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Interview

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Interview

Abstract

AN INTERVIEW WITH NADINE GORDIMER ABOUT BURGER'S DAUGHTER

Nadine Gordimer

'A STORY FOR THIS PLACE AND TIME': AN INTERVIEW WITH NADINE GORDIMER ABOUT *BURGER'S DAUGHTER*

In July 1980 Susan Gardner sought an interview in Johannesburg with Nadine Gordimer to discuss her 1979 novel, *Burger's Daughter*. This was banned for import and distribution in South Africa one month after its London publication on a range of grounds specified in the Publications Act, 1974, including propagating Communist opinions; indecency and offensiveness to public morals and religious feelings or convictions of some inhabitants of South Africa; being prejudicial to the safety of the State, the general welfare, peace and good order; creating 'a psychosis of revolution and rebellion'; making 'several unbridled attacks against the authority entrusted with the maintenance of law and order and the safety of the state'.¹

Could you tell me how and when you decided that Burger's Daughter was a story that had to be told about this particular place and time?

Well, I was fascinated by the *idea* of the story for a long time. I can't tell you exactly when because these things always begin very much in the subconscious. I can't say which came first, the general idea or the story. Maybe first of all there was the idea: the role of white hard-core Leftists. But that would be a kind of theoretical approach, an historical or a socio-political approach, and I'm an imaginative writer, I don't write that kind of thing. One could have written a factual book about that: it has been done, I think, very thoroughly. But that is approaching it as a phenomenon — a sociological/political phenomenon. So perhaps it occurred to me originally in that form.

But then something — as an imaginative writer — really took hold of me, and that was the idea of what it would have been like — what it

would be like — to be the son or daughter of one of those families. I became fascinated to see how, as time went by, in my own life, for instance, my own generation, we moved away from our parents' lives and our parents' political beliefs (or lack of them): we changed our whole attitude. But — the children of Communists, of white Communists, and of hard-core Leftists generally, but particularly of Communists, did *not*: they simply took up the torch. It was a relay race of generations, so to speak, and they did not seem to question the way of life that these political beliefs dictated. It wasn't just simply a matter of saying I think this or I think that, and voting, and going to a political meeting. It was putting your whole *life* on the line. Your political beliefs as a Communist completely dominated your whole way of life in a country like this, even before the Communist Party was banned. And you must remember, the Communist Party was formed in 1921, here. So the children of these Communists — and perhaps even their grand-children — were Communists during a much more trying period: because in 1950 the Communist Party was banned.

Now, what happened to these young people? The amazing thing was that it was quite clear — since they got arrested, since they went to prison, since they took part in all sorts of activities *after* the Party was banned — that they had *not* thrown off, or abandoned, their parents' beliefs or their parents' incredibly disciplined way of life. I became fascinated by this long ago, I should think — perhaps as long ago as 1949, the first big Treason Trial... I had never been to a large political trial before; I don't think I had ever been to a political trial at all. This trial — the preliminary examination part of it — went on for nine months; then, indeed, that was the trial, because everybody was dismissed. But it was the beginning of a series of political trials where, alas, this didn't happen. After that they came thick and fast, and I went to quite a lot of them. And looked at some of these very young people — children or teen-agers, left with the responsibility of the whole household and younger children. It must have affected their lives tremendously; it must have been a great intrusion on the kind of secret treaties that you have when you're an adolescent: you know, the time that you spend with your buddies, and don't want to be involved in grown-up responsibilities. That's how I became fascinated with these young people, and I suppose the character Rosa gradually began to take shape. Since I'm a woman myself, it was in the form of one of the young women, or one of the girls, that I saw the story.

Why was it Rosa rather than her brother Tony who was given the job, in the novel, of critically inheriting the political task?

It may be that women were particularly prominent; and also because I knew a number of women in this position, either as children, or in the position of Rosa's mother. And their relationship fascinated me.

But why is Rosa's relationship to her ideological inheritance patriarchally presented? It is after all her mother Cathy who is in prison when the book starts, and who is identified as 'the real revolutionary' both by Ivy Terblanche (who admired her and worked with her) and by Katya Bagnelli, whom Cathy supplanted as Lionel Burger's wife and comrade.

Yes, but you see again, the incredible layers of meaning in the lives of people like this. The question of who was the more important person in Party work would very often be covered up, in the eyes of the world, with the facade of the marriage. So that one would conveniently make use — particularly in this country, particularly because the Burgers are an Afrikaner family — of the convention that Papa is the master; meantime, probably, it was the woman who was the more important member.

Who, perhaps, by capitalising on sexual double standards, could be getting away with some political manoeuvres?

Yes, yes, in the end this was no protection; but it had to be tested, perhaps, to see whether it was. And, of course, a woman could be treated more leniently in court, when it came to bail: if a woman and her husband were arrested, their application for bail might also be on compassionate grounds, that her children were young and were left at home without anybody to care for them. The court was much more likely to let the woman out on bail than the man; yet that woman might be the brains of the whole organization. This kind of layer after layer of meaning in people's lives was so different from the lives of the sort of people that I grew up with, whose lives were simpler, whose *loyalties* were so much simpler...

Might your presentation of Rosa as a dissident Afrikaner woman who is betraying her racial heritage account for some of the Publication Control Board's hostility?

I don't think so. It might, perhaps, on a certain deep-psychological level, have influenced one of the censors who read the book originally and banned it. Rosa certainly would not seem to be a nice *Boere meisie*, (but) the whole idea of the *Boere meisie*, this good, quiet, church-going girl, has clearly become outdated. It's a concept not equal to the realities of the present life here. And I think one can draw an interesting parallel with the Voortrekker period. Think of the kind of role that women played then. When necessary they picked up a gun, and they gave birth to their children in the middle of the *veld*, without any medical help, without the proverbial kettle of hot water boiling. So they stepped out of this idealistic role of the woman in the background, the submissive woman, and now you have your Rosas and, indeed — what was her name? — Marie, her cousin, who in a different way went out into the big world to advertise South African oranges in Paris and ended up sheltering an international terrorist.

C.J. van der Merwe, the 'expert on security matters' consulted by the Publications Appeal Board, concluded that the book's readership would be limited to 'literary critics and ... people with a specific interest in subversive movements in South Africa'.² Did you have an implied or envisaged audience in mind while you were writing the book?

I don't write that way. I never have anybody in mind; I think that's death to any writer. You can't get anywhere near the truth as you know it if you have any idea — if you're wondering what this one's going to think of it, what that one's going to think of it. I've said before, and for me it's a truth that must be repeated — I think the best way to write is as if you were already dead. This is sometimes misunderstood. I don't mean that you *ignore* the reality around us. Far from it. My idea is that, in order to come to grips properly with that reality, you must have no fears for yourself, for the embarrassment that it's going to cause your family, for the embarrassment that it's going to cause *you*. One can refuse to answer questions, but when one is sitting down and writing something, one mustn't refuse *any* truth that comes to mind, one mustn't censor oneself from following any line of thought. I'm analysing this now, but it's to me absolutely natural. I simply *don't* think about it. When I first began to write, and was not politically aware (when, indeed, there was no political danger as there is now), again, I didn't think at all about whether I was going to offend when I wrote my first novel (*The Lying Days*, 1953), which obviously, like most first novels, has elements of my own child-

hood. My mother was alive. Afterwards, when it was published, I thought, Oh my God, what's she going to think when she reads it? But had I begun to think about this while I was writing it, I should never have written it. That's the answer, I think. For me.

Burger's Daughter is an appealing book for feminists because it explores that movement's basic contention that 'the personal is political'. And I'm intrigued by the attraction for Rosa of other women: Marisa Kgosana, the wife of an imprisoned black political leader, and Katya, her father's first wife. They seem to be very important, emotionally and as models, and although Rosa is said to be trying to understand and relate to her dead father, Lionel, she could also be regarded as searching for her mother. And I think the novel relevant to feminists not least because the 'women's liberation meeting' (if that is what one could call it), described as a 'harmless liberal activity' and organised by the fellow-traveller Flora Donaldson, may be too pessimistic and dismissively presented. Do you think there are any South African women's organisations that could be effective in the struggle against South Africa's racial capitalism?

There are, and there have been. *But* — and it's a big but — as soon as they say, 'We are completely apolitical', they might as well shut up shop. Because there's no issue in this country — I defy anybody to bring up an issue, except perhaps the very personal one of the love relationship between men and women... But all the other issues — can you have a bank account in your name, the ownership of property, the rights over your children, what happens when you get divorced, all these things, not to mention of course the most important of all, equal pay for equal work, and other conditions, maternity benefits and so on — as soon as you touch any of the real feminist issues you are going right into the heart of the racial problem.

But I think Flora represents a facile, and rather biological, notion of sisterhood, and she's too optimistic and sentimental about it; perhaps very generation-bound as well. She doesn't realise that any solidarity between black and white women would have to be constructed and fought for, and always changing.

It's also curious because Flora is the kind of woman who has been — well, all right, she's been on the fringe of real political action, but then she's moved into the typically feminine position of being warned by her

husband. And this happens so much here. After Sharpeville — but it was always there, it must have been quite a source of conflict within the bourgeois marriage here (white marriage I'm talking about, of course), that the husband said, Right — I admire you for your courage, I admire you for your views, I share them of course, but I don't want you going to prison, what benefit is it going to bring to anybody? It was then that somebody like Flora, with the very genuine feelings that she had about liberation, would look around for another outlet. It's interesting, too, because it relates to a little theory I have about the basis of this society still being so colonial, especially in personal relationships, and how this affects one's effectiveness in the outside world. Women in our frontier society (the ordinary women, not politicised women) were the first really to begin to have uneasy feelings about blacks, and about the conditions under which blacks lived. And, for example, the problems that black women have with their children; there were few if any nursery schools for blacks, so this kind of thing began to interest public-spirited women. Again, of course, it was not 'political'; no, it was not even reform; it was charity. So that kind of activity, along with fringe artistic activity... I can remember as a child in a mining town where I was born and brought up, the choirs, the amateur theatricals — right, there would be men in the cast of these amateur plays, but the audiences were likely to be predominantly female. When a musician came from abroad, or a ballet company, perhaps, came from Johannesburg to this mining town — again, the audience would be 90% female. So that culture and charity, with a slapdash kind of social reform, were a woman's domain. A social conscience was a leisure-time activity, because the man was busy earning a living; he was the bread-winner and protector. This was a real frontier society conceptualising of the roles, the 'ordained' roles.... And I think this lingers, and it has lingered to the extent that it has produced Floras. Highly intelligent, well-educated women who are still in that kind of relationship to the husband.

The Black Sash organization, which I admire very much, is a most interesting example of this. I've often said to people, 'Why is there no Black Sash for men?' The Black Sash is now open to men, and I have one or two friends (I think Sydney Kentridge, the Biko lawyer, is one, who belongs), but this is obviously just a nominal thing. The fact is — who are the husbands of these women? Why are the women so much more enlightened? Why are the women defiant of public opinion, defiant of the police, and certainly *not* apolitical? The Black Sash is a women's organization that is trying to bring about real social reform, that is opposing this

government, that is opposing National Party policy, and is now going radically further than the Progressive-Reform Party policy and all the white political parties. And these *women* have the guts to do this. Now what happens when they go home, I wonder? What are the discussions at home? I know of two cases where the man has been politicised by the wife, to a very interesting extent. So far, insofar as it has affected the children (again influenced by the mother) — the children, having started off with some sort of liberal teaching from the mother, move on and become more and more radical. I know of one who is indeed in exile now, having had to flee on an exit permit. When this girl was detained — in prison without trial — her father, a conventional and conservative man until then, made a stand on principle, which is so rare. He had been politicised by his wife and by his children. Yet there is no men's Black Sash. Men do *not* go and stand in protest outside the university or John Vorster Square. And there is no feminist lobby at all in the Parliament. But it would be by proxy, because there would be a couple of white women talking about the disabilities of black women. And as far as black women are concerned, their concern is the oppression under which all blacks live. The feminist battle must come afterwards.

I think it must come simultaneously, but it's very difficult for black women to admit that, especially if under pressure in their own communities.

Yes, it's very difficult. My view is a different one. I feel that if the real battle for human rights is won the kingdom of ... feminine liberation follows. Because if we are all free individuals, that's all we need, we don't have to have any special feeling because we are women. But I know this view is not shared by feminists.

About relations with blacks as they are experienced and recounted by white characters, Anthony Sampson in The New York Times said that no one had better described certain aspects of township, in this case Soweto, life. Yet one of the co-publishers at Ravan Press, Mthobeni Mutloose, as reported in The Star (Johannesburg), has stated (12 July 1980):

I feel that whites writing about blacks is just nothing but an academic exercise. It is not authentic. It lacks that feeling of the people. Good writing should have emotions and a purpose.... whites, be they writers or politicians, experience only the life of the privileged. All they can do is to just imagine the Black Experience. (p. 12)

What are the prices that whites must pay for acceptance by, and collaboration with, blacks? To what extent are these still possible?

There are really two questions here, because the point you're getting from Mothobi's argument is a political one, it's about political action, and the other question is its reflection in literature. My comment about that statement is that it ignores completely the very large areas of contact between black and white, here, *all our lives*. This, indeed, is the failure and lie of apartheid; it has *not* succeeded.

But Mothobi's statement seems to uphold or echo apartheid, in fact.

In some ways apartheid has succeeded only too well. I've said this before; there are areas of black experience that no white writer can write about. But there are vast areas of actual experience — rubbing shoulders with blacks, having all kinds of relationships with blacks.... It's not as simple as it sounds... all kinds of conflicts, of a very special nature, that arise between black and white.... And this leads whites to know quite a lot about blacks. And it leads blacks to know quite a lot about whites. The author of that statement cast no opinion on white characters in black books. Are we to say then that no black person can possibly create a white character? Of course, this is nonsense. I do believe that when we have got beyond the apartheid situation — there's a tremendous problem for whites, because unless you put down cultural roots, unless whites are allowed in by blacks, and unless we can make out a case for our being accepted and we can forge a common culture together, whites are going to be marginal, because we will be outside the central entities of life here. To a large extent we are now. But there's still that area of conflict which is from an artistic point of view fruitful. But when that is gone, if we are not integrated, if we have not cut loose from the colonial culture.... And make no mistake about it, blacks are hampered by it, too. The very fact that the black writer, Mothobi Mutloase, who gave that interview, edits a magazine, or the fact that he is interviewed — these are all the tools of white culture that he has taken over, and why not? Why not use them? They are there. I object to the attempt to convince people that blacks do not want to use any of these tools at all. The fact is, you cannot have a literature without them. And you can't have a modern culture without them. And all blacks want a modern culture. Why on earth not? This is a heritage that belongs to all of us.

But there are areas where I know there are things I cannot write. For

instance, if I were to want to write a novel about a black child growing up between 1976 and now — not so much in Soweto, because all my life I have had contacts with city blacks and all my life I've been in and out of townships, I may not have lived there, but I know something about it... — But a black child, say, living in a country area, who perhaps doesn't even speak a word of English — there are many like that — and perhaps a few broken words of Afrikaans — I think that the concept of reality, the relation to the entities in the life of that child would be something beyond my imaginative powers as a writer, even though writers are extraordinary people. They're monsters in a way, they can enter other people's lives. Imagination is a mysterious thing.

Is there anything about the style of Burger's Daughter — or any of your other work, for that matter — that you regard for whatever social or genetic reasons as most likely to have been written by a woman?

No. I don't think so. It's difficult to judge. And of course, I have written one book in the first person as a man, and I've written two or three from a male point of view. Perhaps some man will say, as some black may say, how can she possibly know. But I don't really feel we're all that different. I have this feeling that there's this over-riding ... humanity — not in a 'humanitarian' sense, but just what it is to be a human being: to know hurt, pain, fear, discouragement, frustration, this is common to both sexes —

And sexuality. Your 'inside' descriptions of male sexuality astonish me.

Yes, but I've often been astonished by the 'inside' descriptions of female sexuality written by men. So perhaps we know each other on these levels. Below our consciousness. And when you come to write, that's what you tap.

Would you regard the style of Burger's Daughter as different, or a development from, your previous work? How would you compare it vis-à-vis stories in A Soldier's Embrace (1980), for instance?

For me it's very, very simple. For each idea, there's never been anything but one right way to say it. Perhaps that way is going to be in the first person, perhaps it's going to be in the past tense, perhaps it's going to be a monologue, perhaps it's going to be a free association, perhaps it's

going to be ... classical. If I don't find it, I can't write. In *A Soldier's Embrace*, there's a story called 'Oral History', where the title is the key to the right style for the story. I wanted to tell it the way you tell something that has actually happened (an episode in the chronicle of a village, a people). Then it has to have these echoing *tones*, like a bell tolling, that you've heard many times before, but the sounds mean something, you can retell a hundred times. That was for me the right way to tell that story; I had to find it. Then there is the story about the unborn child. Well, there's no way to 'tell' that in a direct narrative fashion. Because it is a mystery. It's surrounded by strange waters in a womb; it's projecting yourself into a journey we've all taken, and God knows what it is like, it's like going into space. So the style has to be something that suggests an apprehension of the world much removed from normal senses.

But — with *Burger's Daughter* — here again there's this slippery fish, Rosa, who is herself a girl like any other girl; she has roles imposed upon her by her mother and father; underneath those roles there's her own. For instance, she's sent to visit the young man in prison: there is a role imposed upon her, but she's playing another role, and the young man is playing yet another. So there are three roles somehow to be conveyed by the same character. It came to me, when I was pondering about writing that book, since she was someone who had so much imposed upon her from the outside; since these were people who lived with layers of protective colouring in order to carry out what they thought was their purpose in life; since it has been my own experience, knowing people like that, that there are infinite gradations of intimacy.... I had somebody, a woman friend, whom I've known all my life, and terribly intimately, who lived in this house — but there are areas of her life I've known nothing about. I would, almost certainly, if she'd not been a devout Communist, but there were things she didn't tell me and there were probably other things she didn't tell other people. Life lived in compartments, well, how do you approach somebody like that? And so the idea came to me of Rosa questioning herself as others see her and whether what they see is what she really is. And that developed into another stylistic question — if you're going to tell a book in the first person, to whom are you talking? You asked me earlier when I write, what is my audience. And I told you I have none, and that is the truth. But if a character of mine is speaking in the first person there's an audience assumed, which is one person or the whole world. It's always there. And that is why Joseph Conrad uses the device of Marlow — because then Marlow is speaking to him. Conrad is somebody who's living the individual life that she's never tried, she's

testing his word against hers all the time. This hippie son of a scrap dealer, brought up with a completely different idea about what's meaningful in life, in her life. And when she's talking to him, she's indeed appealing to him: this is how it was for me, how is it for you? Then — it's obvious, but the thing is, it only really came to me afterwards — if she goes to Europe, to whom would she go? She must go to Katya, to her father's first wife.

That wasn't originally planned?

No. When I began to write the book, I knew she would go to Europe, and under very strange circumstances (guilty over having compromised herself for a passport). She doesn't know her father's first wife, and she has a certain curiosity about her; and Katya lives at a remove from the active political exiles whom Rosa has more or less undertaken to avoid. She goes to Katya, it seems, because there is nowhere else to go... And then, as so often in life, the unconscious motive appears: Rosa thought to learn from Katya, how to defect? Because Katya has 'defected' from Lionel Burger.

To turn to the question of the different people whom Rosa addresses. Inevitably, in the end, she does talk to her father, but perhaps only after he's dead. So you can see how for me style really grew out of content. I couldn't have told that story the way I did *The Conservationist*, which was without any concessions explaining anything to anybody. If you didn't catch on — who was who and what was missing and what was assumed, then you were just left in doubt. But, in *Burger's Daughter*, you see there was too much — take for instance the whole question of what the Communist Party *was*, here. I couldn't *not* explain that, so I had to find a way to do it, and fortunately for me the device of the biographer of Lionel Burger enabled me to fill some of that in.

You have called Burger's Daughter a political novel, and a novel of ideas. And you've also distinguished contemporary white South African writing by saying that it's predominantly critical, analytical, 'protestant in mood', while black writings are 'inspirational', 'and that is why the government fears them'. You've claimed that the inspirational presently predominates over satire in Black writing, for instance, because satire requires 'a licence for self-criticism that loyalty to the Black struggle for a spiritual identity does not grant at present'.³ But would you further claim that Burger's Daughter is not inspirational — in intention or in effect?

Burger's Daughter is — much more, I think, than my other books. My method has so often been irony. I find irony very attractive in other writers, and I find life full of irony, my own life and everybody else's; somehow one of the secret locks of the personality lies in what is ironic in us. In *Burger's Daughter* irony is like a kind of corrective, a rein. It comes from Rosa, she has that in her confrontation with Clare (a contemporary of hers, also the daughter of Communist parents), but very often the inspirational took over. Because there are things — it comes from what is here, if you look at what happened in Soweto in '76 and what has happened again now (school and meat workers' boycotts; municipal workers' strikes in Johannesburg), there's so much inspiration in it: a reaching out, a bursting forth ... the very recklessness comes from that. The very courage to risk, with your stone in your hand, being shot down. You know, if you look at the history of Africa or any other country — let's confine it to here — the famous time when the Xhosas burnt their crops and said 'the white man is going to be pushed into the sea'; 'on a certain day the sun will come up twice, two blood-red suns will rise', and they feared nothing. There was the same thing in Madagascar, there were bloody riots against the French and they believed that bullets would turn to water (that same legend really comes from Africa, it has been inspirational here before, too). There was something of that in these school kids in '76 — something that suddenly took fear away.

If, voluntarily like Joyce or forced like Solzhenitsyn you had to leave South Africa, what then would be your available source and substance?

I've lived here for 56 years, all my life. I've still got a great deal inside me and don't know if now, at this stage of my life, I have it worked out. It would depend, too, on how I got involved in the society I went to live in. This theory that you lose your roots — I know that this is very true, and there are very few writers who have the strength, and the character, and the talent, to overcome it. If you look at what happens to black writers in exile, you don't know. It's very bad. But — if you look at Doris Lessing, if you look at Dan Jacobson, particularly with Lessing, it's possible for some writers to transplant and grow.

Have any critics missed what you regard as especially important aspects of Burger's Daughter?

I think some critics discovered things in it I didn't know about. Two

reviewers pointed out that it is also the story of a daughter-father relationship and of a child-parent relationship. And I hadn't thought about it in that way, but of course it is. And then Conor Cruise O'Brien says that it's a profoundly religious book. Which, of course, is written by an atheist. But that could happen, most certainly.

Well, Conor Cruise O'Brien once editorialised in The Observer that E.P. Thompson is not a Marxist, and neither is Christopher Hill — so he's twisting his own definitions.

But I think he had a profound point in that in the book was the idea of redemption being entered into through suffering. Taking it on in one way or another, politically- or religiously-motivated, that is the only choice you have. You can't opt out of it. One thing I think lots of people have missed — the reason why Rosa goes back to South Africa and, ultimately, to prison. It's not just because she has that terrible midnight telephone call with her former black step-brother, Baasie, and that really brings her nose to nose with reality. It started long before, it started in France, in that village, when she met that woman in the street in her dressing gown, who doesn't know where she is. And it really hits Rosa that you get old, lonely, dotty. That you suffer. That Katya, running from political suffering, has simply postponed what is coming. And Didier is also very important, because he shows Rosa what the alternatives are. The alternatives have some horrible sides to them, too. That you man is living for pay with a woman much older than he, a kind of prisoner who thinks he's free.

I wonder if the terminology of redemption and suffering — which gives history a metaphysical cast — isn't too fatalistic and amorphous a formulation for what is really systematic, structural exploitation and oppression in South Africa — which can be transformed.

Oh, quite, and that's why Rosa comes back. If you sit around on a Greek island and ... I don't know, take a purely feminine example, have a face lift and tint your hair, what's happening is staving off the suffering that will come to you. It's a fact of life, that kind of animal suffering. But there's *another* kind of suffering that you *can* fight and that human beings have been fighting generation after generation, for thousands of years. And I think Rosa's overcome by disgust; this passivity, this submission. And wants to become embattled with suffering.

Do you think that the sensuous-redemptive appeal of blacks is romanticised in the book, especially through the character of Marisa?

I think the sensuous-redemptive thing is dangerous. But I've seen it even among my — my Burger-type friends. It's very strong, you know. And it's powerful. It also sounds so sentimental, but it's true that when we whites go away we miss that certain warmth. Even now, I find when I'm in New York I just can't believe that the vibrations that come from the blacks I see are what they are. Because I'm used to a different relationship with blacks. It's just incredible that this endures; has endured. With all the awful resentments that there are between us, and all the troubles, there still is this strong bond.

NOTES

1. Nadine Gordimer et al., *What Happened to Burger's Daughter, or How South African Censorship Works* (Emmarentia, South Africa: 1980), pp. 6-14. The reasons are listed in a letter from the Directorate of Publications to Nadine Gordimer's lawyer, 16 July 1979. The eventual release of *Burger's Daughter*, and the Publication Control Board's attempts further to polarise black and white South African writers by selectively unbanning the work of some white writers whilst massively suppressing work by black writers, are discussed by Nadine Gordimer in 'Censorship and the Word' (reprinted in *The Bloody Horse*, this is the text of her speech — during which a government official walked out — accepting the 1979 CNA literary award for the best South African book in English); 'New Forms of Strategy — No Change of Heart' (*Critical Arts* 1, No 2 (June 1980), pp. 27-41, and reprinted in *Index on Censorship* 10, No 1 (February 1981), pp. 4-9); and (with others), *What Happened to Burger's Daughter, or How South African Censorship Works*. Other discussions of South African censorship appear in Kelwyn Sole, 'The Abortion of the Intellect: Literary Circles and »Change« in South Africa Today' (in *Dead in One's Own Lifetime* (Rondesbosch, Cape Town; National Union of South African Students, 1979), pp. 62-91); *English in Africa* (Grahamstown: Institute for the Study of English in Africa) 7, No 2 (September 1980); Gerald Gordon, 'The right to write: a critical appraisal of the South African Publications Act of 1974' (*Index on Censorship* 4, No 2 (Summer 1975), pp. 41-44); John D. Jackson, *Justice in South Africa* (Penguin, 1980); and Louise Silver, comp., 'Publications Appeal Board: Digest of Decisions' (Johannesburg: Centre for Applied Legal Studies, University of the Witwatersrand).
2. C.J. van der Merwe, 'Report on *Burger's Daughter* of Nadine Gordimer' in *What Happened to Burger's Daughter...*, p. 57.
3. Nadine Gordimer, 'New Forms of Strategy — No Change of Heart', *Critical Arts: a Journal for Media Studies* 1, No 2 (June 1980), pp. 27-33.



Nadine Gordimer. Photo: Thomas Victor.