

in their exuberance, showering sand over staid folk. When this happens, it is simple, for those who find this tiresome, either to move to another part of the beach, or else to request the players to move away, which, providing they are not too rapt in their game, they will do; what is remarkable is the complete absence of any resentment or malice or viciousness, for the Ghanaians are not usually a violent people, and they display an unusual tolerance.

The beach has many itinerant vendors of a variety of wares, particularly fruit which is carried in large shallow baskets on the statuesque heads of handsome Ghanaian women who sway along, clad in their printed flowered cloths. In season they sell pine-apples at 25c (2s.6d.),

coconuts at 10c (1s.), and oranges, mangoes or bananas at about eight for 10c (1s.). They will willingly peel any fruit for their customers, and it is an impressive sight to see one of the fruitletellers, still balancing the heavy basket on her head, deftly holding a pine-apple in one hand and her cutlass in the other, usually with a small child playing round her legs. There are also little girls who sell roasted groundnuts, wrapped in pieces of newspaper at 1d. a handful, and men from Northern Ghana who offer the brightly coloured woven baskets of their region; there are women who vend the attractively carved traditional Ashanti stools, and a cheerful Nigerian who has a good stock of jewellery and trinkets, who will offer me a beer on a day when

Okara

#### PIANO AND DRUMS

When at break of day at a riverside  
I hear jungle drums telegraphing  
the mystic rhythm, urgent, raw  
like bleeding flesh, speaking of  
primal youth and the beginning.  
I see the panther ready to pounce,  
the leopard snarling about to leap  
and the hunters crouch with spears poised;

And my blood ripples, turns torrent,  
topples the years and at once I'm  
in my mother's laps & suckling:  
at once I'm walking simple  
paths with no innovations,  
rugged, fashioned with the naked  
warmth of hurrying feet and groping hearts  
in green leaves and wild flowers pulsing.

Then I hear a wailing piano  
solo speaking of complex ways  
in tear-furrowed concerto:  
of far away lands  
and new horizons with  
coaxing diminuendo, counterpoint,  
crescendo. But lost in the labyrinth  
of its complexities, it ends in the middle  
of a phrase at a daggerpoint.

And I lost in the morning mist  
of an age at a riverside keep  
wandering in the mystic rhythm  
of jungle drums and the concerto.

WOLE SOYINKA is on the staff of the  
University College, Ibadan.

GABRIEL OKARA, a Government Information  
Officer, lives in the Eastern Region, Nigeria.

10

Soyinka

#### TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

The price seemed reasonable, location  
Indifferent. The landlady swore she lived  
Off premises. Nothing remained  
But self-confession. 'Madam, I warned,  
'I hate a wasted journey—I am African.'  
Silence. Silenced transmission of  
Pressurised good-breeding. Voice, when it came,  
Lip-stick coated, long gold-rolled  
Cigarette-holder pipped. Caught I was, foully.  
'HOW DARK?' ... I had not misheard ... 'ARE  
YOU LIGHT

'OR VERY DARK?' Button B. Button A. Stench  
Of rancid breath of public hide-and-speak.  
Red booth. Red pillar-box. Red double-tiered  
Omnibus squelching tur. It was real! Shamed  
By ill-mannered silence, surrender  
Pushed dumbfounded to beg simplification.  
Considerate she was, varying the emphasis—  
'ARE YOU DARK? OR VERY LIGHT?' Revelation  
came.

'You mean—like plain or milk chocolate?'  
Her assent was clinical, crushing in its light  
Impersonality. Rapidly, wave-length adjusted,  
I chose, 'West African sepia'—and as an afterthought,  
Down in my passport. Silence for spectroscopic  
Flight of fancy, till truthfulness elongated her accent  
Hard on the mouthpiece. 'WHAT'S THAT?' conceding  
'DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS.' 'Like brunette.'  
'THAT'S DARK, ISN'T IT?' 'Not altogether.'  
'Facially, I am brunette, but madam, you should see  
'The rest of me. Pain of my hand, soles of my feet  
'Are a peroxide blonde. Friction, caused—  
'Foolishly madam—by sitting down, has turned  
'My bottom raven black—One moment madam!—  
sensing

Her receiver rearing on the thunder clap  
About my ears—'Madam, I pleaded, 'Wouldn't you  
rather  
'See for yourself?'

THE NEW AFRICAN AUGUST 1962

## Letter to the Editor How to Address the Scope of Liberal Positions with and within the South African Magazines?

Annett Busch

Imagine the editor being a Third World vanguard person.... Your voice still resonates in my head. I was editing the audio recording of your talk,<sup>1</sup> and that's part of what comes about working with sound: Some sentences accumulate and loop due to endlessly repeated attempts to find the right "in-and-out" moment. The way you put knowledge into words, the talking, triggered my interest in these Congress for Cultural Freedom-funded South African magazines—*Africa South* (1956–61), *The New African* (1962–69), *The Classic* (1963–71).<sup>2</sup> And even more, the story lines about their editors, their specific in-betweenness, and what this position might produce. Imagine the editor being a collaborator, a facilitator, an orchestrating driving force whose labor shapes but disappears in the work of others, hardly traceable in the end. Addressing you as editor in a piece you have fundamentally informed allows me to transform open strands you left unfinished and write in conversation.

Who entered the network, how, and when? You treat the complexities of the funding issue with an excessive attention to detail, through people and their trajectories, and not through, let's say, ideological questions. This background–foreground shifting changes the focus of attention and politics. To openly

address the conditions of production, to set the frame, but to avoid making judgements by unnecessarily complicating the question of taking sides. With the detail-driven storytelling of relationships, dates, notes, attitudes, trajectories, a narrative that depends very much on generosity, on aspiring to perceive a full potential, you draw a more and more populated and constantly changing picture.... and he wants it to be capacious is half of a sentence that stayed with me and still does, like a refrain. You dropped it while describing the vision of Ronald Segal, editor and founder of *Africa South*. Segal is a son of a prominent Cape Townian Jewish garment family who is or was a Trotskyist, although I'm not sure precisely what sort.... He starts *Africa South* in 1956 and he wants it to be capacious. He's like, "There is no place where people are talking to each other, or arguing with each other," and so he wants it to represent all of the factions that are in play at the time.

Something within the word *capacious* triggered the idea of turning the magazine into an image, a collage—an interface, a tool. Names. To see all those who made the crowd at once. Author credits, lists of contributors, to remember the many, many who are new for me, but known to others. Memory cards generating algorithms as entry points for research that leads to obituaries in the *Guardian* but also finally to different networks, positions, communities, languages. It became a different way to read the magazines. The notion of capaciousness also hinted that the history of liberals and liberalism in South Africa might be more complex than I imagined—mainly what you called the radicalizing over the course of the 1950s, fighting the more complacent elements in the Liberal Party itself.

Seeing issues of *Africa South* for the first time in the library of the Nordic Africa Institute in Uppsala—by the way, one of only a few places in Europe where a very diverse selection of magazines from the African continent can be found, not collected through the logic of former colonial relations but through a rather random approach and the sheer curiosity and attentiveness of a few librarians—the radicality wasn't immediately obvious. Over time, the switching between looking up names and getting into reading opened up a universe. What unfolds here between 1956 and '61 is an intriguing project of non-national intellectual

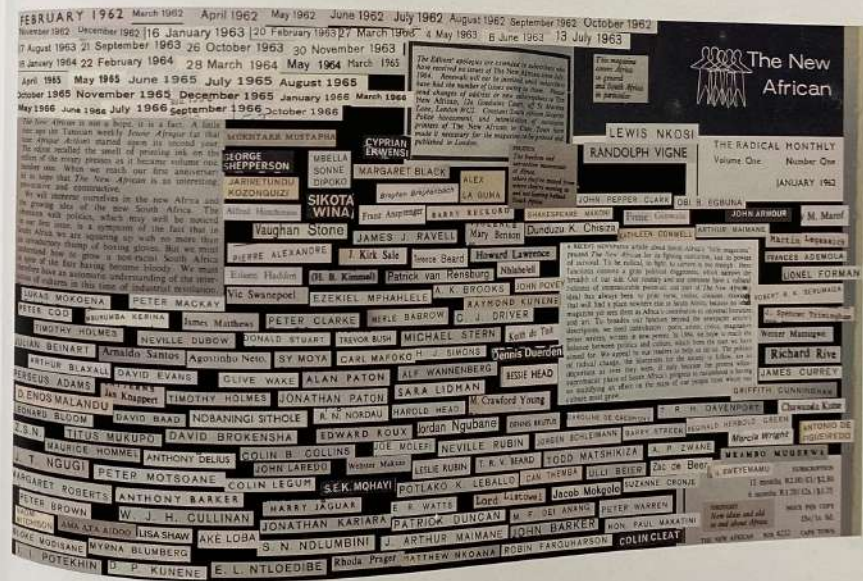
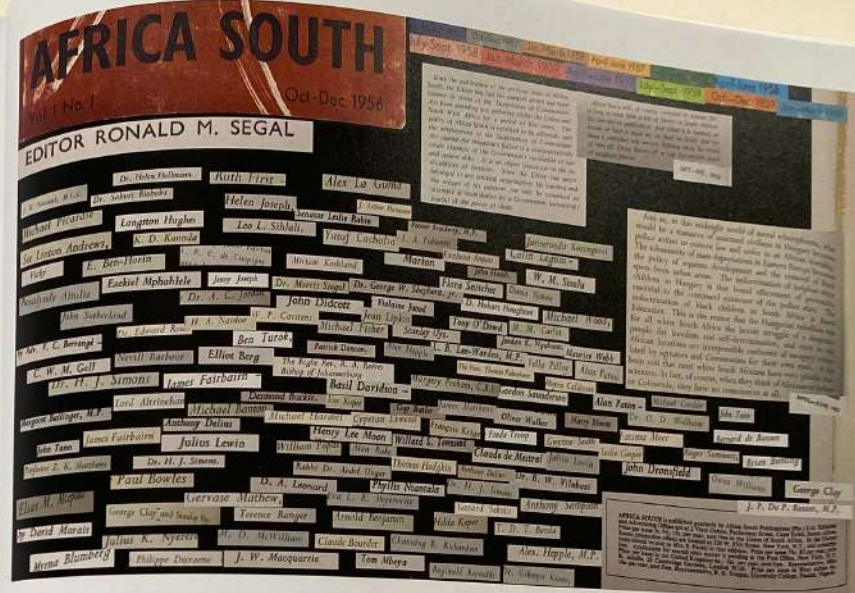


and creative resistance, an attempt that not only opposes the segregating apartheid system in South Africa, but also exceeds it by imagining and composing a many-voiced critical, international discourse, driven by something like a non-liberal radical liberalism. Ronald Segal, who was only in his early twenties in 1956 and had just returned from Trinity College, Cambridge in England, to get involved again in South African politics, called it "creating a Democratic Front of Ideas."<sup>3</sup> Instead of joining a party, he gathered journalists as well as farmers, schoolteachers and university professors, activists and members of parliament, booksellers, lawyers, and poets for a magazine. "For South Africans there has always existed an 'apartheid' in Freedom, and the Whites have condoned and encouraged the division persistently" is the first line of the first editorial.<sup>4</sup> The two-faced notion of freedom, tempting and obscuring, the propaganda tool of the CCF project—Segal picks it up again a few months later and points to the hypocrisy of the South African solidarity demonstrations with the uprising in Hungary: "It was ultimately in the cause of freedom and the right of a people to self-determination that the students of Pretoria marched in procession through the streets and the citizens of Cape Town and Johannesburg [...]. All this must have been greatly puzzling to the millions of Black South Africans."<sup>5</sup>

What comes with the names is, of course, also a game of hide-and-seek, the question of authorship, signatures and their avoidance, hiding within pseudonyms, remaining anonymous. From *The New African* history by Randolph Vigne and James Currey, a reminder that the South African government was increasingly, as the 1960s wore on, banning people such that it was illegal to publish them; by 1963 Vigne was banned, as were others, but not Neville Rubin, so then suddenly Rubin was writing a lot of articles.<sup>6</sup> Together with Vigne and Currey, Rubin is one of the three cofounders of *The New African*—*The Radical Monthly*. Rubin, a lawyer and a lecturer at the University of Cape Town, is the one with the administrative skills to easily draw up a business plan and put up a company, Insight Publications; he signs as coeditor until June 1966. Lewis Nkosi, former member of the legendary urban-culture magazine *Drum*—founded 1951 in Johannesburg and known for its investigative journalism throughout

the 1950s by writers like H. I. E. Dhlomo, Henry Nxumalo, and Bloke Modisane, and photographs by Peter Magubane and Jürgen Schadeberg—joins as literary editor in September 1965, when *The New African* has to relocate to London. Currey serves as designer. Well, these guys aren't poets, is another of your sentences that has stayed with me. *Randolph Vigne is a founder of the African Resistance movement. They're bombers. It's a predominantly white liberal group of saboteurs who are trying to bring ... like part of the concerted efforts to destabilize the apartheid state in 1963/64.*

In terms of a timeline: The last issue of *Africa South*, which by then is *Africa South in Exile*, is published at the end of 1961; the first issue of *The New African* appears in January 1962, out of Cape Town again—sixteen pages, filled with texts by Ndabani Sithole, Trevor Bush, R. N. Nordau, Anthony Delius, Peter Nat Nakasa, Leslie Rubin, T. R. V. Beard, Dennis Brutus, and Vigne. Many more joined as the number of issues increased, but "Did we notice, in those pre-feminist days, that so few were women?" is a question that Vigne and Currey would only ask decades later, when they wrote the journal's short history.<sup>7</sup> In 1963, the literary journal *The Classic: Johannesburg Quarterly* is out in the world, founded by the writer Nat Nakasa, another former member of the *Drum* magazine crew. The journal opens up a space for Black writing and sets literature as an entry point into politics—but probably these guys aren't "poets" either. "The *Classic* is as non-political as the life of a domestic servant, the life of a Dutch Reformed Church predikant or that of an opulent Johannesburg businessman" reads part of the editorial of the first issue.<sup>8</sup> With contributions by Casey Motsisi, Can Themba, Ezekiel (later Es'kia or Zeke) Mphahlele, Nkosi, Leslie Schume, Julian Beinart, J. M. Brander, and Richard Rive. Of the three South African magazines in the CCF orbit, it's the one that has been "mainly funded through [the] Farfield Foundation," as mentioned in the colophon. And it bears the most tragic story—of Nakasa, who went to study at Harvard on a Nieman Foundation Fellowship. He left for the US in the fall of 1964, on an exit permit that prohibited his return to South Africa. "He was 28 years old when he died on the 14th of July, 1965, after a fall from the seventh storey of a building in New York." That's how Barney



Annett Busch, *Geschichte, das sind die Namen* [A Story of Many], 2017. Journalists, poets, activists, writers, academics, and artists contributing to *Africa South* (1956–60), *The New African* (1962–67), and *The Classic* (1963–71), 2017. Digital cut-outs, 32 x 56 cm



EDITOR: RONALD M. SEGAL

is the twenty-first issue of "Africa South" since its inception in 1964. If the decision to end it is likely to be made, it will surely be a great pity, for it is the only magazine to survive without lavish advertisements, and at the cost of the printed word itself. "Africa South" has been a constant source of information for me, and has been the printing of its cover. It has been read by all my friends, readers and organisations, and by myself. While it is not a substitute for South African newspapers, it is a necessary part of my education, and I can contribute no more. In August 1969, African Government refused me the right to transfer my home to South Africa, and I have since been

Since the State of Emergency declared in the Union of South Africa makes it impossible for "Africa South" to continue publishing from there, it goes into exile—with the pledge that it will continue to give voice to the demands of South Africa's oppressed—until the day when it has helped to win the right to return.

We shall require a large sum of money to publish "Africa South of the Sahara", and we beg you to send us your maximum possible contribution, making out your cheques to "Africa South Appeal" and addressing them to 119 John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, or to 119 Bedford Ave., Mount Vernon, New York.

## Johannesburg quarterly

EDITOR: Nathaniel Nakaso

**TRUSTEES AND EDITORIAL ADVISERS:**  
 Ian Bernhardi, Nimrod Miele, Nathaniel Nakata  
 Nadine Gordimer, Philip Stria, Julian Beinart

Nat Nakasa has left South Africa on an exit permit and cannot return for as long as present rules persist. There has been organizational chaos, but *Classic Volume 1, Number 4* is before you with two new editors, and further issues still ready in line. And for the rest

CHANTRE MOONBEAM DAVID FARRELL *reid du Freez*  
 Athol Fugard Jose Creuvinher Miguel Grinberg DUGMORE BOOTS Ezekiel Mphahlele  
 Julian Berman (Levin Nkosi) PATRICK CULLINAN Doris Lessing ALFRED HEN  
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 MASHABALA ROBERTA MASHABALA ROBERTA

MPAKA MPULI      Léopold Sédar Senghor      NIABULO S. NDEBELE      STANLEY

**CLASSIC REGRETS**

PASTORS HERE EXPRESS THAT WISDOM OF THE GALLERY OF SENSITIVE MEMORIALS LEADS THEM TO SAY: "THEY WERE ALL GOOD PEOPLE, BUT THEY WERE ALL DEAD."

COINCIDENTS THE LAST REMAINS WERE  
IN MANY WAYS THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY  
WORKS OF A SIGNIFICANT ARTIST.

**VOLUME TWO, NUMBER TWO, 1982**

DAVID GOLDBLATT  
Chris McGregor DENIS RAFFARLY

LYNTON STEPHENSON M. DIKOBÉ

Wolfe Miller)

**DUMBEY Dollar Brand**

WITH publishers all over the world becoming increasingly interested in material from Africa, there has begun a

WELLS FUGARD *Nile Barwitz*

on this continent. There is evidence already that much of the material which finds its way to print in this "literary boom" really belongs in the waste-paper basket.

It is with these considerations in mind that the publishers of *The Clarion* announce our first short story contest. (See Page Two.) The competition is open to anyone who lives in this

David Zeffert) GHOFFREY MARSHAPPE

J. M. Branden

the CLASSIC is published quarterly by THE CLASSIC MAGAZINE

TRUST FUND, P.O. Box 6434, Johannesburg. The Trust is financed mainly by Fairfield Foundation, Inc., New York. Price in South Africa: 35c; Subscriptions: S.A. (4 issues) R1.50; United Kingdom £1.00.

Kingdom and Europe: £1; United States: \$3. Writers are invited to send their manuscripts to the Editor, *The Classic*, P.O. Box 6434, Johannesburg.

AFRIKAINSTITUTET

Simon puts it in his Editor's Note, in a special issue of *The Classic* on "The World of Nat Nakasa," in 1966.<sup>9</sup> In that issue, Themba recalls the moment of the magazine's formation. "One day, we met at a dry cleaners called the 'Classic'. Nat bought the drinks and said he had an idea. [...] Nat proposed starting a really good, artistic magazine. He wanted all of us—I don't mean just those Non-White journalists present—but all of us: Black, White, Coloured, Indian. For want of superior inspiration we decided to call the damned thing 'The Classic.'"<sup>10</sup>

Only once in the issue does the name of the Farfield Foundation's executive director John Thompson come up: Nadine Gordimer in "One Man Living Through It" mentions him to make a kind of ultimate point on Nakasa's sensitivity: "on the last evening of his life, when in all his final anguish of mind he talked until late with his friend Jack Thompson and his wife, he had still some instinct that made him shrink from burdening them with the mention of his impulse to suicide."<sup>11</sup> On that same night, Nakasa jumped to his death from the window of Thompson's apartment. Not long after, the Farfield had a new director. In between, a large field of unresolved speculations opens up. What made him jump out of the window? What did he know? Thompson was a writer and critic himself—a poet, in fact—and had become friends with Nakasa, Nkosi, and several other young Black South African writers during a visit to Johannesburg. *He spoke the language, which is to say, jazz.* He offered to put up the money to make the idea of a literary magazine come alive.

Maybe it's one of those moments that flips the question of funding into a personal relationship—questions of agency and double-agency shading into friendship and betrayal. And everything depends on from what point you start telling the story, which facets get emphasized. But then everything depends, too, on where you stop. *Too often, these CIA stories begin and end at the same place, which makes the details hardly matter, save as a bill of indictment, was your way of putting it. And once suspicion is there, the posters with all the names on them might even turn into a plot leading to a crime scene.*

*The Classic*, however, doesn't end with Nat Nakasa. Barney Simon, who will later found Johannesburg's Market Theatre, who will turn Can Themba's

short story "The Suit" into a play, takes over as editor and manages to keep *The Classic* running until 1971. In his essay "My Years with *The Classic*," Simon mentions the decision he faced after 1966–67, when the story of CIA cultural funding broke.<sup>12</sup> As it happened, being financed by a foundation that got its money from the CIA was not the biggest problem facing a little South African magazine at the time. By then nearly every writer associated with *The Classic*—as well as the other journals the CCF had funded—was banned from publishing in the country. "After some deliberation I decided to stay with their support, because Frank Platt [the Farfield's executive director after Thompson] had in no way ever interfered with editorial policy."<sup>13</sup> At the same time, Simon would have rejected support from the South African National Party.

Different lines of radicalization had re-formed during the early 1960s. After the Sharpeville Massacre in March 1960, Segal had to hide and leave the country, and he managed to get on a plane last minute to Dar es Salaam together with Oliver Tambo, head of the African National Congress; he then moved over to London and continued with *Africa South in Exile* until 1961, at which point he convinced someone to give him his own imprint, starting up the Penguin African Library. For people like Vigne or Rubin who were still in Cape Town, it became urgent, and was still possible, that a new journal emerge to "provide a place for independent radical thinking and creative writing about Africa."<sup>14</sup>

An aesthetic and political roughness came with *The New African*—square-shapes, a sharpness, comments rather than lengthy essays—as if an action plan should translate into a format, a form, a new language, aiming for a “non-racial democratic South Africa” by all means necessary.<sup>15</sup> On July 11, 1964, the last *The New African* out of Cape Town was released; in March 1965 the first one came out of London. In between, some more dramatic escape routes were organized. To ensure distribution of *The New African* in South Africa, they invented an ingenious production of a special South African edition with a succession of pseudonyms/*device/trick/disguised mastheads*, which would then get banned. So *The New African* became *Inkululeko*, *Frontier, Insight, Watchword, Onward....*<sup>16</sup>



Segal had always insisted on keeping a distance from any institution, and he refused to have a board—he did it all alone. In collaboration—but in conversation with the authors and not with a committee arguing and negotiating the policy of the journal. Being dependent independent dependent. The roster of sponsors constantly grew, but from the beginning it included prominent figures from the US Civil Rights Movement and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. CCF secretary-general, Nicolas Nabokov, appears rather late in the list of sponsors, first in the July–September 1959 issue, after Segal had been on a speaking tour of US college campuses that year to promote an economic boycott of South Africa. Also, when it became publicly known in 1967 that the CCF was not funded by an “unnamed charitable foundation in the United States”<sup>17</sup> but by the CIA, it had been six years since *Africa South* had ceased to exist.

Vigne continued his political support in London and engaged in the struggle for liberation with the South West African People's Organization in Namibia until the late 1980s. He would turn the vulnerable point of the secret CIA funding into an offensive position, not for the defense of the journals' protagonists but to underline the impact of a meaningful use of the means, wherever they came from, as something that can't be taken away through reinterpretation. “There is no doubt that Zeke Mphahlele made inspired use of the CCF funding in the support of writers and artists. This support was a vital factor in the rapid growth of African literature in English.”<sup>18</sup> The CCF got in touch through Mphahlele as head of the African CCF office. It was during the African Writers of English Expression Conference in Makerere in 1962, and Neville Rubin went because Vigne's passport hadn't been renewed. Mentioning Makerere could open up a whole new chapter to talk about transnational networks and the ambition to make these African literatures a non-national project placed in the world of literature. But Vigne and Currey highlighting the value of African literature seems interesting—as an imaginary space for futures to be articulated and invented—rather than dwelling on any political concept. Or to understand African literature as a political concept on its own. One might also read it

as a political shift through other means, a withdrawal from their own roles and presence, not only from authorship but from being editors. Like leaving the position of orchestrating but not giving up the cause, as a move with and against liberalism? (Although not completely, as Namibian anti-apartheid activist and politician Sam Nujoma mentions, Vigne having been very supportive in shaping his 2001 autobiography, *Where Others Wavered*.) With the fifty-second issue of *The New African* in 1969, seven years after its beginning, a new editor was introduced, one “who can enter the seventies without looking back to the rise and fall of the sixties.”<sup>19</sup> It was Mukhtar Mustapha, Sierra Leonean writer and broadcaster. The promise for the 1970s didn't work out. The new editor had only one issue to edit—number fifty-three was the last. (A few years later, another magazine would launch with the same name, very successfully effacing the history of the earlier one.)

So here we land, after some detours, for what I would like to further discuss; what is so difficult to spell out explicitly and put in the right terms, a navigation of the (border)lines and compasses of liberalism (in South Africa in particular) and its radical shape through certain (white, but not only) liberals. Radical in the sense of giving up the position of non-violence without joining the Communist Party. Claiming political spaces for intersection and deviation, not as a third way or to take sides, but to sharpen sides while fighting Cold War binarism. What does it mean to act in between? This brings us back to the position of the editor as one of collaborating in various directions. People like Vigne, Rubin, Patrick Duncan, and others might have always “known” but used the opportunities without becoming opportunists. “The liberal man of the West” who “joined the Pan-Africanist Congress in exile [in Algeria] and actively worked for the violent overthrow of white supremacy”—that's how Vigne puts it “In Memoriam” to Duncan in the October 1967 issue, the first after the CIA-funding story broke.<sup>20</sup>

We could go on from here to unroll these lines further, back and forth—following histories of liberal positioning, interventions, and biographies rather than a history of the Liberal Party. As a political strategy fighting apartheid, the Party is mainly associated with failure, weakness, and being

absent at crucial moments—like during the Congress of the People in 1955, when the Freedom Charter was adopted. The radical non-liberal strands among liberals who were forming after Sharpeville in 1960 are long overwritten and probably forgotten. Vigne's phrase “Liberals put their ideas in books and articles”<sup>21</sup> calls up the conception of a party of intellectuals, yet he knew well that this did not necessarily preclude an audacious decision to “take action.” To get a better picture of the processes of decision-making, the bifurcations, the missed and lost potentials, you are probably right when you argue not to move from the end, the 1960s, backwards in time—*there's a different story if you're reading it forward from the 1930s*. To recall the factions fighting the Spanish Civil War ... *so many of the journals of the Congress for Cultural Freedom in the 1950s are edited by people who fought in the Spanish Civil War. Several of them were actually part of the Durutti Column...*

1 The research for this text was carried out within the context of the artistic-research project Electronic Textures at Trondheim Academy of Fine Art, funded by the Norwegian Artistic Research Programme. The quotations in italic are taken from a talk given by Michael C. Vazquez in Trondheim in March 2016 about a number of CCF funded magazines in Africa, with a focus on *The New African*, *Africa South*, and *The Classic* and from several conversations that followed over the next years. The talk was part of a workshop carried out within the context of the artistic-research project Electronic Textures at Trondheim Academy of Fine Art, funded by the Norwegian Artistic Research Programme. Participants included John Akomfrah, Filipa César, Jihan El-Tahri, Kodwo Eshun, Nida Ghouse, and Marie-Hélène Gutberlet. See Michael C. Vazquez et al., *Electronic Textures*, virtual Research-Lab App (forthcoming).

2 All issues of *Africa South*, *Africa South in Exile*, and *The New African* are available online <<http://www.disa.ukzn.ac.za>>.

3 Ronald Segal, request for support (untitled), *Africa South*, vol. 1, no. 3 (1957), p. 12. <[http://disa.ukzn.ac.za/sites/default/files/pdf\\_files/wspr57.pdf](http://disa.ukzn.ac.za/sites/default/files/pdf_files/wspr57.pdf)> last accessed July 24, 2019.

4 Ronald Segal, “In Sight of the End,” *Africa South*, vol. 1, no. 1 (1956), p. 1.

5 Ronald Segal, “Hungary and South Africa,” *Africa South*, vol. 1, no. 3 (1957), pp. 2–5, here p. 2.

6 Randolph Vigne and James Currey, “The New African 1962–1969: South Africa in Particular and Africa in General,” *English in Africa*, vol. 41, no. 1 (2014), pp. 55–73. <[http://disa.ukzn.ac.za/sites/default/files/pdf\\_files/ess20131113.000.026.pdf](http://disa.ukzn.ac.za/sites/default/files/pdf_files/ess20131113.000.026.pdf)> last accessed July 20, 2019.

7 Ibid., p. 61.

8 Nat Nakasa, “Editorial,” *The Classic*, vol. 1, no. 1 (1963), p. 3.

9 Barney Simon, “Editor's Note,” *The Classic*, vol. 2, no. 1 (1966), p. 4. <[http://www.historicalpapers.wits.ac.za/inventories/inv\\_pdfs/A2696/A2696-A4-001.jpg.pdf](http://www.historicalpapers.wits.ac.za/inventories/inv_pdfs/A2696/A2696-A4-001.jpg.pdf)> last accessed July 11, 2019.

10 Can Themba, “The Boy with the Tennis Racket,” *Ibid.*, pp. 8–10, here p. 9.

11 Nadine Gordimer, “One Man Living Through It,” *Ibid.*, pp. 11–16, here p. 12.

12 Simon, Barney, “My years with *The Classic*: A Note,” *English in Africa*, vol. 7, no. 2 (1980), pp. 75–80.

13 Ibid., p. 79.

14 Vigne and Currey, “The New African,” p. 73.

15 Ibid., p. 1.

16 Ibid., pp. 18–22.

17 Ibid., p. 13.

18 Ibid.

19 Mukhtar Mustapha, “A New Editor,”

*The New African*, vol. 52 (1969), p. 2.

20 Randolph Vigne, “In Memoriam,” *The New African*, vol. 6, no. 2 (1967), p. 2.

21 Randolph Vigne, *Liberals Against Apartheid: A History of the Liberal Party of South Africa, 1953–68*. London: Macmillan Press, 1997, p. 247.