it is like ~~that~~ ^{Fay} tha-a-at, Peggy man," we shrugged.

Can added famously, "Ci est la vie!" ^{spell}

A gallon of ^{red} wine on the table. Glasses, some ^{thirsty} ~~clean~~ ^{after} some half-full. Some food, chaps. Some excellent opera on the turntable. When I heard this magnificently done at Covent Garden shortly before I left England... is there any opera here... we're short of one fork... the orange squash is in there, ^{Fay} Peggy... ~~life~~

We ate quietly wondering secretly who had ^{prepared} ~~cooked~~ this junket. Maybe she came in just in time to add the salt. Maybe he was. Maybe he did. Maybe all sorts of things. Then there was a loud, loud crash, smash in the street. An explosion of glass, metal. Voices yelling, "Afrika-a-a." Always when there is a crash, a death, a wedding, an arrest, a release, Africa ~~she~~ yells "Afrika-a-a." What was it this time? Instinctively we flung the curtains wide, and peered into the electric lit street below. Hundreds of Africans milled around the tram that had crashed into a motor-car. "That sure was a loud bang, hey!" And we went back to lounge.

"If you guys were sweet, one of you would tuck me up nice an' cosy (c). I can't find a nice position on this damn thing, can I now?" She shuffles distractingly all over the improvised couch and puffs, "Eric deah, w'en ar' you goin' to buy decent furniture." ["Have you got another fag for me ^{Fay} Can?"]

"Turn the lights down a bit, dear. We can hardly hear the music for the lights."

^{Joe} Can thumbed through a bookshelf. The "Kabaka" sank deeper and deeper into ^a cross-eyed, cock-eyed, after-dinner liqueur. "Ah'll have that many times over."

I stood near the music, keeping time with my increasingly loud heartbeat. Something ~~fishy~~ ^{hoppingly} fishy about tonight.

Joe
 Can stood over there engrossed. Leafing and quoting aloud now and then. Strong, sinewy, confident. Not quite upright as the arrow. Not quite bent as the bow. Freshly scarr'd each morning either mentally, politically or plain physically. He turned round briskly, his index finger held between the pages of a book, waving the book like an auctioneer's hammer about to ram the bitter truth home. "Aha! This is what I like. This chap says, 'persecution is a test of truth' aha, that's why I've always called my digs in Sophiatown the House of Truth. Nothing happens there but the truth." Joe, the ex-teacher spoke, "Truth is when you stand and don't run, even when you can. Truth happens," he clicked his fingers, "Just like that!"

The cross-eyed, cock-eyed "Kabaka" flashed in a momentarily brilliant comment, before he sank again. "Truth is like a little child saying my mummy said I mus' tell you she's ~~not~~ not in."

Peggy wasn't going to be left out. "Ehe, when I was a child playing hide-an'-seek I hide my eyes an' say to the others, 'Where am I?'"

Eric also, "Funny, that! We played the same games in England. Tell me, do your children play hop scotch?"

The street below had gone all quiet again. The occasional bus to the townships roared by and we were settling down to a topic for to break Eric's reluctance to ~~any~~ warm up. Then there was a light tap, half knock on the door! Eric swept glances, inquiringly at each one of us as if to ask if we were expecting any friends to join us. Then he said, "Maybe it's Fay, the girl upstairs." He went to open the door and let in two ~~xxxxx~~ husky men. They lingered at the door, with Eric hopping ~~worse~~ from one leg to the other and demanding an explanation somewhat hesitantly. They stared past him across the porch and saw ~~.....~~ me. I had been standing in full view of the front door. Ah, ~~why~~ well they'd seen me so they wouldn't rush in at me. There was only one exit after all. They went into the kitchen. Eric made a gesture with his hand, like signalling us to shut up, scram, do something. Joe
 Can whispered, "This is shit street, boys!" His wiry frame disappeared into the lavatory behind the kitchen. The ~~my~~

The "Kabaka" all graces gone and now sober, shoved in fast behind ~~Can.~~ ^{Fay} Peggy changed instantly from the purring, cuddling couch kitten and moving swiftly, silently, deftly like a man-eating jungle cat, she dashed into the built-in wardrobe. Lucky the flat was compact with convenient hiding-places very handy. Then the "Kabaka" remembered the jar of wine. He dashed out of the lavatory and back again with the jar fast as a lynx, just as the men reappeared from the kitchen. Eric was protesting mildly, like weak tea, insipid and lukewarm. "I can't understand how anyone can just enter premises and begin searching without introducing themselves properly."

"Under the new laws we don't have to have a search warrant."

"But you're not in uniform, how do I ^{know} prove you are police?"

They ignored him, and moved towards me. They stopped halfway across the room and stared at me without uttering a word. The last time I had felt cornered like this was the night six burly African policemen ~~stormed~~ ^{stormed} into my house in Orlando ~~and arrested me for as I was~~ when Esmé and I had Anthony Sampson and a beautiful Portuguese woman journalist for dinner. She had an enchanting iridescent complexion that played in the dancing candle glow, between ruby-red lips, damask cheeks, flame-blue eyes and my special white Spanish wine. The African police noticed that, too. ^{→ Their eyes never left Miranda.} They confiscated the wine and while I stood before the station commander waiting to be charged for being in illegal possession of wine, Esmé overheard the others saying, "Man, we were damn fools tonight." We should have hit these chaps unconscious over the head, and raped that beautiful girl. Rape the girl? I saw you sipping at my wine as you marched me to the station. THAT was rape. ~~She was very beautiful.~~

That night in Orlando with the six burly African policemen was a picnic. Easy. When Diliza said, "Do you know why it is easy with the Black ones?" I said, "Yes because they feel strong, with much power behind them." Diliza said, "No, it is because you and I are ^{condemned} men, and they are policemen. Ordinary men pay for their drinks. Policemen don't."

~~Here in the white suburb of Hillbrow in Hopping Hopland's apartment, we were confronted~~

line space
 The two white men closed in on me like the walls of an inquisition. The one ^{on his left} ~~in front~~ wore a suit of clothes bulging with boerewors. He had frying-~~XXXX~~ pans for hands. He said, if you move I'll clap you dead with these." And he raised the frying-pans in my face, then I knew he would. He moved hipfully, slowly forward and bent his massive ^{big} bulk over the table to smell the contents of the glasses. His nose twitched as though the wine made him sick. His banana fingers clawed around one glass, wrinkling ^{7 unwrinkling} at the knuckles like a baby elephant's trunk.

"We have to search your place I'm afraid."

"Don' be afraid, there's nothing here," jittered Hopping Hopland.

"In case you have a nything to ask later ~~the~~ Sargeant van der Walt is my rank. That's Constable Koekemoer."

Koekemoer, dark enough to pass for black. He had a bony frame, so like reeds on a broken raft that I wished he hadn't a double-breasted suit. And he wore windows, or spectacles, beneath his huge, cowboy-brimmed brown hat that wore the signs of a ~~road sign post~~, disused road sign post in the Kalahari. He's the one that moved in my direction, crippling along to make me realise the hunch on his back under his coat was a revolver. The ones they mercykill horses with.

Koekemoer said, "Ungummi Wena ?" in a deep, rehearsed, tutorial, demonstrative accent. "What are you, you ?" The double pronoun vomitted the answer out of me, "Xhosa, Mnumzana, Nkosi yam. Xhosa, my lord, my god."

"Which river do you ^{come} ~~come~~ from ?"

27 I said to me, aha! he is meat this one, foxing around with my language. I'm going to eat him up, up, up. Come here let me eat you.

"God of my fathers, I come from the Komani River in the Cape. My mother said, god of my father, the Komani River was where the soldiers drank while the Xhosa girls bathed round the bend of the river."

"You still remember your great language of Xhosa ? Johannesburg has not changed you ? That is good, son of Komani, that is good. My father knew the bend of the river. Did your mother tell you what it means."

"God of my father, she said that Komani was kom aan in Afrikaans. My mother said that is what the soldiers said when they threw biscuits to the Xhosagirls. The girls always giggled out of the ~~river~~ naked river."

The girls ran out of the river saying ^{Oh!} god of the heaven what is this biscuit throwing at our water and what is this komani business?"

Gdd of the river what is this komani business now?

Koekemoer said, "The Kom Aam boys was our boys, those. They called us boers that time when we were fighting with English Red Necks. They walled us Boers then. But you know a boer is not a boor. That's where these damn English go wrong, son of Komani. "Anyway what are you doing here in the house of the white man, son of Komani?"

That's whāen I realised I must give up the god-of-my-father- business and be practival.

"My baas, I came to speak to Mr Eric about music. We were discussing Bach ^{that} when the baas came in."

"That's the whole trouble. You black people spend your time jiving with these white Tsotsis, and get into trouble every time. They got nothing to lose. You got nothing to lose. Why do you keep following them like that?"

"My baas, I wasn' following nobody. I jus' came to play Bach an' talk about music with the baas of this flat."

Then the fat man who had been sniffing at the glasses and the plates and the after-dinner things and the bread also, he got up on his alert and said, "Bach, my arse." He b came cross as a White man. "What the fucking hell is going on here. You one of those Orlando niggers who got black and white whore houses?"

"No, my baas,"

"No. He says no." Louder and louder. "Then I'm telling a blinkin' lie!"

"No baas, the baas is not telling a (blinking) lie. Excuse me, hgas is not telling a lie."

"So I'm right you one of those whoring Orlando houses?"

"Baas mistakes me for someone else, perhaps baas makes a mistake. Baas does not ~~xy mnx~~ suggest I could say baas is a liar, but all I say is baas makes a mistake."

Then he saw ^{Fay's} Peggy's shoes on the floor.

"Where's the woman?" He sniffed around like a hound hot on the trail.

Then he saw a handbag. "Who else is with you here?" addressing Hopland, where there was no reply. He opened the handbag and emptied the contents on the table. Then he picked up a note and read aloud, "Dear Eric, darling if only...." He grunted, ^{Fay} who is Peggy who signed here with love?

"That's not my property, that ~~lady's~~ lady's handbag I think you should leave it alone."

"We're taking everything. Koekemoer, you keep that one there with you." I'm going to search the place." Van der Walt bent down to pick something up, then neat, shining little pistol fell out of his hip pocket, clattered heavily on the floor.

I said, "My baas if that thing blows off in my poor direction I've had it, you know."

Van der Walt was happy. He picked the thing up and waved it confidently in my direction. "No, my boy it doesn't go hungry for one. It wants lots, this little one. Lots." ~~Then~~ The skinny one, Koekemoer standing awkwardly guarding me said in Xhosa, "No do not panic, you. These things have a catch which doesn't go unless you do this!" He took out his large German Mauser and ~~showed~~ cocked and uncocked it in a sinewy, bloodless hand, covered in veins that looked like driftwood. His mate went to the wardrobe and flung the doors wide open. Dresses. Stacks of dresses, hanging limp in there. One jacket. Van der Walt wafted through them like a draper desperate for the right thing. One. Two. Three. He banged the wardrobe shut, proceeding to the lavatory, which lavatory needed no persuasion. They stood there humble, ^{Joe} Can, "Kabaka" and the jar of wine.

At least we were together again, which rather cooled off my profusely ~~percept~~ sweating bottom. My stomach stopped wanting to run, but only for a short while.

~~The long, tedious, familiar scanning of document, books off the shelf. Titles investigated. "Aha. 'Black Beauty!'~~

Triumphant van der Walt walked over, strode over to the bookshelf. Titles down. "Aha! Black Beauty, what's this?" Then He glewed his eyes into the middle pages. He wasn't reading, his eyes weren't moving. "Koekemoer, we got some communists here, look at this." He slammed the book shut and read aloud again. "Black Beauty !" Koekemoer chewed his false teeth. Took them out, and also a dirty handkerchief out of his pocket. Gave his a rub in the soiled handkerchief and put them back in his mouth.

Two large suitcases were packed full of books, papers, and pamphlets. "We shall read these closer at the station. And now let me give you the customary warning." The revolvers came out of their holsters. Dangled threateningly in our faces, and went back.

"Here's ^{the lift,} van der Walt."

"No, they must walk, Koekemoer."

"What's the charge, my baas, can I telephone my lawyer, please."

"What about my car, god of my father, can I telephone my wife to come and fetch it?"

28 We were huddled into the back seat of the posh American Chev de luxe. Africa's poshest free ride. Us four at the back. The two police in front.

"Do you think my car is okay there, Eric, because if it's pinched..."

"No damn conversation at the back there, d'you hear me !"

We stuffed our cigarettes and money in our socks and relaxed.

The African policeman at the Marshall Square Police Headquarters, "Avu, how has it happened, brother?"

"Brother we were caught." Our eyes cautiously pointed in the direction of Eric Hopland.

Policeman, "How many bottles?"

We. "No, nothing like that."

"Ehe, was it girls then?"

"Brother, please telephone this number."

"Okay, I'll see you in the morning because I don't think they'll charge you now. It's too late. Their girls will come and fetch them just now so they don't want bothering with bail slips at this time. I'll see you in the morning."

Bang, bang, bang. The squat station commander on the other side of the counter. "Listen!" "Li-i-i-sten." Voice burning hot like "Silence in court." Take your packets inside out, everyone of you."

We filed past each other's midnight smelly post-alcoholic breaths to the counter where the contents of our pockets exchanged abode into canvass bags. The sergeant receiving the property thumbed cursorily through each ninety-six paged/pass book to see if the "work giver" or employer had signed you in that month or not, then he paused. Thank heavens he didn't thumb through my pass book. I had not presented it to my "work giver" for more than the law allows. If he spots this?

His head was bowed over his right hand limp with recording ~~entrances~~ arrivals and exits round the clock. While his left hand held my book, my proud book of which the Prime Minister had made important references to the Black man's literary aspirations. He had said, "I, Verword, am relieving my black people, saving them from the numerous countless pass documents which they had to carry heavily, clumsily during the Smuts government. I relieve them of those cumbersome papers that get lost very naughtily most times. With my new book, all the problem of loose ~~papers~~ identification papers, is ~~fixed~~ an improvement. The native has a great respect for books. So I think to myself why not give him a book to contain all the information the police want? Page by page his details are all entered from page one to ninety-six, when the policeman stops him, the policeman just leafs through, flies through the native's book with the thumb like this, Prrrrrrr. And all the details are there."

Now here is this policeman thumbing lazily through my book. He is writing my name into the register, and he adds to my long name. He spells out my ten lettered surname then he adds, "Yoyo." Now my name reads "Matshikizayoyo." Great pleasure in the police station. He screams with delight, "Koos, come see this!" Koos, I've never heard Koos laugh like that. He says, gutturally, "Ghed, you got one up on me. But I got one on my book. Come see."

They together leave the queue where we hand our books in and empty our pockets. This is wonderful because now we can breathe a little bit as they are not watching us.

We breathe like huffably. "How are you brother?"
Brother says, "Trespass."

"And you, bro ?"

"Tax."

I say to the whispering tax defaulter, "Tax, hell, hell, how did they catch you because I haven't paid for 'leven years."

"They going to make you shit."

"Ya, I know. But what can I do ?"

"All you can do is that. Shit. And ...have you been here before... well, take my tip if he gives you a chance to do so, do it for tomorrow as well."

Loud laughing was pouring over the counter from Sergeant Koos and his police pal.

"Ha, ka, ha, ka, hakahaka, " coming out like a badly tuned machine-gun.

"This one is nog worse, he is gxambagxamba, ask them to say it."

Hey you'se, rotten things, come round here an' read ths name loud."

Which we do and they go again, "Ha,ka,ha,ka,hakahakahaka." Louder.

"Did you see this one, there he is in the corner. Come out, teacher, where are you?" "This one says he's a teacher."

"Oho, that's very good. Teacher, you can write can't you ? Now, write down the names of all the people in the charge office tonight."

"He wrote for an hour, by which time he was becoming so good at it that he had stopped saying to each of the prisoners, "Who are you, sir." Now he was just saying ~~what~~ *"What's-a-ty"* Next *Then he writes furiously, rapidly.*

"That's a teacher, he calls himself. Caught in a native taxi with stolen goods. Ghod ! This one is a musician."

"You don't say, we got a musician. Come 'ere, musician. What music you play ? Trompet ?"

"Trombone, my boss. "

"Play little bit 'Sarie Marais, now."

When the musician took his trombone to blow, "Ghod I have not seen a trumpet like that, Koos. An' he can play nice, too."

'Right . STAND BACK? all of you, let the trompet play some jive.

"No man, don't stand them back. Jive them. Jive them." That was the night Africa jove.

We were jiving in the charge office, perspiring freely. Tired but not daring to stop. The musician blew away, with his eyes half closed. He wasn't playing any music in particular. Merely producing rhythmic sounds, grunting, belching humorous, tolerant sounds. The rest of the sounds were the policemen on the other side of the counter, laughter, strong with power and office. Laughter, convulsive, tyrannic, snug.

~~"Okay, okay, it's enough now. Sit you all-~~

29 We changed partners in the whole ~~maxx~~ mad manoeuvre. The experienced regular customers changing their partners more frequently. Their whispers were covered by the trombone and the laughter as they moved in and out of the jiving mass, whispering, whispering, "Give your money here, I'll keep it in my rectum for you." Whispering, "You sleep with me tonight. Keep close to me or I'll hell you up." Whispering, "I think you're a bright guy. Be my witness tomorrow in court. If we get out you'll be in the dough."

The pickup van arrived with more customers. "Awright, awright 's enough now. Sit you all down by the wall, quick."

The African policeman dragged an African woman in. "She's for liquor, baas."

"Ghod, another one? How many bottles?"

"About five, baas." He strutted about, rubbing his hands like a general after winning a battle. "Street women spoil our name selling liquor," then addressing us loud, "If I catch any of you," he wagged an admonishing finger as his tongue burnt away, ate away at us, "in this woman's house..." He became hysterical, the black policeman with shining ~~maxx~~ knob-nosed boots. He yelled, "Stand ~~up~~ u-u-up, you swine. I'm talking to you." (Puff, puff, puff with rage.) We shuffled up fast. Someone giggled. "Ts, Ts, Ts."

"Who the hell was that who laughed?" Louder, "Ah'm going to show you I'm Stephen Dlamini myself. Answer." A ~~white~~ frightened hush, heavy chests, and then a/voice. "Bring in the electric wire if the donders won' talk, Stephen." The seal of approval. I'm not doing badly.

The black lion Dlamini burst into a war cry. His eyes were red and menacing. He puffed strong alcoholic fumes as he pranced around the charge office.

"Dubula, dubula,
 "Dubula, dubula.
 "Wen' ophuz' itiyē
 "Ngegazi lebubesi."

"Shoot, shoot,
 "Shoot, shoot.
 "Thou, who has thy tea
 "With lions blood instead of milk."

A frightened squeak from the back of the large crowd ~~squeet~~, "Please big chief, as ~~for~~ for me I am afraid of trouble, please. I'm going to tell who gagged. It's this one, here."

"The one with the grey jacket?"

"Yes, baas."

There was a buzz, one of anger from the prisoners. A curious one from the police.

"Come forward, you." Dlamini dragged him forward, up against the counter.

"He looks cheeky, too, my baas."

"Aren't you the one there's a complaint about from a white missus?"

"I didn' do it, baas."

"~~Now~~ will jolly well do it now, ~~son~~son of a bitch. Bring that black maid here, Dlamini." The woman who was brought in ~~for~~ on a liquor charge was brought forward. She was elderly, quiet, her shoulders draped in a modest shawl. She tried resisting, but had to go. The law and the men administering it were strong. Very strong. She was led into an adjoining room together with the man who gagged. Some of the white police went along, leaving one behind to record new arrivals. He was writing away very busily. The prisoners sat down wearily, one by one, until all sixty of us were bundled, rather huddled half upright on the cement floor. Weary, dreary, ~~many~~ black woolly heads leaning against each other like a cargo awaiting transportation. Whispers exchanged opinion, dark, gloomy, pregnant. Whispering things ~~in~~ in ~~with~~ a sense of neverness.

"How come he is one, and we are so many?" ~~xxxxxxxx~~ whispered an African proverb. Another said, "When we go up we shall smoke."

So we ~~shuffled~~ shifted from one sour buttock to the other, exchanging cigarettes and money. Shoving, loading unusual apertures with goods we were soon to need.

Let another/~~xxxx~~^{van} arrived vomiting familiar faces.

"Ghod," the familiar triggered voice bellowed again, but this was the dimpled, rosy-cheeked notorious Sergeant Paulse whom, we were told, cuts a notch in his truncheon each time he shoots anything down. "Ghod, it's full again." His mate replied, "Ja, I think we'll have to do something ~~quick~~ quick or else we can't bring anymore in. Ol' Hendrik van Vuuren's van hasn't checked in yet, an' you know what he gives up." [Paulse whispered, "Let's do some sorting out. Which ones d'you think?"

"Well, that one there, the teacher, he was awright, he help us with writing blinkin' names down. An' that one there, the musikant. Man, you should been 'ere. 'Cause he gave us a nice jive time. They all jive the place to blazes, Ghod it was nice. An' that one in the corner. 'E pointed out for ol' Dlamini, someone who laughed w'en Dlamini was performing like usual, you know."

"Awright the ones the baas jus' called out now come out." They were hauled out.

"Awright how much money you got? Jus' pay what you got for admission of guilt an' we let you go an' don' let me see you'se again."

"Paulse, I think I'll put my books away now an' lock away these creatures."

"Not you goin' to do? I think you also bit finish now. Dlamini make open the door let these creatures go in."

Dlamini heaves the huge, massive, iron door after clanging it open.

At last the big ha-ha opens to let us in. But Paulse commands, "Shut that d..."

~~Hey I, that's where I saw the door open into a free society.~~

~~The huge massive oaks and irons revealed~~

Paulse puts one foot on a box and says to his newly arrived prisoner,

"Make my shoes clean."

"Yes my very baas. With what my baas?

Paulse takes out the handkerchief in his prisoner's top pocket and says, "With that."

The shoes get rubbed shinier and shinier. The prisoner stands up and says, "Are they awright, my baas? Can I finish them later my baas. Please I wan' to piss, my baas."

"Take him to piss Dlamini. Ghod you musn' do that in here, hey."

When he comes back from the piss he joins the rest of us and I know him. He is Donald Stofile the Social Worker.

He whispers, "Awu, Son of Africa what are you and ^{Joe} ~~Sam~~ ... how the 'Kabaka' is here too? Awu. Man, I forgot my papers behind and I only realised as I came out of the cinema that it was past clocktime. Wow, if they search me I've got a nip in my back pocket. That's that."

Commotion outside. Bang, bang, bang. Leave me alone I can walk. ~~don't~~ you touch me you bloody white bastard. And she burst inside. She disturbs the whole place kicking us out of her way because she must get past to the counter and explain, while her captors try busily to cope with her speed, strength and mind. We lift up our heads. We lift up our hearts because the ~~last-mentioned~~ coloured shebeen queen at the counter is Jessica Davids, notorious for beating up cops, bail bonds and bootleggers. She beats the daylight out of the counter with her bare fists and takes immediate command of the entire police station, prisoners and all. The prisoners are rocking from side to side at the approach of this brave woman who has protected our glasses from being knocked off the table and us from being taken into custody. Many times over at the Sunrise till Sunrise, she did exactly like we always knew, it was worth ten shillings a tot at Jessica's.

"What the devil have you-all nothing to do but come round ~~catching people~~ catching people? As for you Paulse you either handle this properly or you drink out of my piss pit nex' time you come. Here I am giving you all the best when you come round and ..."

"No man, when I came the las' time you gave me some 'orrible stinkin' stuff."

"I gave you same as I give my customers, these here sitting on the ground."

"Go away man Jessica, get you out of 'ere, man. Who brought you 'ere?"

As Jessica braves out winking at us she yells, "Send me a fool again an' you'll drink."

"Nex' time you come, you will drink..." Jessica stretched her body upright, pulling her chin well in, with strength, confidence of the kind that only private money passes from hand to hand. She swung her bosom and her self straight into the body of the law ~~xxxxxx~~, placing her hand on her belly, jus' below the navel and said... "You will drink from here!" She paused, looking in our direction ~~as much as to say~~ The direction of her customers now in custody with her. She patted her lower belly gently where only we sitting below counter level could see. "You will drink from here, my friends."

"Jessica, I let you go this time but Ghod I don' wan' to drink your piss water, man. Get out man, go."

"You better~~x~~ let me go." And she winked her way out.

"Ghod that maid is hard."

"Ja, she's hard."

"Hey, you-all, I hear you go to her." ["None of you ever seen me there, you hear !"

Chorus, "We hear, our baas."

Dlamini wouldn't be left out of this episode and he bawled in, "Ehe, do you hear the white man you pigs !" The pigs, we replied, "Yes our big chief, we hear." [The rumble echoed through the police-office, like the undertones in the prefects' room when punishment, resented and anticipated, hangs over your head.

"Yes our big chief, we hear."

"Where's the bottles you got from the native maid, I like some gin from there for my wife if you find a good, sealed bottle."

"Dlamini you can take the beer. Isn't it, you blokes like beer?"

They "Ja, baas." They went into conference and we could catch snatches of the quarrel.

"Why did you blunder into that Jessica maid's joint?"

"Man, she wouldn't play, so I threatened her."

"Why did you threaten her, don' you know who the hell of a hell she id ?"

"Man I was only threatening an' nex' thing she put on her coat an' said let's damn-well go to the police office an' I hope your Chief is there. I was afraid but I couldn't stop 'er. An' the other chaps were watching what I'm going to do with her."

The big ^{steel} iron door, scaled and blistered like a crocodile's back;
 The big steel door yawned like this: humm, humm, humm. Swallowed us
 deliberately like the elephant swallows little peanuts, pushing them
 with its tough ~~trunk~~ inescapable trunk through its mouth into its big
 elephant. Parcels of fish and chips that failed to come in time, waved
 us farewell. xxx 10 xxx

31 When the head of the family dies ~~the~~ Africa pours in and out of the widow's
 house with gifts, long faces, potential proposals, black mourning headgear,
 offers of help and song and sunshine. Esme^e went through it for three
 days. When I came to life again, Christ it was a resurrection!
 That was the Saturday morning the prisoner's friend came to say,
 "Yes Esme^e is waiting outside with the bail money. Twentyfive pounds each."
 "Sylvester Stein, the Drum Editor, is also waiting with some money to
 bail you and Can," said the prisoner's friend. He is the social worker
 privileged to wander in and out of the condemned cells.

"What about the 'Kabaka,' are his people there?"

"I haven't seen anyone asking after him."

"If Esme^e has enough money on her we will pay his bail for him."

"What about Eric Hopland?"

"Oh, the other chap, your white friend?"

For many moons the voice of the prisoner's friend rang in my ears, saying
 "White friend. White friend. White friend." "The other chap, your
 white friend."

Bearded and scratchy. Frightened and blinded by the sun, we walked
 out of the dungeon situated beneath the office where liquor licences
 are issued. Funny, that. Upstairs the licences are ^{granted} given. Two
 bottles per month. Downstairs is the sobering dungeon. Two months per ^{liquor}
 crime.

We stalked out of the dungeon, surrounded by the excited shrills of the
 women. They were filling the air with the shrill ululations of women's
 voices welcoming the men back from battle. "E-le-le-le, e-le-le-le-le."
 Not for

The people were singing, not for ^{the} three black men and a white friend alone but also for hundreds of Black things the cell was bringing up from the belly of the whale. That made us very strong. We strode into the company of Sylvester Stein, unshaven like us, as though he had vowed to grow a beard till Africa was free. He was there, with our wives, and bail money and a sunny Saturday afternoon. We were there smelly, feeling like a nest of insects that crawl over people's bodies by night.

"How did it go, chaps, did you get my message?"
 "Did you send us a message in there, ^{SKD?}?"

"When you chaps were moved from the charge office to Number Four I telephoned the Prison Superintendent and told him if any harm comes to you chaps, he will personally be held responsible."

"Ehe, D'you know you saved us? We were marching in the five hundred strong batch to be locked up for the night when suddenly a voice shouted, 'Halt.' It was just round the corner from the main gate where all the singing had stopped and the air was full of apprehension. Then our names, ^{Can} and I, were called out of the queue and we thought God is great. He has arrived and paid our bail money. Your message got there but not the bail money. Anyhow they removed us from the big chain and placed us in the prison hospital." *But it was overwhelming to be out of jail even if for a short time before we were to appear in court again*
 Together we said, "Bays, this calls for a drink."

"A hot bath, clean clothes, rest and you can drink to your heart's content. Come. Let's go home," that was Esmé. And the relatives shouting, "Halleluja, Satan has lost." People hugging, kissing, shaking hands. Police busy telling us, "Get movin' come, get movin'."

The house was full of people. Didn't look like my house, but like a house of the people. Full, overflowing with questions. "What happened on Wednesday night, I came here and Esmé said you hadn't returned home?"

"Man, that was the night we slept like a crocodile with one eye open and the hooters pouring into the fanlight. Pouring sounds of hope and despair. Two hundred of us in a cell twelve by twelve."

"What, wha-a-at?"

"We met Rev. Ngubane there. They brought him in at midnight. Caught him with Sacramental wine."

"How did you get on with the Spoiler Gang?"

"Son of Africa, I was face to face with Carey, the leader. Did you know that he's inside?"

"I thought only the Msomi's had been rounded up."

"The Spoilers and the Msomis are all inside. Carey came up to me and said, 'Aha, you also visit this big place?' I said to Carey, 'Yes, brother Carey. He said, 'You're older than me, how come you call me big brother today, you scared?' I said, 'No, I'm not bloody scared. Not a damn. Why should I be scared?'"

"What sort of jobs did you have inside?"

"Boys, those Spoiler boys have the best jobs. They're the hospital orderlies. That's how we got to meet Carey 'cause the authorities got a hunch we'd be safer in the prison hospital. That's after Sylvester rang to charge them with our safety. So there we were passing the marijuana round. We puffed away at the big bombs of tobajwana, dagga, thick, dizzy and getting wetter and wetter from mouth to mouth. We puffed away exchanging gossip from the outer world with gossip from the within. Once I refused to take a puff when my third turn came. So they held my head against the ~~anti~~ overflowing sanitary bucket in the tiny hospital cell. I chose ~~slimy~~ to have the slimy cigar."

32 "That was the worst night ever in your life?"

"No, the morning after brought that night to real life. We stood on parade waiting for the medical inspection. ~~Can~~ and I ~~could~~ stand ^{were allowed to} apart from the prison patients, because we were 'awaiting trial'. The rest stood stripped naked in the blazing sun. They were coughing tubercularly or their cocks ~~hang~~ dangled limp, oozing ~~syphilitic~~, dripping, smudging syphilitic stripes that turned white across their brown, burning bodies. The prisoners stood there wet and limp as the cigars they rolled and made us smoke each night."

"And Carey?"

"Aha, he came round each morning passing the patients some dose which they reluctantly pushed down, and he would say, 'good for your condition.' He would hold up each penis to the light, using a cane, jus' like you hold up a wriggly earthworm on a stick. Then he said, 'Better, much better today.'"

Yes we did see plenty of Eric Hopland. Each morning the guard woke us up ^{to} clean up the place. We swept up the floors, ^{shining} ~~polishing~~ the ~~XXXX~~ polished cement floors ~~in~~ on our knees, then we were marched into the White prisoners' cells to make up their beds and clean up where they had piddled on the floor. They had ^{coir} mattresses in addition to the coarse, crawly, horse-hair blankets. We discussed our defense plans with Eric each morning when we went cleaning their cells.

"Have you been able to contact anybody?"

"Yes, the lawyers aren't allowed to see any of us. We're political suspects."

"How did you found that out?"

"The Special Branch came in to question me. They say it's a deportable offense in my case, supplying you blokes with liquor."

"They called us up too. Wanted to know what Deborah Duncan, ~~John~~ Jean Gillespie, Nadine Gordimer, and all those white girls were doing in my diary. I said they were just musical associates."

"They wanted to know who ^{Fay} Peggy was. Anyway Leon Levy will be coming in in the morning to see if we can get bail." Just then the warden rushed in.

"What the devil are you Communists up to in the corner there? Hey?"

Eric was sharp to answer, "I was jus' telling my friend if this mattress didn't have that big hole in the middle, burnt ~~Musty~~ brown like a prolific bladder, he could take it up to his own cell."

I replied, "Baas, if I took that mattress or the hole in it, to our cell, you know what would happen?"

"What?"

"Well, you see the little room where we pack our blankets an' dive in and scramble for the most you can get? The little room, baas, with kinda ammonia smell, not the other room with the sanitary bucket an' our scrubbing rags. Well, if the baas ^{re}members how we scramble for the blankets, does the baas think this mattress got a chance?"

The baas was in a hurry. "You four got to come downstairs. Got you down for The Grays, Special Branch. Quick march."

That's when we met van der Walt and Koekemoer, our original captors, for the first time that morning since the arrest. Van der Walt's hands as saucy as before, and Koekemoer scrawny as ever.

Another posh drive. Wonderfully bright, sunny day.

"Isn't it lovely outside, Eric?"

"Ya. Wonderful. Everybody going to work. We, being driven."

Can said, "Gee, look at that guy getting stuck into those fish and chips."

Us four prisoners sat at the back talking, planning, nudging with the elbow, thinking when this thing takes the corner at Marshall Street, that's the time to open the door and make for Jessica's hideout. Was like planning wartime strategy till the ~~xxx~~ mind realised, what if the enemy has anticipated all that? And the little toy ^{pocket} that fell in and out of his pocket the night of the arrest?

Almos' like van der ^{Walt} ~~Merwe~~ heard our minds ticking like that he yelled from the front seat, "I don't want no conversation at the back there, you're prisoners, you hear?"

Black policeman at the Special Branch holds my hand. Press on ink pad, firmly. Turns my hand over so's I can see and he can observe the hand is thoroughly indelible inked. He hums quietly one of our Protest Songs, "Wenzeni na u-Luthuli." Smiling treacherously, asking me in his low, soft, meaningful tones, "Wenzeni na u-Luthuli?" (What has Luthuli done?). I object, quietly, at his mercy, "I have nothing to do with politics." But he hammers his tune into me as he presses ~~my~~ first the whole hand, then each digit on a piece of ~~xxxx~~ paper. When he finishes both hands he stretches himself like this, "ahmm...ahmm...ahmm... a person's hand looks nice on paper." "Are you ^{them} together with the white man?"

They lined us up on a bench to take ^{official} photographs, front and ^{profile} ~~side~~, ^{condemned cell} views. I will occupy my mind and see how the police photographer uses his camera, ^{how} as he manipulates with the lens. He sees my purpose ~~intent~~ and starts flashing his ^{electric} bulbs into my ^{eyes} ~~light~~ until my focus was blurred. They paraded us; calling each other to come and see. They stood in little groups. Three. Four. Two. Never more than ~~three~~ ^{four}.

^{Angus eyes}

Four white people standing together looking very serious and cross with you, they look very strong. 'Specially when they look at you whispering, "The white one is from England, is he? And the three black ones, which one is the musician's arse?"

33 They get closer to us captives pushing us in a bunch so that our hearts can beat faster. "What was your car doing at number 25 Hillbrow Drive on the night of so and so?" Was she nice?" The big man of the Special

Branch, four of him. He asked in a whisper, "Was she nice?"

Line space # They pushed in the breakfast. A four gallon paraffin tin loaded with mealie meal, a porridge crushed of ~~me~~ corn, came rushing into the door. This was the sign to wake us up and eat.

The house rushed upon the lavatory. That was to wash hands before you touch the food. The constant customers told us, "hey, bafana wash hands." Some crawled, others ran, most lay down in the big rush to wash your hands. How do you run to wash your hands in the prison lavatory. With one hand on your penis to ~~next~~ stop it from falling. With one hand on your heart to stop it from stopping.

"Did they ask you where you came from? Did they, son of Africa?" "Ehe, the one who does not eat phutu, too bad. The school teachers over there!" We were huddled in a bundle of twelve square feet of frightened ~~huddles~~ bundles. Sleeping buttock to buttock, front to front. Each morning the body woke up to say that it had spent a sleepless night.

Joe Joe? "What's the matter, Canadoce,"

"Why?"

Y "You are shivering."

"I'm not."

"You are."

"If you feel me shivering, then you are, too."

"Therefore we are shivering."

"We are. Shivering."

But that was a wonderful ~~morning~~ morning when they called us up to court. The lights didn't go up. There was only one to stay up. The voice came up, "The liquor ones. Liquor one side. Stand one side all the liquor ones!"

That thick steamed cornmeal porridge rolled in each morning at four o'clock. The familiar sound of the warder's keys, clanging through the passages, echoing through the high, winging steps like jingles of despair throughout the day, — they were the first signs that it was dawn. They jangled again later to let us out to clean the stinking, smelly halls. The warder was an African with a kindly, handsome face. He noticed I didn't have a rag to scrub or polish with. There is a big scramble for the rags. The regulars, boasting their knowledge of the routine always advised newcomers, "Grab a rag if you can and scrub and polish like mad. It's the only exercise you'll ever get an' you don' know how long they gonna keep you under this grim, dim light."

"Where is your rag?" the warder asked me.

"I got there late, Mkhulu, big chief."

"Well, do something. Shuffle around with your feet. Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle, till the floor shines. Move around, don' let them catch you doing nothing. Come here I can see you are little bit weaker than the others."

He led me away from the gang who were sweating away all over the various cells, leaving body odours hanging through ^{the} place. We wound down spiral stairs to the offices below. He led me into a tiny office and gave me a feather duster.

"Awright, clean up here with this. Don' lose the boss's papers. Stay here till I come an' fetch you." Alone in an office, with desks, telephones, tobacco, stationery, matches, sharp-pointed letter openers, my mind began to function. But before I could decide on some kind of action, the African warder came back and smiled, "How are you, Fana Wami, (My Son)? Awright?" My heart smiled. He calls me son!

"Yes, Mkhulu, yes my father."

"Good, Fana Wami." ~~I'm going to take a chance an' ask him. He can only say no.~~

~~"Father may I telephone quickly, please, jus' to hear from outside how my little ones are, please my father."~~

"My father, I think my wife will bring me food at lunch-time. Will you take it for me? Will you please have the meat for me, I will not enjoy it up there. I know my wife can do meat nicely and I would like you, my father, to enjoy it."

That shot went home tenderly. He flashed a handsome set of teeth and said, "That is good, Fana Wami, that is good."

"I will only have the fruit my father, but my father may have the meat."

"That is good, Fana Wami, that is good." The steak was going tender. Now I will ask him. He can only say no, or if ~~affixes~~ offended, throw the meat in my face when it comes. The risk is not great.

"Father may I quickly telephone to hear how my little ones are?"

He whispered sharply, fast, "You know how to use it? Hurry. I will stand at the door for you. Hurry."

line space
"Esmé"

"Who's it?"

"Listen it's me, it's daddy."

"Wha-a-a-t, where are you speaking from."

"I'm pinching a 'phone from inside," she was registering so much surprise, ~~ixxxxxx~~ and frightening me, I had to try hard to keep cool.

"Listen, ~~Wax~~ we're being held as political suspects. Go through our books and remove anything suspect."

"Fine. Where's the car."

"Corner Smith Street and Louis Botha Avenue. Bye-bye."

The police-station ~~xxxxxxx~~ switchboard somehow missed listening in on that one. The warder came back. We wandered back to the other prisoners, exchanging clan names on the way. It was funny he had to lock me up again.

line space
Our home was constantly full of inquirers, admirers.

34 "Man, you have come back from the Big Place? You are now a full African. We all go there, don't you worry. You are now a graduate. But you mus' fix yourself up a good lawyer for the case."

"I think I'll go and see Harry Bloom."

"Ya, now that's a man. Or Basner. Or Berrange. HE, now HE will cross-examine them till they're cockeyed."

"You must slaughter a beast, you must, blood for the ancestors."

With all those crawling things, Man of Home, I shaved ~~my~~ my beard off. When we appeared in court he looked at me just before the magistrate came in. The big one with the saucepan hands. He came right up to me and said, "Why have you shaved your beard. Why?" Man of Hoje I thought, Ehe, if this man tells the magistrate I was full of beard when he first met me and now I am without beard, the magistrate will say I was trying to disguise myself. If I am trying to disguise myself it is bad for my case. If it is bad for my case I must get a lawyer. My lawyer wants money.

"But, Man-of-Home that is not/ your worry, not money?"

"You mus' not speak about that so loud."

Anyhow they let us go on bail. Twenty five pounds bail ~~in~~ where I found my car in a ditch because my wife wanted me back home and the car would not start except in reverse gear. This time the reverse gear let her down and landed the car in a ditch.

"Here is a beast, an ox, Mfo Wethu, Ma~~of~~ Home. You must slaughter. Spill some blood for the ancestros. They are cross with you. That is why all this bad luck. ~~And after saluting them through their friends you are told they are not.~~

"When you go to court, what day will it be, a Friday ? Ah, very excellent. Now Thursday night you pluck a few peach leaves, pound them fine, pass them over a naked flame in a large spoon, face the east and throw them into your bath water."

"And don't wash your face on the morning of the day of the case."

"Buy a mango. Cut off the fruit, don't eat it yourself. Scrape the stone clean, ~~mix~~ dip it in pork fat and keep it in your righthand pocket throughout the hearing." *11x take in page 82*

Advice poured in, confidence flowed in. They all knew the exact course the case would take, having been themselves involved in similar experiences. Letters streamed into the newspaper offices where I worked, from fans, friends and inquisitive readers.

My assignment at the time was the sensational case of the African policeman Khumalo who had taken a white woman, Regina Brooks, for a wife and they were living together in the African Township of Orlando as man and wife. They were arrested under the South African Immorality Act which forbids such relationships, and they were due to appear in court in a few days.

I raced across Johannesburg to Alexandra Township, home of the Spoiler Gang. They were Johannesburg's terror supreme. But I had to go there to find Khumalo for the story.

I found Khumalo. "Better you drive me to my lawyer Mr. Bloom then we can talk, you and me about the whole thing."

Thoroughly conditioned to the hawkers' and servants' entrance round the back, Khumalo ~~entered~~ made his cautious entry. My curiosity tiptoed equally cautiously behind him. The African ~~xxxx~~ kitchen girl let Khumalo into the kitchen. "I will go and call the boss for you."

Khumalo and his lawyer went into a little cove nex' to the pantry and spoke. "Alright, come and see me tomorrow at the office," said the lawyer.

"Avright, Sir," the client replied. [When they got to the door where I was waiting for Khumalo, the lawyer's face lit up at seeing me.

"Good heavens," the good heavens extended a hand and we shook. "Come inside and meet my wife, have some tea, coffee, what will you drink?"

No tea or coffee ! It's wonderful to see you I didn' realise you were in the kitchen !"

"And nex' time you don't come in through the back. It's all nonsense. My friends come in through the front door. That goes for you too, Khumalo. Do you know who this is, well nex' time you don' bring him in through the back door."

Khumalo and Regina Brooks won their case and stopped the traffic through the busy streets. ~~Their lawyer pleaded that she was~~ She had pleaded that although she was born White she claimed non-White by association. The court agreed and the couple hugged in public. The law couldn't describe her as a Native since she was very fair, blue-eyed, rosy cheeked and straight haired. So she was entered in the Population Registration Offices as Coloured.

Khumalo wined and dined me several occasions thereafter, saying, "Mfo, brother, you remember the night you drove me to my lawyer from Alexandra Township? You made me a man, that night. Since then I been going to my lawyer's house and come in front ~~door~~^{door}. I tell you front ~~door~~^{door}. How can black man go into the white house front ~~door~~^{door}? Anyway he's a dam' good lawyer too besides. If you go to him I can tell you he'll take you out, any charge from woman, like my case, to pass, or special pass like everyday."

We cleared our library of titles like "Kaffirs are lively," ^{and} "Black Beauty." No library would risk having them so I dumped them on the front door of a librarian friend's house, with a little note to say 'Blacks ain't reading yet.' This ~~xxx~~ I borrowed from the writing on the Johannesburg Library wall. It had been painted on that wall during one of our famous protest writings on the wall which sent several Black people behind the bars for several notorious months. Then I went in search of a lawyer.

Live space "Mr. Bloom can I come and see you 'bout my case with a white friend?"

"I'll defend you with pleasure, but you know your bosses don't like me?"

"You not defending my bosses in this case. You defending me."

"Well, let's have the facts."

But my boss had already briefed a lawyer to defend us collectively.

Line space #
The telephone never stopped serving me while we were out of custody. "Sam, they'll be rounding you up 'cause they saw your name in my diary. They wan' to know if you're a Communist~~or~~ or not. Well are you? Well, I'm not. Well, are we, ha, ha, ha, hungh!"

"Deborah, they saw your name in my diary at the p'lice office an' wan' to know if we're in love or not. Have I got a white girl-friend? Well what's her name doin' in my diary.² So they'll probably call on you."

"Pauline, Brenda, Nobuhlungu, Ntombizodwa, Lilian, Nceba. They're coming to question you. Temba, Philip, Tamsanga, Paul. ^{Up here} We can cope, can't we?"

Line space #
On the day of the trial, we filed past the registering officer who was checking sharply who had presented themselves against those who had not. ^{Joe} Canadoce was trembling but loud. "Hi, son of man. Our ~~sin~~ only worry whether the delinquent "Kabaka" will pitch up or not. If not we've had it." ^{Joe} Canadoce always spoke with strength and authority. We've either had it or we haven't. He lived with this bloomin' "Kabaka" in Sophiatown. How the blinkers am I to know if we had it or we've not? But the "Kabaka" crops up two minutes later. We file into the prisoners' yard, same as when we came out on bail with the lice. This is on the basement floor of the court and the pick-up van is sick with new arrivals.

^{Joe} Can says to me, and I say to him,

"Don't forget you were standing by the radio."

"Remember you don't know ~~what it was offered~~ the names of what we were offered to eat or drink. We just put everything down."

"But the lawyer said we don't have to say one word. He's got it all figured out."

"Ya, but jus' in case."

We were interrupted by the cell orderly shouting, "Now seven over there I can't remember your names an' I can't spell them either. There's only three names I'm goin' to give you. That's John, Jim, an' ~~Piet~~ Piet. "Youk here in front of me, you're John with the blue shirt. Nex' one is ^{Piet} John with white shoes. Then ~~John~~ ^{Jim} without shoes. Then we got John without a ear, an' so on. I give you all names like Jim this or that. ^{All names?}

"Yes baas!"

Then he turned to Eric Hopland and us, the three black friends,

"This does not refer to you. Only these pass ones, you hear?"

"We hear."

"You hear. Well w'en your turn comes you'll be called up by your proper names and you jus' go up to the big boss, the magistrate, for your case."

Live space #

signature

Magistrate: "Where did you find the accused?"

Police van der Walt: "In the lavatory, Sir."

"What were they doing?"

"They were sitting with a jar of wine."

"Were they drinking it?"

"No. When we found them they were sitting with it."

"In the toilet?"

"No Sir, in the lavatory."

"What else did you find?"

"The other accused with an empty glass that had wine or something."

"Was he drinking the wine or something?"

"No Sir. He was there, the glass was there looking like the wine or something had been there, so we took him also."

"I find the ^{three} accused not guilty and discharged. But the fourth, the white man, I don't see what the others could have been doing in his flat but drinking, so I find him guilty of supplying ~~it~~ intoxicating liquor to Natives. Sentence after further investigations."

White space
- 12 -
Chief reporter, a white man with a greasy beard.

The editor said, "Ezekiel Dhlamini appears on a preparatory charge for the murder of his girl-friend. Cover it!"

I leaped, jumped into my Morris Ten. It was worth a shilling each mile I travelled in my own car to an assignment. The office had one motor cycle for staff assignment, big ones. One little car for distant jobs like Sekukuniland Native Riots if you were honoured to do a job of that political stature. That's when you knew you'd have the white reporters dying to have you, for a drink, for a bite, for a chat, but most surely to brain you like this, "Agh man, where is the Native Chief?" "What do I say in his language if I want him to give me a story?" "How do I bow to the Native Chief?"

That special car was not available for Ezekiel Dhlamini's little assignment. So I dashed off in my own Morris faithful Ten for shilling a mile to the magistrate's court in Malay Camp. I sprawled broad ink on my reporter's notebook cover, "I Cover King Kong," and knowing ~~was~~ he was to defend himself against the notorious, murderous, callous, frightful Spoilers' Gang, I needed courage. Dive into Hell's Kitchen. That's what you need, a stiff brandy from Hell's Kitchen. That's the nearest shebeen to the magistrates' court. Five minutes into the court from there and you get there before the brandy has worked out of you, you need double to cover King Kong.

26
The most sensational performance ~~is~~ in all of King Kong's ostentatious theatre in and out of the boxing ring. Here he had himself confined in the dock, faced with allegations from members of the Spoiler Gang. His audience and spectators too, were confined to the constant ^{belch} ~~noise~~ from the bench, "Silence in the Court." Straining their necks to get a glance at the prisoner, a famous boxer, notorious extrovert, spectacular bum. They were also turning their eyes away from a merciless beater upper. He ate you up ~~for~~ at the slightest excuse, for looking at him in anticipation of an acknowledging smile.

I filled myself up at Hell's Kitchen in Malay Camp, the last of Johannesburg's cosmopolitan pretences, and entered Court K, walking like this, "Drum...ta...ra...ra...drum...ta...ra...ra." Bold. Reinforced.
You are bold when you come out of Malay Camp.

Like a true and proper arena, the court had Kong on my right and in the witness box giving evidence for the Crown were members of the Spoiler Gang.

I wrote furiously as the witnesses, one after the other told. "She fell down in the kerb and the accused pounced upon her and drove between fifty to sixty holes through her prostrate body with a panga!" Eyes turned in the direction of the dock where the sound of pounding fists and stamping feet came. It was Kong, hands gripped tight against the handrails, feet stamping a violent, vicious beat on the floor, body jumping up and down like a gorilla, an angered giant sized ape trying to set itself free. Now and again his fists would pound against the rails. His ~~fist~~ teeth clenched tight to stop him from shrieking out aloud, but in the end he could not resist yelling out loud, "It's a lie, you lie, you lie."

"If you don't keep still you'll be sent back into detention until you're quiet."

"That's what I want, your worship, send me down. Send me down." I looked in the direction of the well of the court and the rest of the ~~m~~ members of the Spoiler Gang sat chewing match stick contentedly as though the match sticks were luxuriant Churchillian cigars. I counted six of the gangsters in the well of the court. Wrote down furiously that King Kong jumped up and down, up and down, bouncing his big, heavy, two tons of ~~hi~~ angered muscle in the dock, ready to jump at the magistrate if there wasn't an armed guard by his side. This is how he registered his objections to the court, while the Spoiler Gang, his enemies sat planning, wishing, conspiring against him.

The court will adjourn till to morrow morning. The accused will be let out on bail. King Kong shouted from the dock, "Thank you, my worship, I wish to settle a score with the Spoiler Gang. They're all here in court and I'll meet them outside as soon..." They had to drag him out before he howled again.

Outside the court stood the gangsters, ominous, heinous, treacherous.

They stood in a long row, chewing matches. This was the symbol of membership. Like Christians make the sign of the cross, the Spoilers chew match ends. They copied this symbolism from their leader called Long Dan, same as Jesus gave the Cross to Believers.

Across the road at a respectable distance from the Spoilers, the spectators waited, tense, drawn, scared. They whispered, "The Spoilers will kill him right there near the Court House."

"Are they not afraid of the police?"

"What police?"

"Are they going to tackle King Kong?"

"You wait."

My notebook scribbled away furiously, ^{on} fire ~~by~~. I've got a scoop for my Editor and a promotion for myself. Just like the Editor gave me a bonus of two pounds for the Regina Brooks - Khumalo story. I was the first African journalist to make Regina undo her hair and photograph her long, long European hair against the strict instructions of her husband. And I got two pounds.

Two pounds. Maybe I'll get four pounds for the King Kong scoop.

~~Dashed back to the~~

Then King Kong came out and stood feet astride, hips firm Gulliver style at the top of the stairs. Is he not like a real king about to address his people? Is he not majestic, big, strong, tough, undaunted, standing up there making the Spoilers and their matches look like Lilliputians? Kong stepped down ^{from} his mighty throne, swaggering side to side like a deliberate ~~xxxxt~~ camel striding across the world. Straight up to the long row of matches and hidden daggers. His face was right up against one of them, ~~scribbling my story furiously~~, an inch away from the face of the most feared gangster in the world. He stood there goading my story animatedly into the front page of ^{both} first and second editions of my paper. ~~Sy, oh boy!~~ Shucks! Then he strode away past them like saying, "I won't dirty my hands with such trifle as you."

The little Morris dashed me back to the office fast, shilling a mile. I'm going to write like I never wrote before.

But my Morris wasn't faster than the Spoilers. They were there waiting for me at the office.

"The Old Man wants to see you!"

"What Old Man!"

"Lang Dan!"

"Lang Dan?" Slow down the enthusiasm of my mind. Speed up my bowel reaction. Wet, weak and wet at my buttocks. Dull my effervescence.

"Where does he want to see me?"

"Usual spot, headquarters."

"Like hell I'm going to Alexandra Township, like hell. I've got a story to write this minute and..."

"He wants to see your story, that's why. He's not at Alexandra, he's at the taxi rank in Park Station!"

37 The messenger was ^{Punky}Lefty. The public ^{Punky}knew him as Lefty. The court ^{Punky}knew him as Lefty. When the magistrate said, "What is your full name?" Lefty said, that is my full name. I cannot mention my surname because I dare not. My tribal custom tells me if I ever utter my surname, my clan name, my father's name, a life long curse will fall upon me and my family for many generations. My name is Lefty. ^{Punky}

The prosecutor, tall, pale, frightened of the Spoilers, but not of any other Black people... he adjusted his gown. They changed from the silk office jackets to wearing flowing, undergraduate gowns. Every time he cross-examined Lefty he adjusted the gown around his shoulders. Small shoulders drooping, tired with carrying guns at ~~xxant~~ shooting practice on Saturday afternoons. The prosecutor said, "Your worship, in terms of the policy we cannot force ~~a Bantu witness to go against his tribal custom~~ him against his Bantu custom."

^{Punky}Lefty was a beautiful boy. Ebony black face, soft as soap suds, tender in the eyes like a kissy narcotic. He had a red, sensuous tongue that leaped girls, girls, lots of girls who called him The Generator. He said, I'll come with you to see the Old Man.

Alone with the Old Man on Park Station, he said, "I'm coming jus' now."

Leaning against my faithful Morris. What did the teacher say the doctors call that sound, "Lub-dub...lub-dub...lub-dub." That is the sound my jugular vein is making at the moment. Normally a heart sound, lub-dub.

L me space #
 "I waited for your story till eight last night, what happened?" asked the *chief reporter next* editor tomorrow morning. He had funny hands that look like sea weed, limp and ~~xx~~ blue and wet. ~~When he tried to bellow the fuckin' story out of you, his tongue stuck in with the words in his throat like a bull trying to get its trapped hoof out of the grill gate.~~

"The Spoilers tore my story up."

Following Monday he said, "Did you go and make the statement at Marshall Square?"

"Yes."

"Did they offer you police protection?"

"Yes. But they didn't take down the bit where I said the Spoilers threatened to burn my house up, twist my neck and rape my wife."

"But you did make a statement?"

"Yes."

"Fine."

"Not so fine. I've just met one of the gang. Tells me they read the statement over the week-end. Told me I wasn't getting any police protection. I better get THEIR protection, which is only five pounds a week. Can the office, you, give me some protection?"

"What Protection do you want?"

"They read my statement in the police-station, does that mean anything to you?"

"Yes. Actually these police! When you told me your experiences with the Spoilers I went and got me some protection myself. They offered to send a policeman every hour to check up if my family and I were still intact. But you know what, the swine only came every TWO hours!"

"I must have a gun."

"The office will pay, how much is it, about three quid around Hell's Kitchen?"

"No, seven."

"How could it be seven pounds at Hell's Kitchen? I'm not prepared to pay seven pounds for a stolen gun that I know they're anxious to get rid of at the slightest offer."

"You don't know anything about the Black underworld." I protested.

He says, "Look ol' ~~ch...~~ ^{repeated in} chap, I've edited this black paper for donkey's years, I don't think there's anything I don't know 'bout the black world. Let alone the black under ~~world~~ world."

"Yes, maybe so, but only ^{from} ~~from~~ that desk an' telephone. I know it from inside because I live there and I'm part of it. Where do you come in to tell me I don't know?"

"I'll give you three pounds an' you can add what you like to that."

All the time it happens like that. The white man says, "Tell me nothing 'bout the blacks. I know them. I've got ten of my own."

That's when life looked surrounded. You're one of ten of his own?

"If my life is worth anything at all I want seven pounds. I can't get a gun for less."

"Okay you can have seven pounds. Mind you know how to use it."

I didn't stop to ask if he meant the money or the gun.

→ *Lucie space* Jumped over the wall at Wemmer Barracks where bachelor Africans live. They come up from the "Native Reserves" to work in Johannesburg^a kitchens, hotels, households, then they go to sleep at Wemmer Barracks. ~~Tharats xxxxxxxxthars~~ Over the wall to Number Ten where the boss-boy ~~at~~ at the Springbok Cinema had a shebeen.

"Half Jack Mkhulu."

I was with Simon Khathala the choir conductor of the ~~Jubilee~~ Shantytown Jubilee Singers. "That's a lot for this time of the day?"

"I repeated half jack. No need to worry."

"Well if you want half jack, add a couple ^p beers. I pay."

The Bachelor African Gumede said, "Sit on the bed Fana Bami, my sons, sit on the bed." We sat on the ^p iron bed and mattress. It was an honour to be offered the bed to sit on at Wemmer, although the bed was only the iron-frame bed, a straw mattress and coarse blanket. Thank the City Fathers, the place was fumigated and deloused every nine months!

Line space
 Simon had taken time off from work after placing an order with Manley's Music salon for fifty copies of the Halleluja Chorus, "The one by Handel missus." [She had said to him, "Do you like the Hallelujah Chorus, do you know it?"

Yes missus. We sung it before."

"You mus' be quite sure 'cause you can't return it if it's not what you really wanted. It's not boogie woogie, you know?"

Yes missus. I want fifty copies of the Halleluja Chorus, not boogie woogie."

Then he felt like a drink and climbed over the wall with me.

Where do you get the dough from on such a day as this, boyo?"

"Don' worry Si, I got some from somewhere." [We together blew up the seven pounds that the white man had given me to buy a gun to protect myself and family against the Spoilers.

Line space
 A note was waiting for me at home that night, to say that Mr. Bloom wanted to see me 'bout taking him and a ^{girl from Norway} rich young lady sightseeing through Alexandra Township. Ring me Tuesday.

"I can only take you to two places at Alexandra. The Congress School which the People have started in protest against the new Bantu Education thing, and ^{Willard Cele's} ~~Kenny Sabasa's~~ home. He's the fabulous king of the penny whistle. Was great until he contracted tuberculosis and nobody wanted to know 'bout him till the Health Clinic, the one run by the Alexandra Health Committee took care of him."

"We will drive to Alex, and on the way I wan' to discuss with you the possibilities of doing a musical on the notorious King Kong. Would you be interested in writing the music?"

Would I, wouldn't I? The rich young lady said, "I'd love to see you working together on a musical. Come and practise at my home."

We arrived at the Congress School, tucked away safely behind shacks and a church house. One of those obscure places where the police try in vain to find us. A number of these schools had sprung up all over the country and the government had taken several people to court for running illegal schools.

^{Norway} We went up to the car where Harry and the rich young girl from England were waiting.

"Aha, ~~we~~ friends, aha. Welcome, welcome."

He had long sinewy, expressive hands which he spread out like a kindly priest when children run to him. "Aha, friends, aha," We kept you waiting long, but we shall get the school going again presently. You see we do not want to be captured easily. We work hard for an hour then we go out and play, but far from here so that whoever seeks us out must ~~work~~ be bothered to find us."

"Come with me, please." [He led us through a narrow winding lane, past several shacks and stopped at a piece of railway track hanging from a tree. He struck it with a hammer sending a loud, clang, clang, clang, through the hot midsummer morning, into the shops where little boys and girls, and youths hung around penny bread and liver polony. They flew out of the shop verandahs at the sound of the bell, leaving adults lazing in the sun, rocking their bodies backwards and forwards like waiting for something to happen. The children crowded into a house in the lane. Teacher said, "Aha, friends, come." The rich white girl asked, "What syllabus do you ~~xxxxxxxx~~ pursue since you haven't any books and equipment?"

Teacher smiled

"From nine to ten we teach hate. Ten to eleven, murder. Eleven to twelve, arson. On other days its plunder and arson nine to ten. Blood drinking is from three to four. Panga practise on Saturdays instead of football!" He stopped to watch the white girl register shock, anger, embarrassment, surprise.

"Well didn't they tell you, miss? In the white suburbs didn't they tell you that's how we live, that's why they wan' to close down these private schools and send us to others where they teach weaving an' garden weeding." He chuckled with pleasure as he opened the door to let us into the classroom.

39 "Now children^s (of all ages from nine to twenty), this morning we spoke about... what was it again?" A little voice answered, "The Boston Tea Party, Sir."

"Quite correct. We shall now examine the history of our own land." He drew a quick map of Africa on the pattered blackboard borrowed from the cricket club. The tiny piece of chalk was so small that it kept falling out of his hands. But there was a perfect map at last and the lesson went on. "It was around here," pointing out an area in the Cape Province, "that many bitter battles have been fought between Africans and non-Africans for the cattle and the land that we possessed...the non-Africans wanted meat. We wanted knives and forks and mirrors. They wanted to give us one knife per cow... or else, or else they would raise the sticks that spat fire and take the cows without giving us a single knife an' fork. We said give us also some of your butter. They said that calls for much more than we'd given them up to now. They want all of the land around the Tynnie River, several square miles, and we can have all the butter in the world.

"We said we'd like to try the butter out first, see how good it is." We got stuck into wagonloads of soap. They had lined up their wagons all over the place where Fort Hare University once stood. There are tribal schools around there now. But before that Fort Hare University where I became a graduate of the University of South Africa, they had their wagons there loaded with soap. We climbed into the wagons taking bitfuls of the yellow soap that looked like butter. Thousands of us, and as they stood by, looking on, thousands of us got sick all over the countryside."

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

A twelve-year-old boy, sparkling at the eyes like rubies, he interrupted the lesson. "Please, Teacher, did the Africans who ate the soap, afterwards look like the mouse on my trap this morning? Teacher, I put something on the cheese ~~but~~ and the mouse took a bite, but the trap didn't go off, but the mouse lay there this morning breathing heavily with stomach bulging like a pregnant cow unable to walk fast. Teacher, and the trap stood ready to go off any minute now."

"Well that's more or less what happened. And while we were lying there getting sick an' disabled from the yellow soap, they changed the names of the rivers."

Tall black teacher. His voice was like a prince. He said, "As we lay vomitting on the riverside they changed the name from Gqunube to Gonoby," ^{brushing} his grey suit as though specks of the vomitting soap had fallen upon it.

"Please teacher, is it also true that they changed Qonce to Kingwilliamstown?"

"They changed everything, everything while we tried to get up from their sickening soap, yellow soap nips."

The lesson was over. Teacher said he hoped we had enjoyed our visit ~~but~~ ^{would} send him some books. But if we didn't have any, not to worry, but do something, not jus' sit down.

The ~~rich~~ white girl said how wonderful ^{but} and where do the big ones go for their relaxation? "Well if you're free tonight I can take you to the ~~Kwink~~ Jig House where we dance."

They came. They decided we must write some of ^{this} history down.

Line space → #
I think King Kong will make a marvellous excuse for a theatrical production, your people are so much alive especially for this sort of thing.

I think it's perfect for any innuendos. I will put some of the language down as spoken in the township, can you give me a few phrases, for instance what do you say when a policeman approaches, what is the lingo?

More and more white people came around black people telling us to never mind the regulations let's get to Rupert's ~~sq~~ place and put down as much African lingo as we can although Rupert's place is in the heart of the white kingdom and blacks are shot at sight after nine, 'specially if you're talking some lingo.

"Tell us Gwigwi, how did King Kong, who was King Kong, how, where, what was he? Dance us the dance of joy. Tell us how he lived. We know how he died."

Harry left for Bloemfontein. The story wasn't finished. Patricia said "I'll try and finish it." ~~One~~ ^{and} black man, ~~one~~ white woman caught up in the ~~intriguing~~ intrigue of a theatrical project.

"Pat, we finish rather late tonight and I haven't got a pass."

"I'll write you one. Let's jus' finish this bit."

"Better let Rupert ^{write} write one, 'cause he's a man. The p'lice won't say how can you work for a woman."

Woke Rupert up to write, "This, to whom it concerns, is to certify my houseboy so-an'-so, was working late tonight till this morning, in fact, and since I'm not allowed to keep him overnight under the Locations-in-the-Sky Act I'm letting him off this morning. This pass is valid till four a.m."

Rupert said, "Let's have an evening purely for our own entertainment. Let's call the chaps from the ~~Afrizax~~ Jazzworkshop, come ~~and~~ have snacks and ~~will~~ put them in a good mood for playing, give them some apple fizz, goes very well with a jazzy mood. And we can ask some of the white chaps with lots of money ^{to} come and enjoy the evening."

I rounded up the blacks for the whites telling the blacks there might be some money coming our way. We plugged ourselves full at Hell's Kitchen in case Rupert hadn't got any.

Mzala said, "If I had my permit and some money I'd take us some."

Ndabezitha said, "Not ^{to} worry. I got a half jack here."

We stood at the corner of the street, ten yards from Rupert's house an' passed the bottle round the ten of us till it was empty.

40 Ten groggy ^{blacks} niggers, saxophones an' all, we walked up the pathway ~~it~~ into Rupert's flat. Locked. Nobody at home. Too early, we'll have to wait. Mzala took out another half jack. Broke off the seal, and said, "This on ^{is} Commando, boys. Commando brandy." Took a swig. Handed over to the nex' man who wiped off the mouth of the bottle with his hand like a waiter does with the serviette. Only we had none. The wiping ceremony went on for five minutes when the bottle was empty. When Rupert arrived we were ticking nicely, ready to sing, dance, anything. We acted the King Kong story almos' like it had been written already and wanted only the finishing touches. Rupert said to me, "This thing is too good to let go. Get some music written and let's get cracking with the show."

^{Line space} The show was ready and Rupert went around selling it. For us.

He went around all the big music people in Johannesburg and they told him, "We can't give you all that much money, man, are you mad? Besides you're spoiling these boys, they're used to playing for five bob a night."

That time onwards ~~xxxxxx~~ began the most arduous time of my life. Every night I dreamed I was surrounded by pale skinned, blue-veined ~~xxxxxx~~ people who changed at random from humans to gargoyles. I dreamed ~~it~~ I lay at the bottom of a bottomless pit. They stood above me, all around, with long, sharpened steel straws that they put to your head and the brain matter seeped up the straws like lemonade up a ^{playful} ~~thirsty~~ child's thirsty picnic straw. I screamed, yelled myself out of the nightmare, and fell off my bed each night I saw the brain straws. I dreamed Black names were entered ^{from} ~~at~~ the bottom of the register and white names from the top. And when a black man told a white man to go to hell, there was no hell. And when a white man told a black man to go ^{to hell} ~~thxxx~~, the black man did go to hell.

But it wasn't a dream when I said to Arthur Goldreich, "Tell them to stop writing me in the register from the bottom, and having meetings without me although it's about my music."

Arthur said, "Come to the meeting on Sunday at the Eloff Hotel de Luxe."

"How on earth can I, Arthur? You know I'll be thrown out."

"They won't touch you. Harry will be there and he's a lawyer. It'll be you, him, an' me to see the man from England about selling him the show for London."

They didn't throw me out at the posh, flower-decked foyer of the Eloff de Luxe, I think because I was only in shirt sleeves and khaki trousers, so maybe they thought I was a carry boy. The lift came and ~~ga~~ shucks I can write home now an' tell them I been ^{right} ~~write~~ inside there where Dr. Malan has been. Seventh floor. Room seven six four. We waited in the passage while the man from England was fetched from the lounge. While waiting, I took a peep into the backyard off the Eloff de Luxe and saw the scruffiest, slummiest backyard I'd ever seen. Tall, brick walls dripping muck from top to bottom. Didn't fit the glamour of the foyer with glossay, diamond-studded wall frames. I said, this is cheating. It's like a man in a starched, white shirt and spruce bow tie and when he takes off his tail-coat the back of his shirt is like a tramp.

Busy thinking like this when the bottom of the long, dingy, stuffy passage of the Eloff de Luxe produces a tall, scraggy, bony boer. He hesitates while taking stock of Harry's formidable looking brief-case, ~~in~~ Then he sums up Arthur's prolific beard and moustache. Then he ~~not~~ stalks up slowly towards us and I whisper to myself, "This is IT!"

He comes right up against us and says, ~~he~~ pointing at me;

"What's this one doing here?" cross and gruff like the billy goat.

"He's with us."

"He's not allowed in here."

"Who on earth are you?"

"I am the hotel detective."

"Go and call your manager. How d'you think we entered this place from the ground floor to the seventh without being detected? Go call your manager."

"I'm telling you he's got no business in here. He's not allowed. I give him five minutes to clear out of here."

Harry and Arthur lean their heads back and laugh, "Caw, caw, caw, caw, caw."

The Man from England came just as the boer's tail disappeared between his legs round the corner.

"Caw, caw, caw, caw!"

"Come inside, come inside." We entered the room and thought if this tiny monastic bed and breakfast, this dingy nook, that iron bed and coir mattress... all behind a flashy neon light...

We finished our business and sighed relief as the sunshine outside welcomed us again. The foyer whispered as we went out, "Crack... skull... kaffir... shit... neck... break."

"Will you write to us from London, man from England?"

"Yes, but keep the show going, make the improvements I suggested. Rehearse like mad. Only the best is good enough for London."

We rehearsed like mad. The cast and the band for London. The creators and the producers for a nervous breakdown.

Line space One night way past midnight I stood waiting for the bus specially chartered to take everybody home after rehearsals. There was fifteen minutes before the bus came so I'll wait on the corner and be the first one in.

41 I wanted to ~~be~~ grab me the front seat so that I'm comfortable with the large box of choice chocolates, luxury size, that Patricia had asked me to take home to Esme. Standing all alone on the badly lit street in the ~~mixirixi~~ factory district where life was limited to shunting locomotives and men on the run, I waited. Aha, there she comes. Two lights glimmering in the distance. I must hold this large box very carefully. No, that's not the bus. Why do they put the search light on. It's the pick-up van. I had better stand here, stay put. If I try to get back into the ~~xxxxxxx~~ warehouse where the rehearsals are going on, they'll think I'm running away, 'specially with such a large parcel on me. The spotlight, the searchlight, the police van is coming up faster now, they've seen me.

From out of the shadows a voice came, "Yeebo Fana !" (Yes, young man!) That's the voice the African nightwatchman puts on when he's going to beat you up with his large stick. 'Specially when he sees the white boss coming, then the watchman beats you up good and proper. Make it easy for the police to effect the arrest without too much struggle. Nightwatch beats you up hard. Flogs you down to the ground and puts his foot on your neck as he says, "Wenzani kwa M'lungu ?" (What do you want on the White Man's property?)

"Please, Mkhulu don't hit me, God of my father."

"What is it then ? You standing outside while the others are singing inside. Explain."

How can I explain to this man whose body is mutilated with tribal incisions, ear-lobes pierced inches across ~~with~~ and plugged with decorative ear-pieces. How can I tell this vigorous, weapon-wielding servant of the white man, that I am on the brink of a nervous collapse because I have been listening to my music and watch it ~~go~~ ^{go} from black to ~~purpiny~~ white and now purple.

The screeching brakes halt opposite me and pour out of the van, six young tacklers called police in khaki uniformed dynamite-spitting revolvers. They shout at the nightwatchman, "Is it ~~awright~~ ^{awright}, awright, okay Jim ?" They fling their young rugby playing bodies in my direction and say the familiar password, "Ja, jong, Ja," which means "Declare your damned self, Jong."

How does one declare oneself out of a withered, crumpled, shapeless near-discoloured overcoat; out of a sleepless bundle of a jumpy mass, frightened of your papers which are several and none of them in order. The last time I had paid the obnoxious Poll Tax was ten years ago. Had refused to pay, under protest. And now here were the tax-gatherers confronting me at this hour of night.

They came bouncing towards me. "Speak fast, jong, haven't you got a ^{bloody} tongue? Where's your pass?"

I released one hand from the large box and whipped out of my inside pocket the little blue cards printed, "Bearer [...] is a member of the King Kong cast. Members of the South African Police are kindly asked to allow him to go home after rehearsals which usually stop about one o'clock a.m. Thank You."

"Oh, Ghod his one of the King Kong kaffirs. Okay an what's that you got in the parcel, jong?"

"It's ^{chocolates} ~~chocolates~~, baas, ^{choc'lat's} ~~chocolates~~ for my wife. I jus' got them now from a ~~friend~~ friend."

"Oho, Jesus, Piet listen to this one. Of all my night shifts I never met a baboon like this one." They gathered around me.

"Please baas don't break the box."

"Ha, ha, ha...caw...caw...caw, ha, ha, ha," until they split their sides with laughter. "The monkey got ^{chocolates} ~~chocolates~~ for his wife..." They laughed into their big police van and the ^{ir} echo drifted into the night echoing long after they had gone. "~~He got chocolates for a~~

"The word is now called wife, caw, caw, caw, and ~~choc'lat's~~ ^{choc'lat's} for her!"

Leave space

I crawled into bed beside my long suffering wife who had not slept for many nights, exhausted with King Kong happenings. Day on my back gazing into the ceiling where the flickering candle light danced ever so gently, drawing images of travel and freedom.

"Darling, let's try somewhere else."

"Mh..."

"England."

"America."

"Anywhere else on earth is better than here."

"We leave tomorrow. Run across the border."

"And the children, Marian and John-Anthony?"

"Yes. They can't run. We'll have to get passports and clear out before they take them back."

Hurried applications to Pretoria. "You'll have to give us your birth certificates, marriage certificates, photographs, savings account certificate, testimonials of character, Native Reference Books, Bankers Guarantees, and one hundred pounds each in case you get stuck over there and you got to be brought back."

Five days later, "Here they are, my Crown."

"Oh, no, my boy. We must have them in triplicate."

Rush round the corner and a friend triplicates them fast during lunch while the bosses are out.

"Good, my boy. Now go to the Special Branch. See if they'll give you a police clearance. Are you member of the Communist Party? African National Congress? Ever been in trouble with the police? Anything to do with Huddleston? Any liquor offences? Rent up-to-date? Which Church d'you belong to? By the way, you the one making fun of the South African police in your Hong Kong play, an' you want us to give you a passport?" The machine-gun rattled at us like that for nine long months.

— XXX — XXX — XXX —

My favourite pub is the Bull and Bush where I go and meet my pal Fred. He's going to find us a nice ~~XXXX~~ London home. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ When ~~It~~ first met him I asked him where the African people live in London, like in Johburg they got locations for us.

Fred said earnestly, "Well, looking at it that way, I know the zones go something like you'll find the English in British West Hampstead, the Jews in Goldschtein's Green, and the Indians in Belsize Pakistan. The other races are scattered all over the place."

~~end.~~

$\frac{3}{4}$ D

2) s | d : i m f : s m | f : - : 2 | m : f : s | 2 2 : - s e : 2 t
 | d : - : - | - : - s e : 2 t | d d : - : - | - : - : 2 | s m : - | - : - d ?
 | d d : - : - | - : - : - | : : 1 : d : m f : - f : m f | 8 - m d
 2 - - - - 2 | d d - - - -

3) $\frac{9}{8}$ F m | 2 t d 2 | t d r m | f m s f | m - -
 m l a m f r | d r i m | x m s f | m - -

Back to D
~~s | t, s d - |~~

| : 1, s i t s | d : - 1 - s i t s | d : - 1 :
 m | s : - f m p d r | m - - m s - f m - r | m - - -
 d - , n, m - r - m f f - m s - - s 2 ? | d' d' - - -

4) $\frac{5}{4}$ D

~~s | d i s m f~~

s | d s r i m f : s m | f : - : - 2 | r m : f s : 2 f | t : - s e : 2 t | d : s i m
 d, n : d : 2 | d d : - : - | - : - d r m | f f : - x m f | s d i r m : f r
 m m : - : - m | f s : 2 : - s | d : 2 : s | - : - : - | - : 2 : d d : -
 - : - : - | 2 : d d : - | - : - : - | - : - : - | - : - : -

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