

reality

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EDITORIAL

THE SIXTEEN

After so much discussion, so much valid denunciation, is there very much more that can usefully be said about the sixteen bannings?

Well, the main elements of tragic farcicality can hardly be rehearsed too frequently. The eight banned whites discovered, in Kafkaesque fashion, that they had been found guilty by a group of politicians whom they had supposed to be investigating NUSAS rather than conducting a trial. While the banning of the whites had to be "explained" by the Schiebusch Commission's interim report, the banning of the eight blacks was judged not to merit even a bogus explanation: it is of course a firm South African tradition that whites and blacks are treated in terms of separate systems of injustice. Some of the reasons advanced for not bringing the banned persons to proper trial have been more bizarre and more tell-tale than usual: one Nationalist spokesman says that a trial would give the alleged malefactors a platform; another points out that it would reveal the workings of the state's security system; a third

explains that it might be difficult to prove beyond reasonable doubt that the accused were guilty . . . What is staggering is not so much the poverty of thought (which one is accustomed to in Nationalist pronouncements) as the obtuse inability to recognise poverty of thought. And what are we to make of the fact that the Government has struck at eight blacks and eight whites? Does some subtle Broederbondish calculation lie behind this fearful symmetry — or did some half-bored committee find itself casually tracing a pretty pattern? Whatever the intention or lack of intention, that symmetrical pattern may in future years acquire a symbolic significance quite different from any that the Cabinet is likely to have desired.

Why did the bannings take place? Nationalists dislike and fear "black consciousness", of which the eight banned blacks are leading proponents; they fear it because they realise that it is the force that will in the end, in one way or another, defeat them; they dislike it because they can't help recognising that its energy comes from the resentment aroused by their own policies.

Nationalists also dislike English-speaking white students and universities: they are annoyed that after a quarter of a century of ideological and legislative gloom the latest generation of these students continues to see the light. All this is fairly obvious. But why did the bannings occur when they did?

In our view they may not have been wholly unconnected with the Durban strike, that remarkable manifestation which may prove to be the crucial political event of the early nineteen seventies. None of the banned people — as far as we are aware — had any direct influence upon the strikers. In fact it seems to us to have been established that the strike was caused by an accumulation of popular feeling. But it is well known that both the theoreticians of black consciousness and the white students' wages commissions were in their different ways encouraging modes of thinking and feeling which are hardly a part of the traditional South African way of life. And yet perhaps the principal connection between the strike and the bannings is largely a *non*-connection. Finding it inadvisable, and besides impossible, to punish large numbers of strikers, the Government may have decided to lash out at people who were not themselves strikers but were very clearly in sympathy with the strike. By doing this it would have provided an outlet for its own raging emotions (after all, it is not used to facing situations that it cannot control) and, perhaps more important, it would have directed the attention of the anxious white population — or most of it — away from an area of activity which was proving an embarrassment and towards

one where it was possible to witness still the familiar and comforting spectacle of Big Brother's bullying.

What will be the effect of the bannings? Will they succeed, as many bannings have succeeded in the past, in arresting temporarily the inevitable flow of change? Will they produce disruption of work and projects, intimidation, despair?

There is bound to be — there has already been — a certain amount of disruption, of intimidation, of despair. But bannings do not necessarily "succeed"; indeed they often bring forth a new wave of energy among the friends, colleagues and followers of those who have been banned. We trust that this will happen now — in the black movements, in the universities, in every sector of the true opposition. And there are a number of indications that a fresh wave of energy is indeed on the move: the black organisations are continuing to operate; NUSAS is going strong; the Senate of the University of Natal is supporting Dr. Turner; a number of individuals and organisations have said that they will not co-operate with the Schibusch Commission.

Undoubtedly the political situation in South Africa is somewhat fluid at the moment; and under the pressure of the flow the Government is beginning to slip. It is the duty of every right-thinking South African to help to prevent white Nationalism from regaining that steady and cruel grip which has been such a curse to the whole country.□

"MONEY MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND"

by Mike Murphy.

For the purposes of this article, the term "go round" as it appears in the title must not be seen as a synonym for "revolve" for from this the word "revolution" is derived, and we all know that revolution is a wicked, nasty, mean thing when mentioned in the context of the South African situation. Let it be clear then that what I am talking about is *not* revolution, but "rapid social change."

To further define my terms: In discussing how money is spent in South Africa, I do no more than nod in passing at Government expenditure on such things as Arms and the whole range of "defence" activities. What this article concentrates on is how "*liberal*" or "*radical*" organisations, and individuals with money to invest should go about investing that money so as to ensure that the social change

they hope to ferment by their investment will ferment *rapidly*. I am, of course, assuming that both liberals and radicals would agree that the direction of social change in South Africa should be such that the end result in the short term is a society that allows its members equal rights; where blacks can be free of material deprivations inhibiting normal human existence; where whites can be free of psychological overprovisions which gave them omniscience and other divine attributes.

Let us examine the potential for rapid social change in South Africa.

I think that we can dismiss the whites (as a group) as a source of pressure for this change. Whites, again as a

group, react far too slowly to rational and moral admonitions. In general, whites think they are pretty well off, for they are blind to the mental shackles imposed by a racist police state. "With our bums in butter, why should we budge?" The remedy, of course is to start frying the butter.

The real pressure for rapid change now comes from the blacks. The time is past when a person like Dr. Verwoerd could dream up some ideology and expect millions of blacks to passively accept the decrees from above. Buthelezi symbolises the change in mood: The white fingers extended with the crumbs, are eluded; one black hand fastens on the white wrist, the other on the white forearm and the tug-of-war commences with the white juggernaut completely off balance because "it was not for this generation to solve this problem."

Black pressure is not of the kind which will gently request whites to undergo a change of heart. All sorts of ultimatums based on simple arithmetic ($18 \neq 4$ million) are involved. In the face of this pressure I personally expect that white fascism will have to discard something of the super-sophistication and subtlety which have been its cloak up to now. Appearances may have to go by the board for the sake of efficacy. One can expect an all-out offensive on black organisations and on white organisations that think black organisations are a good thing, in an effort to reassert the unalterable principle "change via the ballot-box" i.e. whites will decide.

However, at best, such a tactic could only hinder the black pressure, not stop it.

And the sooner the whites come to realise that they will gain more by bargaining than by standing back-to-back to resist, the less chance there is of bloodshed. What is needed immediately is an all-out drive for organization among blacks to dispel, as quickly as possible any lingering impressions whites may have that they will have blacks under their thumb for ever.

Briefly the thesis is this: Can we change whites' minds? Yes, but slowly, and probably only towards a more generous paternalistic attitude. Can we change the white's viewpoint radically, so that they will yield real power? Almost certainly not. What will make whites change? An increasing awareness of the power of blacks to *take* what they have been asking for. Then where is the place to invest to bring about rapid change? Among blacks.

It goes without saying that, if the social change is to be rapid it cannot wait until all blacks are as educated as the present advocates of black consciousness. It follows that the movement and pressures for change must flow primarily from action taken in respect of the immediate needs of the black "proletariat", not from the black "bourgeoisie". It is essential for the educated blacks to realise that they could be even more of an obstacle to the true "liberation of the oppressed" in South Africa than the whites. It is nonsense to try to create an emotional rallying point about the blackness of people's skin amongst African workers in a factory, who are being harshly treated by an Indian foreman in their daily work situation. It is useless to split hairs by saying that such foremen are not "really" black, or that the white students who hand out pamphlets to the African workers at the factory gates are actually a shade "blacker" than the Indian foreman.

It is simply facile to imagine that the initial impetus for change will come from a mass consciousness among blacks that they are as good as the white man. Black workers know that they cannot match their employers in the quantity, quality or sophistication of the lies that they tell. Deep down they know that they are being unfairly treated and that they are in the right — *this* is the force that moves man, *this* is the force that "agitated" the Durban strikers. To expect workers to conceptualise about their oppression *as a whole* is putting the cart before the horse. To emphasize this ideological approach as strategy is to defuse the driving power of the movement for change — the workers' belief in the justice of their struggle.

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If, as I believe, black pressure for change is going to meet with strong resistance from the Government, it is vital that the black "proletariat" do not place their faith in one "national" leader or even a group of "national" leaders, however charismatic he or they may be. Blacks are in a kind of "guerilla warfare" situation of oppression — they are split up, not a united "army" — and only by working in small groups on focal issues where all members of each group are vitally involved, can they deploy their forces successfully. This concentrating on focal issues is the only strategy that can create a permanent basis of socially active community-conscious people. Vorster can fight a few brave, out-spoken black leaders with his usual weapons. He'll have to devise completely new ones to fight a groundswell of activity with a multiplicity of targets to aim at.

Quite apart from strategy for the moment's needs, we must also cast our eyes forward to the new South Africa when we decide on action for change. An ideologically motivated black-bourgeois takeover government might be benevolent, it might be rapacious, who knows? Is it too much of a risk, then, to experiment with a popular government, with its spiritual roots, not in the hatred of the Harlem ghetto but in the hope of a Tanzanian five-year plan?

What *are* the focal issues where efforts must be concentrated?

Essentially, since the aim is to build a popular movement, the focal issues will be those that the "proletariat" considers to be focal, but energy must not be dissipated on areas which will not be fruitful in terms of *organization*. Situations where people congregate for a common purpose (e.g. work and transport situations) must be the target.

At grass-roots level this will involve continuous meetings with little groups of "workers" or "commuters" in order to discuss with them their problems in their work or transport situation, and to work out solutions to these problems or concerted plans of action. Freire has used this technique in Latin America with great success; for to come to grips with one's oppressions in their concrete form and to "master" them by abstracting from and discussing them, is a major step towards liberating oneself from them.

If men place themselves over against the oppressions which grind upon them, even if this positioning is only in thought, they set themselves on the road towards transcendence of the never-ending present, towards freedom. Only such confrontation of the individual

realities of oppression, the component causes of one's suffering, will lead to *true* liberation for the masses. To create a new myth (be it "black consciousness" or anything else) is once again to weave a web of mystery around people. Somebody else's philosophy, if I accept it uncritically, becomes for me a myth, a mystery, and, as adapted for action, an ideology — something I can cling to when I feel weak. South Africa has an abundance of such myths and they feed on each other — the "swart gevaar" myth feeds on the one entitled "Black Power", and the "Black Inferiority" myth is fed by its "Wit Baaskap" counterpart. To exchange material slavery for this world of ghosts and illusions is hardly a step forward. The oppressed masses, in particular will not find true strength in rallying around a slogan. They must rally around each other in practical grass-roots action.

I have mentioned above that the organisation of the black "proletariat" will require innumerable meetings of small groups, most often on a regular basis. Of course the idea is to create a ripple effect so that one group creates others, but at all times instigators of such small group action will have to be operative. These people must be, firstly, very numerous, and secondly, able to maintain a very "low profile."

Where do these people come from? They arise, naturally, I repeat, naturally, when small groups focus on issues with which they are familiar and which are important to them. Very "ordinary" people, given a limited field of action, can be extremely competent organizers with *little or no* training. But the real problem is that such people will only appear when the focal action groups *start* operating, and they are only effective within a limited frame-work until they can learn from experience to co-ordinate projects. *Who* is going to initiate the groups from which such people will be drawn and *who* is going to delineate the limited field of activity where these people can gain confidence and experience through successful action? Who, in other words, is going to start the ball rolling?

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The fact is that all sorts of people are doing this type of work already, though often the work has the wrong focus, so that little of real value comes from numerous meetings, and people become disillusioned as a result. Clearly, a redirection of present efforts is required, before the ripple effect (which will only be created when people see results) is produced. There is also another problem: to get results in a short enough time to make people sit up and take notice (i.e. to create the ripple effect) demands full-time organizers, or rather organizers who are not dependent for their livelihood on e.g. the employer in whose factory they are trying to instigate the social action. To put it bluntly, such organisers would need financial backing.

It is my thesis that facilitating the action of such organisers is the most profitable way for people who want to bring about rapid social change to invest their money. Now that the Progressives have gone so far as to accept that a black "takeover" is inevitable and see their task as one of softening this blow for the whites, radicals and liberals can safely take a step forward and facilitate this takeover.



Protest meeting in Freedom Square, Johannesburg, during the 1940's. Smaller groups working on focal issues needed now.

I am now, in fact, suggesting that liberals and radicals should spend their "money-for-social change" *primarily* on focal action organization, and in a large measure this will mean providing salaries for black organizers. In terms of this avenue for investment seen as a *priority*, I would suggest that liberals and radicals should stop spending their money on the following (which have to some extent been traditional recipients of "money-for-social change"):-

- 1) Black — or perhaps I should say "Bantu" schools. These promote change too slowly, require too much money, and often result in a black, westernized, bourgeoisie. Money given to such institutions often smacks inherently of "let's-bring-them-up-to-our-level" attitudes.
- 2) Literacy programmes *per se*. The desire to learn to read and write must spring from the needs which arise out of the action being taken on focal issues. Literacy must not be seen as a personal "escape" from the "working class", but as a means of aiding others and oneself in the struggle for a better future for all. The method to adopt is obviously Freire's.
- 3) Expensive "White consciousness" publications. If these must continue, i.e. if they are serving a useful purpose in changing white people's attitudes, then

the money for them must come from sources that would consider facilitation for black organisations "too hot". It is no use filling a magazine with nice liberal and radical writings if, by doing this, you are diverting money which is desperately needed for more important work elsewhere.

- 4) Feeding schemes and relief organisations. These must only be supported where they can create centres for organisation (for which, obviously, they *could* be very useful, though they hardly tend in this direction at present.)
- 5) "Sterile" research. I use the "loaded" word "sterile" in reference to research which cannot be processed to give the focal action groups extra leverage, extra power. The Poverty Datum Line in the mouths of workers can even convince the white public to grudgingly accept that the workers are paid too little. If the "sterile" researchers produce the goods for whites to fall asleep over, then liberals and radicals must process this in terms of the needs of the "proletariat" for information.

With reference to the above five points, let me make it quite clear that I am not saying that it is a *bad* thing for e.g. starving black children to be given milk. I *am* saying that liberals and radicals must leave hand-out operations to *other* groups, for their role in terms of the needs of our society is very different.

Whites who are providing a facilitating service by paying salaries of black organizers will quite rightly want to be sure that their money is going towards rapid social change and not towards rapid intoxication of a syndicate of swindlers. But, in fact, their money can be directed as they wish with very little difficulty — an executive committee with representatives drawn from the groups under one particular organiser could be linked to a central accounting office which could furnish reports to "investors" at regular intervals. Obviously, should certain groups or organisers become the object of overmuch secret police attention, (and this is likely) a more personal contact between benefactor and organiser would become necessary.

Such a system is open to all sorts of sabotage and manipulation from the whites — e.g. Benefactor: "I'm not sure I like your methods therefore I withdraw by subsidy" — but one is in fact presuming that before whites *start* giving money they will come to some agreement about *how* it should be used and that parties will both abide by that contract.

Naturally, although such a focal action group programme would concentrate on *legal* means of effecting improvements, e.g. among factory workers, how to get your sick pay, unemployment insurance, etc., and how to start a trade union, much harassment can be expected and this could prove almost impossible to counter unless the proliferation of groups is reasonably rapid. The Government has its own grass-roots action programme going great guns already: Firstly, Radio Bantu, which warns Africans daily to report any "terrorists" (read: "strangers") to the nearest police-station immediately for they have come to kill children and steal everything; and secondly, the battalion of S.B. agents and spies (who must pocket much of our security and defence budgets). But it must be remembered that this is the *normal* background to blacks' lives. Blacks simply have to cope with this, and the fact that it is the economic factor, not the fear of harassment that hinders aware blacks from working for change more openly, as also the ready availability of organisers for focal action programmes, if the financial support is available, indicates that the *courage* is there in abundance. It is up to liberals and radicals to facilitate its application.

Am I saying that financial assistance is the only facilitative avenue open to white liberals and radicals? Certainly not, for whites' professional skills (legal, medical, accounting, etc) will be invaluable to groups that are seeking to create the ripple effect by producing rapid results. But what can the "academics" do, those skilled in "white consciousness"? Firstly work out ways of continuing "white consciousness" cheaply. The motto must be "more results for much less cash." If their efforts to help *must* involve large amounts of money, then either this money must be drawn from sources which would *not* support the focal-action groups or they must withdraw completely from this well-meant sabotage. The priorities must be constantly kept in mind.□

MIGRATORY LABOUR

by Anthony Barker

(Text of a speech given by Dr. Barker in Durban and Pietermaritzburg on April 9)

If you have, as we have in South Africa, a divided nation with divided standards and divided expectations, it becomes inevitable that one group exploits another group for their own ends. This happens repeatedly, and at many levels. The rich exploit the poor; the white exploit the black; the manufacturer exploits the customer. Not that this is in all cases intentional, but the needs and aspirations of the exploited are often insufficiently understood by the more dominant group.

They used to say in former days and in England that it was of no use to build good houses for the working men, because they would put coal in the bath. They even held that the fox enjoyed the hunt as much as anyone: that brisk run over the autumn fields with the hounds behind him was music to Reynard. Well as it turned out there is no recorded case of anyone who did keep the coals in the bath, and I suppose we never shall know the sentiments of the fox. But the idea was and is common

among haves that have not's live by different standards and have different goals which even if they were comprehensible, are not very important.

So it is not entirely out of cruelty, nor out of pure greed, that the powerful exploit the powerless. It is in part at least a phenomenon of insensitivity. Unfortunately, even if we understand it never so well, the exploitation remains a bitter experience for the weaker party, so that he cries out, from time to time that this cup should pass. Our reaction to his requests — which initially are made in the most courteous manner imaginable — is that he is getting too big for his boots, or that the requests are only made because of agitators stirring up trouble among perfectly contented workers who, after all, get free beer and sports facilities for which they don't have to pay. Later, the requests are not so courteous and strikes may occur which again are attributed to agitators, for the people by themselves are held to be inarticulate and ignorant of their true needs.

Government has long been aware of the exploiting nature of white attitudes. Perhaps because, until recently, the political power has been in the hands of the group that has the least say in industry and trade (I hasten to say this is changing very fast), it has been easy for the politicians to spot the grosser exploitations of the black man by the white. Over the strikes there has been some unseemly glee in government circles that these should have occurred in predominantly English-speaking Durban and in firms controlled by other than the ruling group. And government has tried to counter this exploitation by the doctrine of separate development. In theory this removes the white man from the black scene (though not the reverse, things being what they are), so that traders and lawyers and doctors and nurses and plumbers in homeland areas should be black and of the people. Any exploitation that survives this move is at least not racial in its nature which seems to me a real improvement: something good which can be said about Apartheid but racial exploitation is not at an end. Within the white sector of the country and we shall recall that this is the lion's share of land, wealth and resources — the black man holds an irreplaceable position. He it is that keeps the wheels of industry turning for the Industrialist, be that industrialist Englishmen, Jew or Afrikaner. He is the hewer of the nation's wealth in the mine; his hands drive the plough, strip the maize stalks. The black man builds and creates, even at the low level of toil to which he is pinned by the white rulers of his destiny. His potential is endless; his imprisoned capacity one of the most grievous aspects of white rule.

And here is where the theory of separate development gets all snarled up. Here is where one is bound to have to say some things which are not so good about Apartheid. For, though we can accept that homeland development releases the blacks in their own little areas from white dominion, we see in the use of black labour without the according of settled existence the biggest exploitation of all. For Apartheid has said to the black man: you may work in my white factory and earn my white money, but you may not consider yourself a part of my white city, nor live in stable manner here among us, who claim this as our own. We want your hands, but, quite frankly we don't want to know about your wife and we don't want to know about your kids, because, surely, they are doing fine back there in the homeland you come from.

Now I live in one of these homelands. I have done so for 28 years, though we used to call the place a Reserve for the first couple of decades or so. Changing its name to the more cosy one of Homeland made no difference, though, and I wouldn't have you suppose it did. Rather the story has been one of declining fertility and advancing poverty which I believe could be paralleled throughout the black parts of our land. The reasons for our decay are many and complex, some discreditable to the blacks, some disgraceful to the whites, and all felt in the depths of human suffering which alone is real.

The Nqutu district of Zululand is characteristic. It is a beautiful place, with a decent rainfall — 800 mm a year if you can work this out — and three battlefields (at Rorkes Drift, Isandlwana and Blood River) to enhance its interest for the tourist. In area about 700 square miles, the countryside consists of plains which are mainly cultivated, and deep valleys, dramatic hills and fitful rivers which run red after rain. Here are living some 80 000 people in the manner of their fathers. It was not always so. There were 32 000 in 1945 when we went there, and by 1960 census, still only 46 000. So it is in the last decade that the population has burgeoned, throwing an intolerable strain on our restricted acres. Population density stands now, over the whole area at a little above 100/1 sq. ml. In arable parts — not counting, that is, the rocks — the average density is almost 500 in the same area.

Now plainly the old peasant agriculture cannot operate under these conditions of land occupancy. There is simply not enough room, and still the population explodes, still the babies are born, and nowadays, thanks in part at least to our successful maternity department, the little ones stay in life to grow, who knows, into great people or leaders of the nation? They certainly need feeding, and clothing and educating and doctoring, these potential heroes of the new age, and here is where the push is felt on the working man and woman to drive him outward, to the cities and industries.

To be fair, it is in government's mind, to the relief of this problem, to build border industries and homeland industries to absorb the growing population and to stabilise the lives of our people. We all know and sympathise with the immense time it takes to do anything like this, and we accept at full value the concern of government over the establishment of such employment opportunities near to people's homes. But they and we, the inhabitants of these areas, know well enough that there is in reality little or nothing for our people. I came recently to realise that I am Nqutu's homeland industry, for at the hospital we employ 450 people, the vast majority black, and that is a big factory, a large labour force. Otherwise there is little or nothing. In agriculture, yields tend to rise and fall with the seasons, but are at all times low. They tend to fall with the increasing over-use of the land which gets no season of rest, no time for recovery. Cattle have greatly increased in value, and are a source of income, but the idea of former times that every underpaid worker had behind him fat cattle and waving fields of corn in which his smiling wives toiled, is no longer a credible idyll. Few can live on the crops they produce for more than 5 months, and we in Nqutu are well aware that man does not live on maize alone. To survive, our people must gain some sort of monetary relief from outside. Without the transmitted sendings of the migrant labourer it is impossible for existence to be maintained.

Indeed it has now become true to say that a Homeland is a place where no man can stay for longer than a few months together if he is to survive and his children be properly developed. The wages of migrants are — as Professor Hilston Watts has pointed out, — largely used in keeping him alive in the city, and only around 20% of his earnings find themselves back in the homelands. For many of our women, married to migrants and living deprived lives, the monthly envelope sent through the local trading store contains R10, sometimes R20. On this she must manage with families that work out around 5 or 6 people, children and the aged and the incapable. There are others whose men are unemployed who are even worse off, and Mr. David Russell has taught whites (the blacks needed no teaching) the exceeding smallness of disability relief at R5,50 per mensum.

I paint a picture of poverty and deprivation in the homelands, because I think this is a true picture, of a life lived by thousands of people. To get out of this, to enter a more exciting world, one where the sweets are more obvious and the boredom less intense, is the wish of all young people. Older folk are driven out by economic necessity, and the net result is a drive out of our district, which is curbed only by the regulations placed on free movement which apply to all black workers. This is the *push* towards migratory labour. What of the *pull*? Here, at the receiving end, is the economic need of the divided society. Here are the mines, here the industrialists at the doors of their mills. Between stands government, determined to give the black man no abiding city, no stake in the white sector. To government this man who comes and returns again is a temporary sojourner, a unit of labour who lately has been noticed to have a soul also.

So our men, and to a lesser extent but still significantly, our women, must go up and down from homeland to city, forever mobile, forever unsettled. It is high policy that this should be so. 'Labour must be kept mobile' said our former deputy minister for Bantu Affairs who even now is basking happily in the glow of realisation that, should black and white play games together, the sky over the Free State does not fall in.

The reason for the mobility has been to ensure that every man knew his place in the society: the white man in his city, the black man in his homeland. Migrant labour has ensured the docility of workers, since only stable groups can organise themselves into effective bargaining units and control their own destiny. Migrant labour is a scheme thought out by whites for the benefit of whites, and there are big forces to keep things this way. All of us are in minor ways involved; else we should have to do our own washing up and clean our own car. In a sense, the prompt abolition of the scandal of migratory labour would produce alarming unemployment among men who at present welcome even these limited opportunities as a way of supporting their families.

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So, however deeply we hate this social phenomenon, we must also be thinking of alternatives and realistically planning for new terms of employment, new opportunities for workers and for management. Yet I think we are insufficiently roused as yet to see the destructive nature

of migratory labour on the lives and happiness of the most of our people. We need to use our imaginations a bit more, be a little less clinical in our thinking. We must project ourselves into the migrant's life, sleep in his grey blanket, in his stuffy dormitory, eat his dull dinner and know the deep loneliness of his night. Can we, too, who are so mightily privileged, not come to see the exceeding evil of this system that destroys his marriage, robs him of the society of his children, makes mockery of his manhood? And seeing it clearly, can we not cry out 'Enough! This must and shall stop', if we have to phase it out, or work it out, or fight it out? That we have not done so already is astonishing to us now, and will be beyond the comprehension of those that come after us, like we say of the ordinary German as we talk of the days of Adolf Hitler. I think it takes time for our ears to become accustomed to new sounds. We do not hear the cry of men wronged for far too long. But one day we do hear, and we sadly see that there are with us injustices and griefs that are too terrible to be borne. It must have been so with slavery which had its pious advocates and its opportunists, no doubt, as well as those who honestly wondered if the time was right for change?

I'd feel worse about our national outlook if the only forces we could bring to unseat migratory labour were moral forces. I have no doubt that we who hate this vicious form of employment are morally right a dozen times over, even if our understanding illuminates our hypocrisy, for are we not all part of the system? Yet moral forces are apt to be weak forces to bring to the slaying of the larger dragons. So I'm glad, too of the understanding we have that migratory labour is inefficient, of low productivity and, above all, costly. Keeping men mobile keeps them at a brutish level of labour. By definition the migrant may not acquire skills to the relief of the nation's dangerous shortage of artisans. In his own area, says government, the sky is the limit; for any man trade or profession are available. But it won't do: it is right in the heart of the white citadel that we need skilled men now, and it is increasingly plain that these will have to be black. We may be very certain that this change will come about, because it is economically necessary that it does and this is the stoutest motive of all. I shouldn't wonder if the government finds out that this is what Separate Development meant all along, and it was only the English press which misrepresented it to produce the opposite impression.

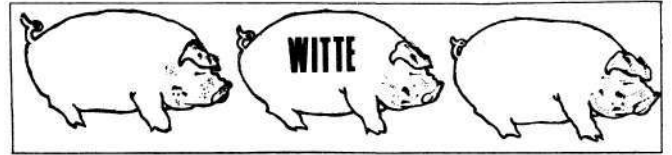
But for such a beneficent and radical change to occur, the white public must be given a new level of awareness. In particular the politicians must understand, and the industrialists have faith in their vision. Students, who will one day have positions of high responsibility, are key people. The understandings they acquire now will shape the policies they follow later. Society really cannot start too soon to understand.

We want for each man, work. We want for each man shelter. We want for each man such happiness as is just. We want for each man hope again where presently is despair. All this is today denied him, but they will become his when he is permitted to settle down. We must make this happen. We must make it happen soon.□

POEMS

Poems from "Cry Rage" by James Mathews and Gladys Thomas (Sprocas Publications, Johannesburg 1972).

This book, but not the poems it contains, has been banned.



white man
seated in your luxurious pad
walls illuminated with the glory of
nina simone, josh white and miriam makeba
you say that you are my soul brother
paying homage to the songs, sung by
singers singing the bitter blues brought on
by gut-clawing, soul-searing, castrating white laws
and you tell me that you are my soul brother
when the hypocrisy of your pious double-talk
of sharing my pain and plight sickens me
white man
get lost and go screw yourself
you have long-gone lost your soul

Suffer little children
and forbid them not to come unto me
the words of Christ, the Master,
have lost their meaning
when his natal day is celebrated
with separated seating
and little black and brown angels
not wanted in the cast
all they can do is sit and watch
Christ and his message of love
turned into a mockery
little black and brown children are to suffer
and not wanted, a damn!

Freedom's child
you have been denied too long
fill your lungs and cry rage
step forward and take your rightful place
you're not going to grow up
knocking at the back door
for you there will be no travelling
third class enforced by law
with segregated schooling and sitting on the floor
the rivers of our land, mountain tops
and the shore
it is yours, you will not be denied anymore
Cry rage, freedom's child

Student Protest

They stood there
on the steps of the cathedral
a valiant band of youth
who had no need of standing there
and I safe on the other side

I stood watching
their banners screamed our protest
making our cause their own
their voices clear of fear
and I did not utter a word.

They were lashed
their fair faces stained crimson
man nor maid was spared
as authority showed its might
and I watched and wept my shame

Can the white man speak for me?

can he feel my pain when his laws
tear wife and child from my side
and I am forced to work a thousand miles away?

does he know my anguish
as I walk his streets at night
my hand fearfully clasping my pass?

is he with me in the loneliness
of my bed in the bachelor barracks
with my longing driving me to mount my brother?

will he soothe my despair
as I am driven insane
by scraps of paper permitting me to live?

Can the white man speak for me?

Liberal Student Crap!

The basis of democracy rests upon
Fraternity, Equality and not LSD

I should know fellows
Progressive policy the salvation of us all

You just don't understand
There's no one as liberal as me
Some of my best friends are
Kaffirs, Coolies and Coons

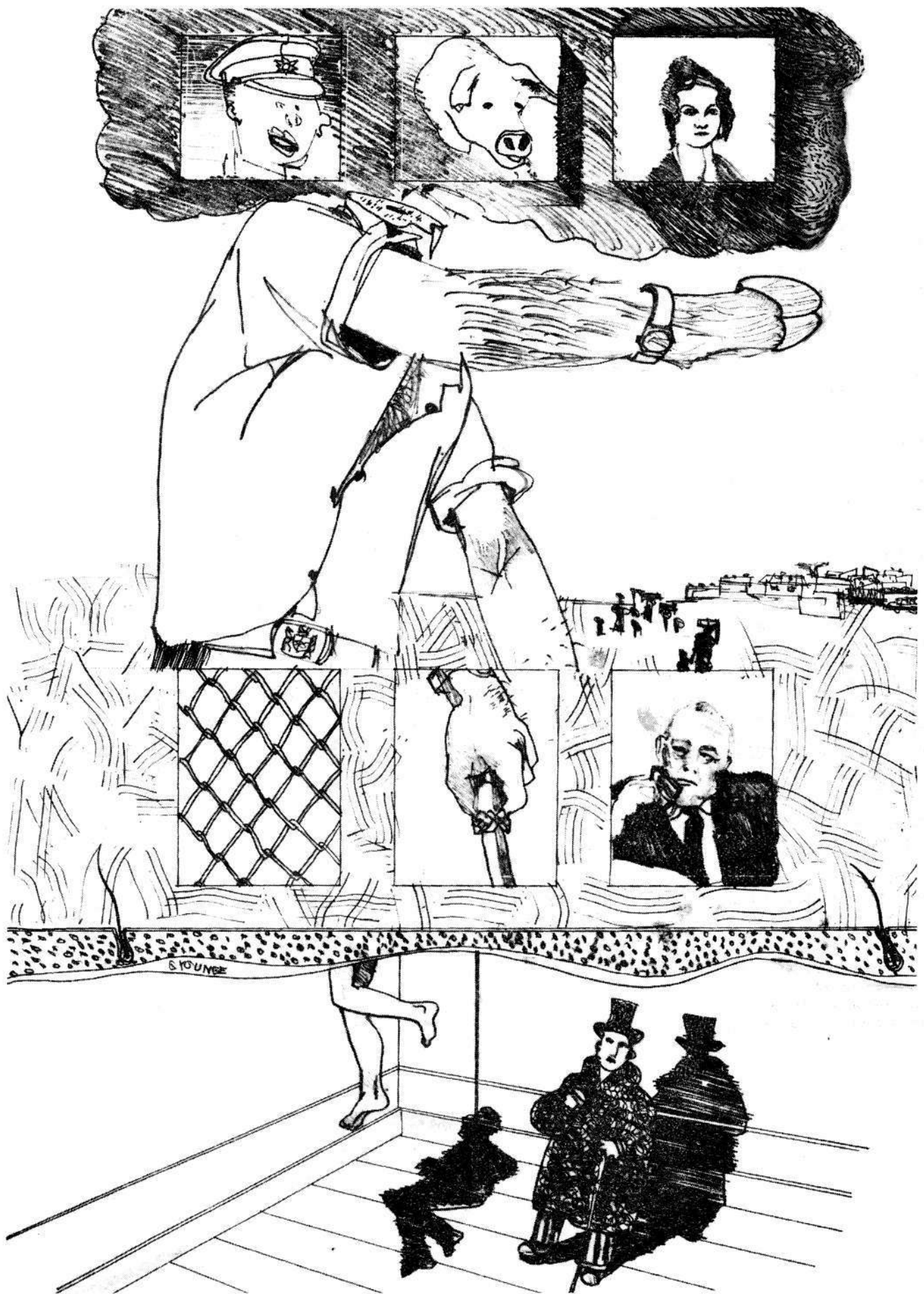
Forgive me, I mean other ethnic groups
How could it be otherwise?

I'm Jewish; I know discrimination
From the ghetto to Belsen

So, don't get me all wrong
Cause I know just how you feel

Come up and see me sometime
My folks are out of town

But right now I've got to rush
I'm escorting the rag queen tonight



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Fall Tomorrow

Don't sow a seed
Don't paint a wall
Tomorrow it will have to fall

Let the dog howl and bark
Tomorrow he will
Sleep in the dark
Let the cock crow
Let the hen lay
Tomorrow will be their last day

Let the children chop trees
Let them break
Let the destructive little devils
Ruin and take
For tomorrow they know not their fate

Don't sow a seed
Don't paint a wall
Tomorrow the yellow monster will take all

Let our sons dazed in eye
Rape and steal
For they are not allowed to feel
Let the men drink
Let them fight
Let what is said about them
Then be right
For they are not allowed to think

So bark, howl, crow,
Chop, break, ruin,
Steal, drink, fight,
Let what's made of us be right

Tomorrow we gaze at a new view
Seas of sand given by you
And we say
Sow the seed
Paint the wall
Be at home in our desert for all
You that remade us
Your mould will break
And tomorrow you are going to fall

houses stand showing gaping wounds
the people they have sheltered are gone
a broken flower pot sits forlornly
on a windowsill
the lone flower it holds waves sadly
in the wind
a store shorn of goods sports a scabby cat
asleep on its shattered counter
people walk the street scanning each other's face
for assurance that the district is still alive
a lorry trundles along tyres sagging
second-hand furniture going into exile



A DISCONCERTING LIBERAL

A review of "God's Irregular: Arthur Shearly Cripps, A Rhodesian Epic," by Douglas V. Steere (London, S.P.C.K., 1973)

by Edgar Brookes

Joyce Burger (Lloyd George) in Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methusaleh" rejoices over the day when "the village atheist and the Salvation Army Captain will go to the polls arm in arm" to vote for the Liberal Party. There have been worse descriptions of South African Liberalism. Men of other religions and no religion have gone arm in arm with devout Christians to Liberal meetings. Dr. Douglas Steere, who recently gave the Maurice Webb Memorial Lectures in Natal, has published a book on one of the devout Christians who have supported radical race policies. Arthur Shearly Cripps, a convinced (though very ecumenical) Anglo-Catholic, was also a poet of considerable worth. It is perhaps not high praise to say that he remains the best Rhodesian poet, for Rhodesia has not had many. We can pay him a higher compliment by saying that George Herbert, Crashaw and Vaughan would have welcomed him as a man and a brother.

One Sunday evening Arthur Shearly Cripps arrived to take Evensong at Enkeldoorn, wearing a surplice over his torn khakis, but no cassock. On the way, walking as he almost always did, he had met an African who had no blanket, so he had given his cassock away. He lived among the Africans and to a large extent followed their diet. He loved them and they loved him. Dr. Steere, visiting the Chapel where he is buried, found fresh flowers on his grave, put there by African hands twenty years after his death.

To ease the land situation for his people, he bought two farms on which to settle them, and remained on the edge of insolvency ever afterwards. True stories like this could be multiplied. But lest it should be thought that he confined himself to giving practical assistance to a few, it might be well to look at his epic struggle against the Land Apportionment legislation of Rhodesia. These unjust proposals he fought from 1917 to the end of 1920. He wrote a booklet "A Million Acres" to the great disgust of the British South Africa Company's Resident Administrator in Salisbury. He co-operated with Sir John Harris of the Aborigines' Protection Society. He prepared an impressive fifteen page appeal "To the Crown" addressed to the British High Commissioner in Cape Town. He saw the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord Milner and the future Lord Halifax. He fought his own Bishop. But his own District Commissioner, who knew the facts, supported him, and so did the Chief Native Commissioner.

The end, as has unfortunately too often been the case in Liberal agitations, was superficially a failure. But of this Dr. Steere says:

"When on 12th November 1920, the Order in Council implementing the Imperial Nature Reserve Commission's recommendation finally appeared there was, to be sure, no restoration of the million plus acres which Cripps and Harris and John White had struggled for. But the results were not lacking in consequences. Most important of all, they had by their vigilant action delayed the Order in Council for three years; had made possible an extended debate; and had permitted the people of Britain to become acquainted with the issue involved in the Africans' need of land in Southern Rhodesia. While the Sabi Reserve shrinkage was not officially altered, the railway and the twelve-mile strip proposal was quietly abandoned . . . There were serious adjustments made in the reserve strips in the north-east bordering Portuguese territory, and in several other regions, as a result of the lively debate which had been stimulated. Finally it should be noted that enough sentiment on the land issue for Africans had been roused to open the way in the decade which followed for the adoption of a vast, if ultimately questionable, Native Purchase Area programme."

As the years went by the courage and integrity of Cripps won him much friendship and support. He often spent the night in a Resident Commissioner's house, for "after all", as Steere says, "he was a Trinity College man and a man of letters and a priest of the Church of England — even if he had 'gone native' in a curious sort of way and could be counted on for an opinion biased in the Africans' favour." In his last years he was fortunate in finding an Archbishop who understood and supported him — the late Edward Paget. When he refused to apply for a Licence from the Bishop and committed other serious ecclesiastical irregularities, Archbishop Paget "shook his head and laughed and said, 'I think I know a saint when I see one, and let him alone!'"

Cripps was a modern Francis of Assisi, as witness the following paragraph: "A fellow passenger in steerage was in such desperate need of a decent suit of clothing that Cripps had given him the one he had been wearing, and, to his mother's consternation he arrived at Stoodley Knowle in Torquay, not only carrying, as always, his mealie sack and a biscuit tin tied up with a cord, but on this occasion he wore simply his mackintosh on top of his trousers and shirt. 'Arthur is quite mad,' was the household word."

Yes, he was, like St. Francis, God's madman, and such men are needed for our cause. Let us whose liberalism is more conventional and respectable, accept and honour him and other madmen for the Cause. They are needed and so are we. We need waste no time in criticising one another. □

BANTU EDUCATION

(A summary of several articles
by Dr. W.G. McConkey).

Since the passing of the Bantu Education Act in 1953 the education of Africans has become "Bantu Education"—a system designed, on unsound principles, for Africans alone, a system also designed to be ancillary to the political doctrines of apartheid.

Thus "Bantu Education" is from the beginning unacceptable to liberal thinkers, black and white alike, and, as might have been expected, it has limited the freedom of teachers and therefore deprived the African community of many able spokesmen and leaders.

Yet it might have produced in practice better results than its theoretical foundations might have warranted. Apologists for the system have tried to show that this is the case. Except for the undeniable fact that far more children are attending school than was the case when the new era began, the statistics adduced cannot stand up to analysis.

And analysed they have been patiently, honestly, skilfully, over two decades by Dr. W.G. McConkey, former Head of the Natal Education Department. Dr. McConkey has fought steadily and persistently, often with able helpers, sometimes as a lone crusader, and his stand for truth and reliable statistics should earn him the appreciation of all liberals. A summary of his research is given in the May 1972 Number of "Theoria", the journal of Studies in the Arts, Humanities and Social Sciences of the University of Natal, but this is only the culmination of studies published in many journals over many years, all of which have contributed to this present survey for "Reality".

One of the first results of the Act was to take African education almost entirely out of the hands of the Churches and Missions. Even if one should be a firm believer in the secularisation of education, there is reason for real regret at this decision. It is a great pity that the Government did not build its own schools in competition with the Church schools, and see which system was the more efficient and the more popular with parents. A few Church schools did survive the holocaust. An analysis of matriculation results in Natal in 1970 shows that 5.56 per cent of pupils of Church schools obtained First Class passes as against 4.26 per cent of Government Schools, and that only 14.28 per cent of the pupils of Church schools failed as against 18.03 per cent of the pupils of Government schools and 38.26 per cent of the pupils of Community schools. The writer knows of at



Dr. McConkey.

least one Church school which has twice secured 100 per cent of matriculation passes: he knows of no Government or Community school with such a record.

Church schools moreover secured for African education the services of many able teachers who have not been fitted into the new Government schools, and they allowed a freedom of experimentation which cannot be expected under a centralised State-directed system.

One of the results of "Bantu Education" was the re-imposition of fees and the insistence on pupils paying for all their own books — the reversal of two valuable achievements in African education when it was under the ministerial control of J.H. Hofmeyr. Step by step, slowly, almost reluctantly, the Bantu Education Department has moved towards an amelioration of these first harsh decisions. Nevertheless a recent prospectus of a *Government* school shows the expenditure on books by parents as R20 for Form I, R30 for Form II, R12 for Form III and R40 for Form IV.

The abolition of school feeding was another early result of the new system. This was an utterly indefensible step, especially in view of the widespread diseases caused by malnutrition among African children. The opinion of those who saw the school feeding system in operation is overwhelmingly in favour of it. It was good in itself, and it produced appreciable results in the ability of children to cope with their school work. In some cases private enterprise has filled the gap caused by the Government's deplorable decision. The writer personally knows of one case where schools along a whole valley are fed by the activity, and at the expense, of the privileged European women of the neighbourhood, and the activities of Mrs. McKerron and her helpers in the Grahamstown Locations are well known. But many, indeed most, schools which once received free meals are without them.

After twenty years of "Bantu Education", the ratio of pupils to teachers is incredibly high. In some schools it is manageable, but in almost every case higher than the ratio in white schools. Dr. McConkey's most recent survey shows a ratio of 1 teacher to 58 pupils in Pietermaritzburg urban schools, 1 teacher to 72 pupils

in the neighbouring village of Edendale and 1 teacher to 89 pupils in the Pietermaritzburg rural schools. These figures are based on the number of teachers covered by Government subsidy. Parents have, out of their poverty, raised funds for additional teachers and thus reduced the Edendale ratio to 1 : 68 and the Pietermaritzburg rural ratio to 1 : 83. In one school, two teachers must teach 339 children in Sub-Standard B. This otherwise insoluble problem is dealt with by the use of double sessions.

The system of double sessions (for some obscure reason often referred to as the "platoon" system) is widespread. It has many adverse results. It is hard on the teachers who have to repeat in the afternoon lessons already given in the morning, and hard on the pupils who get less than what should be the minimum time allocated for lessons. What could perhaps have been justified as a temporary emergency provision has become a regular feature of "Bantu Education".

Enough teachers could be found to make it possible for double sessions to be abolished, and for the ratio of pupils to teachers to be brought down to a reasonable figure, but the trouble here is finance. There is not enough money to pay the additional teachers. This is due to the system of fiscal segregation, which, though somewhat modified, is still a powerful limiting factor in Bantu education.

The principle that the African community should provide the funds for its own advancement is as utterly absurd as if slum-dwellers were asked to provide the funds needed for ameliorating slum life. While the Government has moved from absolutely strict fiscal segregation, the system by which Bantu education is financed involves the fixing of a ceiling which cannot be passed however great the needs. The long-term remedy is the increase of African wages to the point where there is no need to have separate financial systems, or, at the very worst, to the point when African contributions to revenue can provide for all the needs of African education. It is noteworthy that, just before he fell from office, J.H. Hofmeyr had burst the existing ceiling and was financing African education from the Consolidated Revenue Fund.

One of the problems which the "Bantu Education" authorities are facing is that of language teaching. Before 1953 the lower classes were taught through the medium of the local vernacular and the higher classes — the exact year of the transition varied in the different Provinces — through the medium of English. The vernacular language, and sometimes Afrikaans, were studied as subjects. It is difficult to find fault with the "Bantu Education" authorities for wanting to give Afrikaans a better place in the schools. The raising of the status of the vernacular language (Zulu, Xhosa, Sotho, etc.) was in itself a wholly right aim. But the result has been to lower markedly the standard of English in the African schools.

An interesting illustration of this is the action of a committee consisting on the whole of very liberal-minded people, which runs a Schools Speech Contest in Natal. Reluctantly, in order to secure the full co-operation of the Education Departments concerned, the Committee felt obliged to institute separate European and "Non-European" contests. Now it has had to take the African schools out of the latter group and institute a special African contest because the standard of English of the

African children was so much below that of the Coloured and Indian children that African schools had no chance of winning the prize.

However desirable it may be to improve the status of Afrikaans and of the African languages in the schools (and the writer personally believes that this *is* desirable), there is no doubt that African parents and African political leaders are strongly in favour of reverting to the pre-1953 system when English had the pride of place which it has since lost. Parents feel that from an economic point of view English is vitally important because young people who have not mastered it have little chance of securing a "good" job. Whether this is the best standpoint from which to criticise school curricula may be doubted; but that it is substantially true as a fact of life cannot be gainsaid. When the Milner régime gave an inadequate place to Hollands in the schools of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, the parents, aided by the Church, were able to bring into being independent Christelike Nasionale Onderwys schools, but this is impossible for African parents since under the Bantu Education Act it is an offence to conduct an unregistered school.

* * * * *

African health cannot fairly be considered as a major responsibility of the Bantu Education Department. Still the authorities have abolished school feeding, and this throws some onus on them for dealing at least with the diseases of inadequate nutrition. In the end the problem of health is in large measure a problem of wages. African health will improve as African economic status improves. No doubt some adult education is needed to combat malnutrition as distinct from under-nutrition.

Until the *desideratum* of a fair and equitable economic system is reached, something much better than we have at present in the way of medical inspection and specialist medical services is needed.

Statistics can be made to prove almost anything. One of the greatest contributions of Dr. McConkey in the field of "Bantu Education" is his ruthless analysis of statistics which could mislead incautious members of the public.

A famous Scottish divine was once heard by his niece walking up and down his study ingeminating, "Statistics, statistics, statistics." "What's the matter, Uncle?" his niece enquired. "Are they worrying you about statistics?" "No, Maggie, my dear," he replied. "I've just got my new dentures, and if I can say "statistics" I can say anything." Similarly it may be said that if we can believe all the statistics with which we are regaled we can believe anything.

"Bantu Education" is the product of muddled thinking on the part of people some of whom at least have been well-intentioned. We can only test it by its results. In the view of many of the parents and more of the teachers, and nearly all the leaders of African thought, it has failed. Liberal South Africans do well to press for a radical revision of the system.□

HOFMEYER REVALUED

1948 - 1973

by Edgar Brookes

It is twenty-five years since Jan Hofmeyr died, and perhaps it is time for us to set in its true perspective and revalue what he did. This may be a work of supererogation. Even Alan Paton never wrote a better book than Hofmeyr, and his praise for Hofmeyr's courage and loyalty to duty cannot be surpassed. Bearing these thoughts in mind we may, however, still try to estimate Hofmeyr's permanent value in South African Politics.

When the United Party considered throwing him to the wolves in 1948 – perhaps only his death stopped this ignoble process – it sold its soul and its future. It has never recovered. This in itself suggests that Hofmeyr's life had more than perishable values. We must always remember that he died twelve years before the decolonisation of Africa began. Can we rightly judge him by our own hindsight? To do this is to commit a fault of which historians, if they make moral judgments at all, must beware.

What would Hofmeyr's attitudes and policies be if he were alive today? It is an almost impossible question. He would be nearly eighty. He would have long survived the two biggest influences in his life – General Smuts and his mother. If he were alive now, he would, I submit, be a convinced and decided liberal, but neither radical nor revolutionary. Is there scope in 1973 for convinced, active and courageous liberals who do not flirt with violent revolution? if so, there would be scope for Jan Hofmeyr.

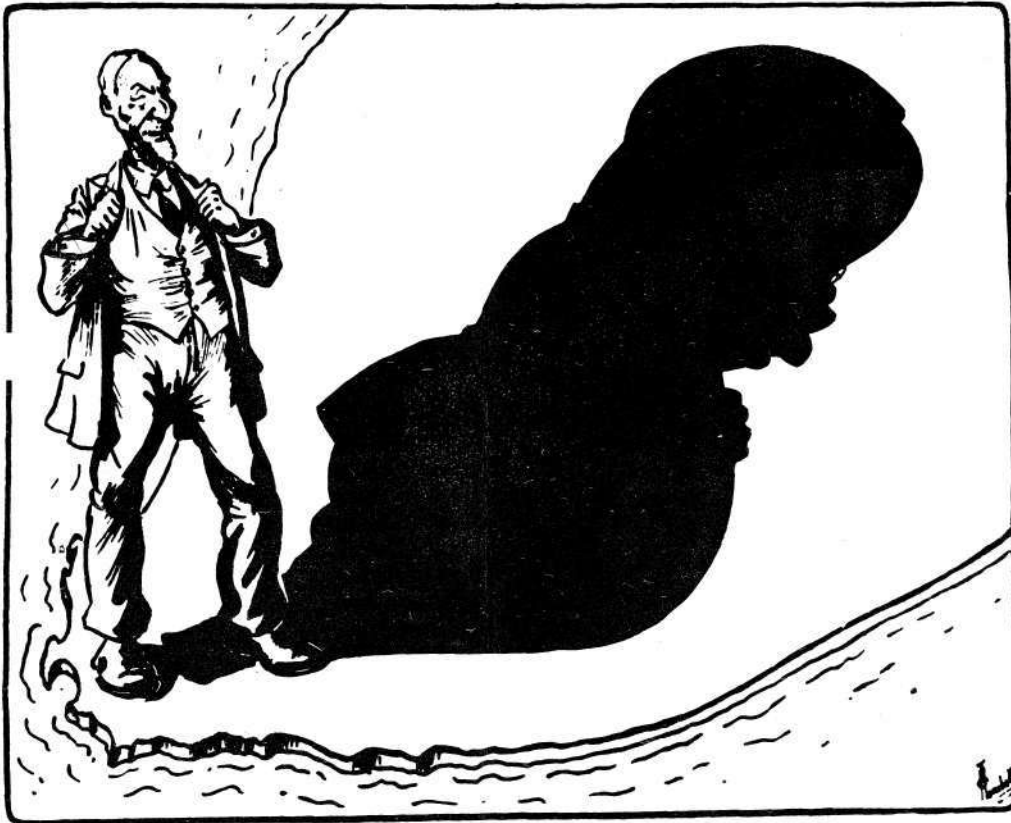
Let us try to sum up those things which are of permanent value in him. One of these is his conviction that all race policies should be tested by the touchstone of moral principle. When one adds to his deep morality his supreme clarity of intellect which scorned to deceive others and did not often allow self-deception, one realises that here he dealt the greatest blow to upholders of baasskap, apartheid, separate development or any other term which veils the policy of maintaining white existence, comfort and essential supremacy at any cost.

White South Africa, particularly Afrikaans-speaking South Africa, sets immense store by moral values, and can only evade them by elaborate and systematic self-deception. This self-deception Hofmeyr found it hard to practice. Moreover to him moral principle meant more, much more, than political office. This he showed on more than one occasion in his public life, and though we might have chosen different issues as being the critical ones, there is no doubt that he was willing more than once to sacrifice a brilliant career for what he felt to be right. Such an attitude can never grow obsolete.

Hofmeyr was willing to do what he could, where he could, and when he could. He introduced the principle of a daily free meal for every African school-child, not deferring it until radical changes in the wage structure could achieve the same result. He introduced social pensions for black sufferers, even though he could not give them the same rates as the whites. Was he wrong in this?



Jan Hofmeyr.



Cartoon in 'Die Burger' on election day, 1948, entitled 'Smuts-Hofmeyr Verkeising.'

Differences of opinion still remain among those interested in liberal policies. And there are many who, though far from being Communists, tend to hold the Communist doctrine that reform is the enemy of revolution. It cannot be denied that some who take this line have worked it out and satisfied themselves that it is right. But for ardent and impatient youth it is an easy doctrine, for it enables one to feel heroic and superior, and dispenses with the mental wear and tear of thinking out the details of reform, and the patient labour of carrying them out. No more un-British doctrine has ever been formulated. All British history and experience is against it, and it must be stated emphatically that Hofmeyr, whose hero was John Bright and who drew much inspiration from nineteenth century British history, would have been against it even in the world of 1973. He believed not only in the inevitability, but almost in the desirability, or gradualism.

But that his end in 1973 would have been short of complete freedom must be doubted. Even in 1948 he put no limit to African progress, and believed that you could set no bounds to the future. All his reverence for Smuts, all his compromising, all his talk about

"trusteeship" never prevented those clear eyes from looking into the future, nor that honest mind from treating any immediate solution as final.

He was essentially law-abiding, and there is nothing in his life to suggest that, even in 1973, he would have approved of bloody revolution nor of any direct action that moved in that direction. His essential Christianity — and he was emphatically, like Gladstone and Bright, a Christian statesman — the very Christianity which led him to challenge the accepted views of die-hard Nationalism and the comfortable upholding of the status quo, also made him shrink from the pain, bloodshed and almost inevitable injustices of revolution.

Despite the many ways in which the insights of 1948 lag behind the insights of 1973, it must be claimed that Hofmeyr's exaltation of moral principles and his practical reformism must inevitably lead to the Liberal solution of South Africa's problems. Had he lived until 1973, he would have been a Liberal without question. But for good or bad he would not have believed in blowing up policemen or even pylons.□

NOTES ON OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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