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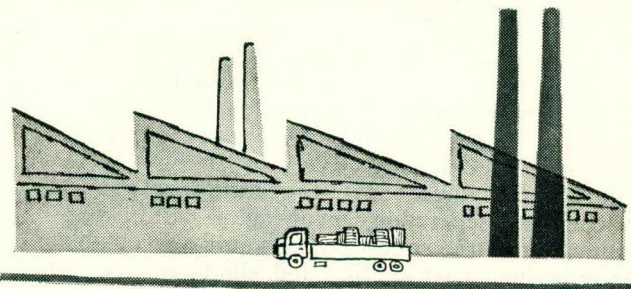
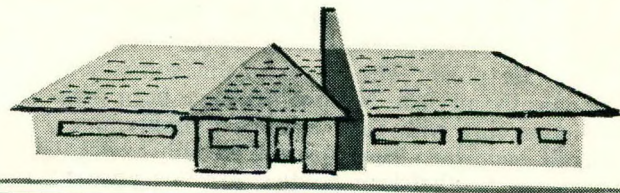
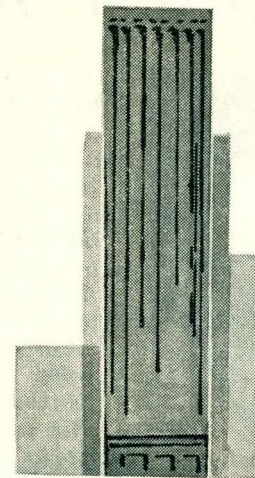
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Bantu; by persistently pressing for humane application of, and where possible amendments to restrictive and discriminatory legislation; and by whole-heartedly and actively supporting programmes for the rapid and wide-ranging economic and political development of the Bantu areas, liberals can do much in the short run to soften the burden of discrimination on and widen the range of opportunities open to their black brethren.

But although the realisation of these proximate objectives has merit in itself, that merit will be enhanced and will only be truly meaningful if at the same time progress is made towards the realisation throughout South Africa of that ultimate liberal ideal defined earlier on. With this goal the separate development approach does not conflict; on the contrary, it can contribute positively and significantly towards its achievement.

IN the first place, whatever race policy is followed in South Africa, time will be required for its execution. What this actually means is that any explosion of violence will have to be avoided indefinitely to ensure that economic growth, which is an essential condition for the success of whatever race policy is pursued, shall not be unduly disrupted. By relieving frustration and thus providing an escape for some of the pressure building up in the racially mixed parts of South Africa as a result of discrimination, separate development can act as a partial substitute for brute military power in obtaining and maintaining these necessary conditions for an eventual solution to South Africa's problem of racial co-existence.

Secondly, economists appear to agree that any substantial and sustained improvement in urban Bantu wages in South Africa is contingent on the raising of employment and productivity in the Bantu areas, which alone can eliminate the elastic supply of low-wage labour to be found at the root of poverty in the townships. Thus separate development in so far as it entails the economic development of the Bantu areas, can contribute towards a rising material level of living not only for those who will reside in the prospective Bantu states, but for the under-privileged throughout South Africa.

Finally, and perhaps most importantly, separate development can help create in South Africa a climate of public opinion more suitable to rational discussion of alternative ultimate formulae for accommodation between the races than now prevails. The attitudes underlying the decisions of the white electorate in matters of race relations are not unchangeable, being as they are the outcome of a variety of conditioning factors operating over three centuries. Since they are acquired attitudes they can be replaced by different attitudes, but to effect such a change is uncommonly difficult. Liberals have for many years tried to turn the trick by pointing out the irrationality of the prevailing attitudes. That they can show scant reward for their efforts is hardly surprising, since attitudes not arrived at by way of rational thought are unlikely to be amenable to persuasion by rational argument. But there are other means of attacking these attitudes: by striking at the root conditions from which they spring.

ONE of the most powerful factors underlying the racial attitudes of whites is their collective image of the Bantu as lazy, unintelligent, and unable to think and act for themselves. This image is reinforced by daily observation, but few stop to think that those observable attributes may not reflect inherent disability, but may be ascribable to a discouraging environment, which in turn is at least partially resultant from the negative racial attitudes of the whites. We have here a vicious circle, with Bantu backwardness

causing and in turn being caused by white prejudice, and perhaps the most promising way of breaking out of this circle is the programme of separate development, especially in its present-day context of self-governing black states even at the very borders of the Republic.

The sight of black leaders with their black subordinates successfully running their own states, whether they be Jonathan or Khama, Matanzima, Kenyatta or Kaunda, can in the long run not fail to change for the better the image of the black man held by South African whites, and consequently their racial attitudes. Already this effect can be observed in small ways: the well-nigh universal substitution in public conversation of the more respectful term "Bantu" for the derogatory "Kaffir"; the more polite forms of address accorded individual non-whites in the press and on the radio; the friendly reception given to Lesotho's Prime Ministerial party by whites in all walks of life; and numerous other instances of the same kind. Is it then too much to expect that the changes in white attitudes thus caused will gain in force and in compass as more and more whites are confronted more and more frequently with similar evidence of what black men can accomplish, given a fair chance? If it is indeed not too much to expect, then surely liberal support for a vigorous and sincere policy of separate development can achieve more than merely working outside or acquiescing in the existing framework of South African society while sacrificing the ultimate liberal objectives for which they stand?

For the outcome to be as here foreseen, it is of course absolutely essential that black rule succeed not only in the new states beyond the present borders of the Republic, but also in those now emerging within our borders. Unfortunately, liberals have in the past been content to withhold the active commitment of their considerable talent and their undoubted humanitarian concern to this cause, at least in as far as it is served or could be served by the government's Bantustan policy. In consequence, it is one of the ironies of South African politics that the National Party, so often accused of being a racialistic party, has to its credit achievements of greater import in the field of improving race relations than have the Liberal and Progressive Parties taken together.

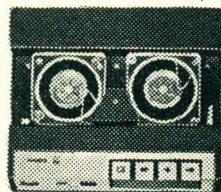
THAT this should be so is not surprising once it is realised that a certain ambivalence in race relations has long been part of the Nationalist tradition in South Africa. For every true Nationalist, the preservation of white security and the fostering of Afrikaner interests have always been the top priorities, but for many, among whom may be counted some of the most influential, justice towards the non-whites has consistently run a strong second. It is this ambivalence, strengthened by post-World War II developments on the international scene, which explains the separate development response to the demands of South Africa's black folk.

Liberals in South Africa have by and large ignored this ambivalence in the Nationalist mind, preferring to preach their liberal principles in splendid isolation, away from the realities of South African party politics. In following this course, they have left the separate development brand of Nationalist to coalesce with outright baasskap segregationists. A more realistic assessment of South African political realities may have led them, and may still lead them instead to enter into alliance with those Nationalists whose Bantu policies, as was shown above, need not be repugnant to liberal principles. To achieve this, some favourite liberal formulae, such as the qualified franchise, may have to be put aside, but if the main argument of this essay is valid, much of substance can be gained in return.

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EDUCATION

TRADE UNIONS

Bargain teaching

“In comparison with the rest of the world, South Africa lags far behind in appreciating the necessity for trained, efficient and capable trade union leaders,” said Tucsa general secretary Arthur Grobbelaar last week. He was flying to Durban to start the first “on-the-spot” training course for shop stewards. Accompanying him was Tucsa training director Dick Whitworth, who has already organised six such courses over the past 18 months. But none had been held outside Johannesburg until now. The aim of the programme is twofold: to teach South African trade unionists how to achieve the optimum bargaining position; and how to avoid the kind of breakdown in communication (both between a union’s members and its executive, and between union and management), that was evident during the recent mineworkers strike.

Whitworth works on a “chain-reaction” system. He instructs shop stewards in the finer points of factory legislation, liaison, complaint/grievance procedure, etc. and they in turn must impart what they learn to those in the ranks below them. Since the first course started, 19 unions have participated in the scheme and many others have displayed keen interest. Perhaps most important of all, however, a healthy proportion of the delegates have been non-whites. Bargaining can begin at the bottom, as Tucsa sees it.

UNIVERSITIES

. . . and the UCT is free

It didn't seem decorous that for the first time in 49 years the election of a chancellor for Capetown University should be disputed. Older members of the 12,000-strong convocation of alumni felt that a sorry state of affairs had been reached when the election becomes a matter for speculation, yet have themselves bombarded the newspapers with letters from the moment that more than one nomination was announced. Countering the assertion that “the dignity of the chancellorship is suffering an irrevocable blow”, a UCT spokesman maintained that: “On the contrary, it makes the public aware of the university and creates an interest among former students who have lost contact.”

Under cover. The trouble is that while most universities have more than one nomination for chancellorships,

few — because the issue is usually settled behind doors — put it to the vote, and the impression of unanimity is normally maintained. The powers, privileges, functions and duties of a chancellor consist solely in conferring degrees at graduation ceremonies twice yearly. But, traditionally, he will be consulted by the vice-chancellor on all important university matters and the question of his being a popular choice figures largely. A unanimous election, as in the past, is felt to be desirable.

Leader, perhaps. Whichever of the candidates — Leo Marquard, Harry

Oppenheimer”, the latter is without doubt the most affected. While potential Marquard voters are unlikely to shift their allegiance, some convocation members, now presented with a more clear-cut alternative, might switch from Oppenheimer to Diemont. Oppenheimer is said to have the majority among the 600 staff voters, although almost all of the most prominent of the staffers are in the Marquard camp. Most Marquard supporters agree with the Oppenheimer manifesto that “Mr Oppenheimer’s record, character and abilities fit him splendidly for the

RELIGION

A prophet at home

“He had aged, and was more frail than when I last saw him,” said Prof Johannes Lombard, “but in all other ways, he is the same Karl Barth.” The head of UNISA’s theological faculty was home a few days after spending more than a month with his old tutor and friend (he studied under Barth for two-and-a-half years, affectionately addresses him as *Väterchen*). Last week he described his latest visit to the famed Swiss Protestant theologian, whom even Pope Paul VI has called the greatest religious thinker of the 20th century.

Where is Wolfgang? Living unpretentiously in Basle, the 80-year-old Barth still works a near 16-hour day. It starts at 6.30 each morning with coffee and Mozart—his one great passion in life besides theology. Quips Barth: “When I get to heaven, I’ll ask to see Mozart even before Paul and Calvin.” His age has forced him to cut his academic activity down to one seminar a week; and recently he also gave up preaching in Basle’s prison (he refused to preach anywhere else). But he still puts in a prodigious amount of work at his desk, probably the source of his greatness, for according to an admiring Lutheran theologian, Heinrich Vogel: “He can sit still and think like nobody else can.”

Yet Barth is no gloomy recluse. Prof Lombard tells: “When you are with him, you can expect a good belly-laugh at least once every half-hour.” Moreover, Barth holds regular debates and discussions with other theologians, and speaks with an almost prophetic



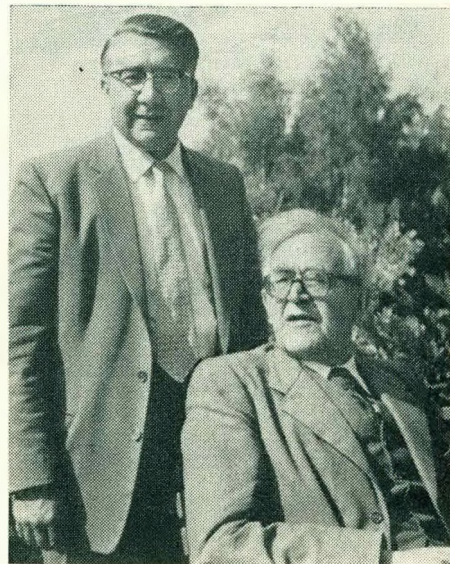
UNIVERSITY OF CAPETOWN
It couldn't be politics, could it?

Oppenheimer and Mr Justice Marius Diemont — succeeds to the UCT chancellorship will be measured by the standards set by the former chancellor, Chief Justice A. van der Sandt Centlivres. While predecessors Prince of Wales (later King Edward VIII) and General Smuts were little more than figureheads, Centlivres took an active part in university affairs. A noted liberal and champion of academic freedom, Centlivres had as well the common touch and was readily approachable by students. Marquard’s sponsors — drawn largely from liberal elements — assert that he possesses the best qualifications for continuing the Centlivres tradition. And with that the liberals have decided to campaign hard for their man. So politics entered the fray.

Among the ins. Nominee Harry Oppenheimer’s chances of winning the election were thought to be rather more than 50/50 until Diemont entered the lists only a few days before nominations closed last week. For while Diemont’s nomination — attractive to the more conservative members of the convocation — “harms”, according to a UCT spokesman, “both Marquard and

highest office in our university”, but insist that the ideal candidate should be a Cape resident.

Silent decision. It is Diemont’s nomination that has aroused most controversy and the customary ire among liberal students, who consider him “right-wing and reactionary” — with the implication that *his* nomination has political motives. The final decision, however, will depend not on them but on the graduate voters, and voting figures will not be published. Among the convocation members whose addresses are known a good many are certain to have died, while others will not bother to reply to the postal vote or will have moved without forwarding addresses. The proportion of older — hence, theoretically, more conservative — members of the convocation is unknown, but will probably turn out to be a decisive factor. Whichever way the voting goes as the cumbersome electoral process reaches its final stages towards the end of March, the publicity surrounding the election is indicative of — if not the hinted-at split in UCT’s united liberal front — at least a greater flexibility in the choice of South African chancellors.



LOMBARD AND BARTH
The man who can think

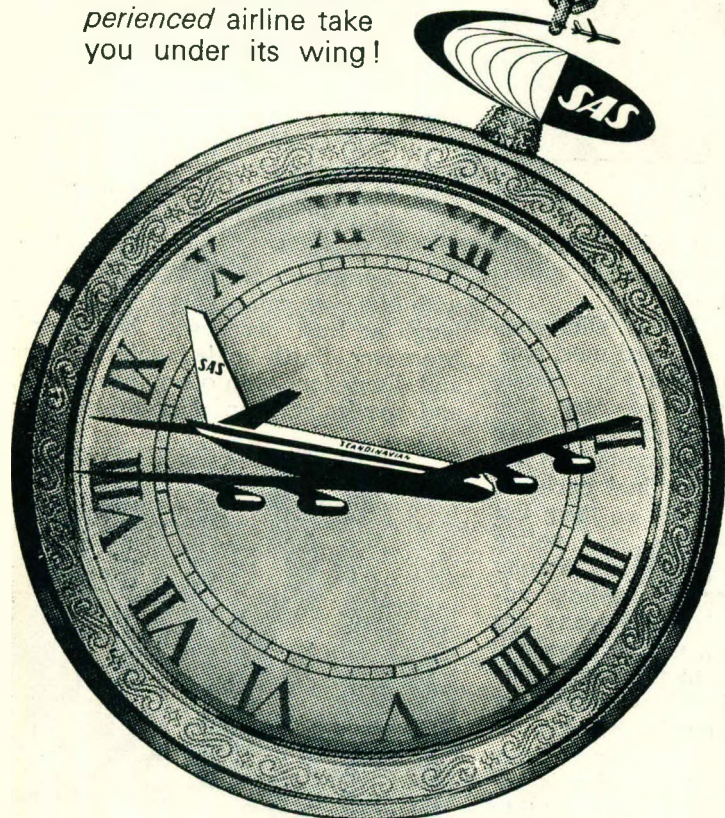
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insight and authority. At one seminar, reports Lombard, a question about the laity in the church came up. "The laity," exclaimed Barth, "who are they? They are the *laos* — all the people of God, priests, the lot. If the Pope is not laity, he is nothing."

The chariot waiting. Barth's genius has been to stand between different schools of Christian thought. He straddles both the liberal and conservative positions in the Protestant world, upholding the classical dogmas of Christianity without adopting a literalist standpoint on the Bible. This draws fire from both sides, but Barth is unperturbed. Theology, he believes, cannot be confined within the formulae or shibboleths of any one school; and he reserves especial scorn for those who profess to be "Barthians".

Although his influence has waned over the last two decades, nowadays he is once again occupying a middle position of vast significance, this time between Protestants and Catholics. Referring to Rome's changed attitude towards the Protestant world, he says "a miracle has occurred", and has set out to capitalise on it by making himself a leading authority on the Vatican Councils. So much so that two months ago he journeyed by invitation to Rome to discuss the new thinking in the Vatican with leading Catholic scholars, and to be received by the Pope.

Nevertheless, he sees his work coming to an end. Under constant medication for a bladder complaint, he said to Prof Lombard before he left for home: "I'm working in my late autumn. The next time you come to Basle, your *Väterchen* won't be here." "But I believe," says Lombard, "that Karl Barth's light will continue to shine for a long time yet in his body, and when that has gone, in his message."

Refurbishing the fathers

Paul's instructions to his young protégé were clear. "This is why I left you in Crete," he wrote to Titus, "that you might amend what was defective, and appoint elders in the church . . ." But not many theologians agreed with the interpretation of this and other New Testament verses which led Calvin to establish the office of eldership in his church. And even within the ranks of the Calvinistic churches today, there is disagreement about the status of the elders — men who are elected by their congregations and "ordained" to exercise spiritual and pastoral oversight along with the minister. Some churches, like the Presbyterian, elect elders for life; the

Dutch Reformed Church elects them for three-year periods. And while one school believes the elder to differ from the minister only in function, another holds that he is merely a ruling layman. Whatever the differences within, it is acknowledged even outside the Calvinistic churches that the eldership could be an effective instrument for involving laymen in the work of the church.

Down the young blood. Yet there can be little doubt that the eldership is a much neglected institution. Probably this has resulted from religion's weakened grip on the laity as a whole, and it is significant that the English-speaking Presbyterian church is worse-off in this regard than the Afrikaans

tical postman," complains one Presbyterian minister.

In a few churches elders are more meaningfully employed. Johannesburg's Dr Jack Dalziel, whose 54-man Session is the largest of Transvaal Presbyterian churches, puts his elders through an intensive training course, then gets them involved with small *koinonia*—fellowship groups—all over the parish. Pretoria's Dr Ben Marais tells that when he was minister of a Pretoria congregation he used professional men among his elders to help him with evangelistic work in university hostels.

New wine for a new bottle? Conscious of the need for improvement, Presbyterians have been thinking hard

LIVING

NIGHT LIFE

Post-prandial pleasure

The patrons begin to filter into the Orchard Room of Johannesburg's Langham Hotel from half-past seven onwards. For those who have bought the inclusive ticket, a buffet supper is served until shortly before nine. Then the last drinks are handed around, and everyone settles back at their tables to watch the show. Johannesburg's first theatre/restaurant is fully under way.

Eat up. The play chosen to launch the venture is, in a word of Don Hughes, director of a foremost South-african theatrical agency and moving force behind the Langham experiment, "controversial". "But then," says he, "only a rowdy, near-farce will do for this sort of thing." *Back to Bacteria, or You'll Come to Love Your ? Test* by British playwright John Antrabus, fits the bill perfectly. A bawdy, goon-showish knockabout, it has the players leaping about the stage, pillorying the establishment, reciting dirty rhymes and insulting the audience in the true Brechtian manner. A triumph of bad taste, it apparently does little to upset the digestion of the audience, and on the opening night, one group sat around until the bar closed attempting to work out its "meaning".

Theatre/restaurant was launched in the Fifties at London's Mayfair Hotel. From there it travelled by way of the



19TH CENTURY "WEE FREE" KIRK ELDERS AT THEIR ORDINATION
Now a branch of the GPO?

churches. Offering little or no social status, and demanding some sacrifices of time and energy, the eldership is a job that few English laymen willingly tackle. A shortage of keen men (ideally a church should have one elder to every 15/20 homes) has constantly forced down the standard of recruits. Even the DRC feels this, hence its recent decision to lower the minimum age of elders from 45 to 35. In most congregations little attempt is made to train elders, and churches are careful not to work them too hard. They are expected to attend only one meeting of the "Session" or *Kerkraad* (the chief ruling body of the church) monthly, while pastoral work consists of little more than getting communion reminders out to the congregation once a quarter. Some elders are content to post these, and those who do visit the homes with communion cards seldom do more than drink tea and make small talk. "The elder often seems to have become merely a sort of ecclesias-

about the eldership. The Presbyterian Church Extension Secretary, the Rev Harold Munro, reports: "There is a general sense of dissatisfaction among elders themselves, and ministers too are increasingly aware of the need to use the eldership more effectively." The sentiment had a practical outcome in Johannesburg this week in the shape of a "Conference on the Eldership" organised by the Rev Munro's committee. It was attended by a multi-racial group of 25 ministers (although some elders also took part in the discussions) who talked about subjects such as the recruitment and training of elders, their work in the life of the church, and the decision of the Presbyterian Church at its last General Assembly to admit women to the eldership. Significantly, Anglicans, who are contemplating a union with the Presbyterians, took an interest in the conference. If Presbyterians can prove the worth of the eldership to them, Calvin will have scored quite a point.



IFE & ORLANDIN AT DINNER SHOW
Drama with the Drambuie

US to Durban's Hotel Edward before coming to the Langham. Its success there (it has run for three weeks, is scheduled to go on for another two) has decided Hughes to take it on tour. But not with *Back to Bacteria*. Plays, he says, will be chosen to suit the place. Johannesburg's meat is probably Port Elizabeth's poison.

FILM-MAKING

As others see us

The old Xhosa woman sat outside her hut in a Transkei village; at her side her grandchildren huddled, and around her clustered about a hundred people, come to watch the filming. While the equipment was being set up, the producer explained how he wanted the scene played. "Tell her," he said to the interpreter, "that she's thinking nostalgically about the old days that have gone forever. She tells her grandchildren about them, and they have a little laugh together". Deadpan, the chief cameraman turned to the producer. "Lovely," he said. "Of course, you've signed Ingrid Bergman for the part?"

I wanna go home. It was just one day in the lives of the men, who over the last six weeks, have been in South-africa working on the final sequences of a 3½hr, R1.3m colour docu-

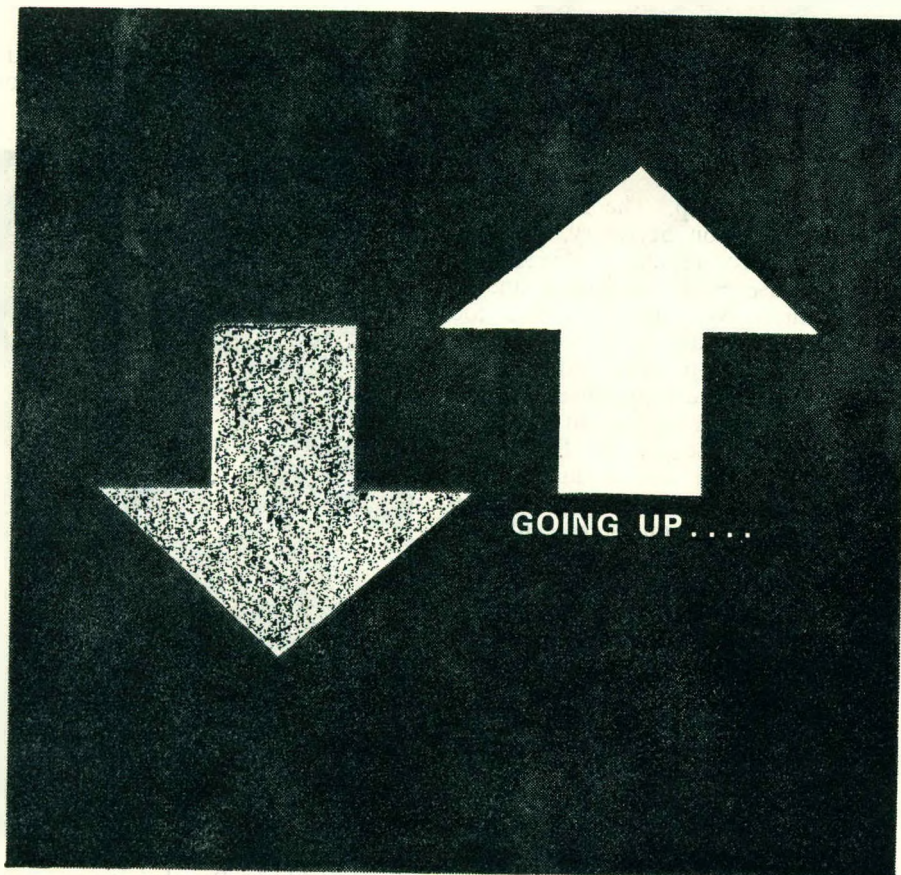


ABC FILM TEAM
Smile please — in Xhosa, of course

mentary on Africa. Sent by the American Broadcasting Company, different crews have visited nearly every country in Africa, lived in anything from houseboats to aeroplanes, eaten sheep's eyes with Arab sheikhs, perlemoen with Capetown popsies, and suffered from tropical diseases ranging from gypso tummy to malaria. On top of

it all they have managed to shoot over 700,000ft of film. Often on location before sunrise, they seldom come off the job before dark. "Fire me, fire me" pleaded one crewman half-seriously, sick of Africa and wanting to get back to his home in New York.

Unsmooth take. Arriving in South-africa, they jumped from hotel to hotel throughout the country, with a headquarter at the Skyline in Johannesburg's Hillbrow. The TV men (besides Americans, they also included Britons, Frenchmen, Canadians) turned out to be a hard-bitten, hard-drinking crowd ("Drink? Not before eight — in the morning", one cracked), who played just as hard as they worked. But by the time they hit the Republic, the weariness was showing. The performance of just one seven-man crew, that led by British cameraman Skeets Kelly (who made *Lawrence of Arabia*, *Those Magnificent Men*, and *The Blue Max*) showed why. Having shot sequences in Egypt, the Sudan, Ethiopia, Kenya, Tanganyika and Rhodesia with their producer Dick Siemanowski, they came to Southafrica to take the day-to-day lives of typical families in Soweto, the Transkei, on a farm near Aliwal North and at the Cape. They constantly faced a running series of irritating holdups. The amateur stars, whom they perform had



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to use, would often dry up with stage fright in front of the cameras. Or they would fail to understand Siemanowski's growly Southern accent when he fired questions at them. Dogs barked at the wrong moments, low-flying aeroplanes roared down on scenes that were being shot. But both producer and cameraman were perfectionists; sometimes they took half a day to film a sequence that will last ten seconds on the screen.

Black looks. The Republic held even bigger headaches than these for the TV men. They were sometimes bewildered by the complex society they were trying to put on film, worried about getting people into trouble if they spoke to non-white critics of the government. They set out with the avowed aim of objectivity, though as one crewman confessed, they might get into hot water with Civil rights organisations Stateside for making such a film.

At the last minute they found that Prime Minister John Vorster would not go before the cameras. "He and Nasser were the only African leaders we were unable to shoot," remarked one cameraman. But that, the weary TV men agreed as the last crew left South Africa last week, was just too bad.

YOUTH

The with-out generation

At Moses' beach, or a little closer to the city, at Saunders' Rocks, they sun themselves like seals: as sleek and sometimes as brown. The small talk is of tans and mini-skirts, and what to do at night. That is when things happen. Either a session somewhere or a party in one of the smart flats, and with luck the old people away and a booze cabinet unlocked. Then a smooch session on the beach. And late at night, when even the seagulls are asleep and Beach Road is deserted, the young folk go with the motor-bike boys, or race up and down in somebody's Volvo. There is nothing else to do, say Capetown's teenagers.

As in cities the world over, the problem of what the youth of Capetown does or should do in its leisure time is a nagging one. But whereas most cities have come to live with the idea that teenagers like to meet in crowds and shake up a storm to loud music, Capetown authorities seem bent on denying them the opportunity of doing both.

Sparking off a heated controversy in the Cape Press last month as well as earnest debates about the "problem of youth" was the Capetown City

Council's decision to ban shake sessions everywhere along the Atlantic Coast of the city except at two venues. As usual, the generation that pays the rates had fixed ideas about what teenagers should be doing — and naturally, the teenagers disagreed. The banning followed what the shakers called "minor incidents" but what an enraged ratepayer snorted was "scandalous behaviour turning the whole area into a slum".

Such a bore. "The whole area" is Sea Point, favourite stamping ground for the teen set from all over Capetown. Its cafes and steakhouses offer the nearest approach in Capetown to a gay night life. But the coffee bars are too sober, and the steakhouses too expensive for even today's teenage pockets. Walks along the seafront promenade and putt-putt playing have a limited appeal too. So the bored young ones throng the pavements and enliven their night with occasional scuffles. The high points of existence have always been the now restricted shake sessions.

Well-meaning adult social workers in the area, trying to pinpoint the friction between young and old and to indicate

remarked a 14-year-old girl, "are nuts. Trouble only starts when a place is too packed and you bump into people all the time, and that's gonna get worse now. What do they want to do, take everything away from us?" Another lamented: "Everytime there's a fight somewhere, you can be sure they clamp down on the lot of us. Why don't they get better supervisors at sessions — or something?"

Methodist youth leader Derek Kotze thinks that shaking is not all teenagers want. To prove it, he organised "Route 12", a club providing dances, film-shows, a coffee bar, games and music. Response has been good, but a list of what teenagers want, compiled from a survey, still points to "more twist sessions".

Inevitably the question of money has been dragged in. At the Sea Point symposium City Councillor A. F. "Punchie" Keen answered accusations of "lack of interest" in teenage needs and "mean acts" by the council with the assertion that "modern teenagers are getting things too easily and keep expecting more and more". George Phillips of the Cape Divisional Council replied that the city council "uses



YOUTH AT SEA POINT

What's wrong with the young is the middle-aged

possible sources of improvement, organised a 14-man panel to ask "Why are teenagers bored?" at Sea Point last month. No straight answer to this question was forthcoming, but the solid majority of the 250 teenagers present gave parents a clear vote of no confidence. "What is wrong with the youth of today" turned out, by vote, to be: parents (24.5%), aimlessness (12%), insecurity (10%), and money (9.5%).

Shaking the twiststers. "Grown-ups",

the government's spend-less policy as an excuse for everything" — including stinting the city's youth in its entertainment amenities.

Senile delinquents. Yet the teenagers are not actually asking for anything — except to be left free to attend the privately-organised sessions to which they pay entrance fees. But as one teenager snorted: "What bugs Capetown isn't a teenage problem, it's a problem of senility".

CINEMA

The empty frame

Remember smoothie Laurence Harvey in *Room at the Top*, oozing his way up the social strata like oil? In *Life at the Top* (MGM) he has it made. He has married the socialite he got pre-maritally pregnant, holds down a good job in tycoon father-in-law Donald Wolfit's factory, is accepted in the local city society.

Admittedly this society would startle Bradford and suchlike. Corrupt from business and politics top to workman bottom, it is naturally assumed, in the best Victorian tradition, that it is therefore corrupt sexually too. Harvey's Joe Lampton finds wife Jean Simmons in bed with best friend, tries to pressure her dad and fails, takes up with TV lady Honor Blackman, and lights out for London, adultery and freedom. He returns to Simmons and an ailing Wolfit who therefore gives him more power. Earlier his wife asks him what he wants. In the best line of dialogue in *Life at the Top*, Harvey replies: "It's not what I want but what I'll settle for." By the end of the film, he has settled for a lot and lost everything.

Reminder. Harvey's essential coldness of performance, the iciness that makes *Manchurian Candidate* still his best film, is exactly right for Lampton's decline and fall. Simmons is OK; Wolfit a marvellous snarling old "bustard" of a boss. But *Life at the Top* needs *Room's* Simone Signoret and her generosity of living to point up the mental and spiritual poverty of Lampton and his friends. A tantalising flashback to her in the earlier film fatally reminds the audience of her warmth and how it set this milieu in perspective.

Skip-skip across a chasm

Only the greatest of comic writers can warm up the paradoxical iciness with which most of them regard human folly. Muriel Resnik's *Any Wednesday* (Warner Brothers) is centrally chilled alright. It has a lecherous tycoon (Jason Robards) regularly taking off Wednesday from his wife to smooch with cutie Jane Fonda, whom he has installed in a flat, writing off the expense as an "executive suite". He does not love her, but Dean Jones bursts into the apartment (his intent is business blackmail) and he falls for Fonda. Wife Rosemary Murphy finds out and retires to let Fonda become wife instead of mistress, though at first

she complicates the plot by assuming that Fonda and Jones are man and wife. Naturally, wife gets shopworn tycoon back, boy gets girl, after incredibly difficult and serpentine manoeuvring of narrative, character, probability.

Fun if you can stand it. Brittle and very funny wit carries this story of cold lecher, nitwitted sucker, high-powered operator and over-sophisticated wife for a good two-thirds of *Wednesday*. But Hollywood cannot



JONES & FONDA IN "WEDNESDAY"
Brrrr!!!

resist dotting the I's and in Fonda's case, crossing the tease, in a denouement that goes on and on and on, then picks up to go on some more. Still, all four actors skip nimbly across the rock face of this comedy, even its last third; it is up to the audience to ignore as coolly as they and the author the implied blackness of moral futility dizzily stretching away below the play and its characters. Funny, in short, for those who do not suffer vertigo of the morals.

THEATRE

What repertory needn't repeat

In a supplement to the programme of its first '67 play in English, the Transvaal Performing Arts Council announces it has assumed the role of repertory company. This merely makes fact what has long been implied. But it also makes odd the current choice, Luigi Chiarelli's *The Mask and the Face* (Pretoria's Breytenbach, Johan-

nesburg's Alexander Theatres).

M&F is concerned with that most boring (except to Italians apparently) theme, cuckoldry. Paolo's wife Savina is unfaithful to him at the end of a long act in which early *Dolce Vita* types discuss the affliction at much length and little wit. Paolo, having said that if the horns were put on him, he would kill his wife, finds he cannot in fact do so, so settles for the next best thing: he sends her into exile, stands trial for her "murder", and is acquitted for a crime of honour. When a corpse is discovered in the lake, it is assumed to be hers. It is about to be interred when Savina returns, still in love with Paolo. Eventually they go off together rather than part or continue the deception.

Lost battle. The intent is to show the difference between imagined reactions and actual ones, and to embellish this with verbal wit and that of paradox. It may be that in the Italian the intention is realised. PACT, however, uses a translation which sounds like the stilted dialogue cooked up by those editors who dub foreign films, and one half expects the actors' lips not quite to be framing the words heard. In addition, this 1916 play has been translated into mid-19th century dialogue — "You unspeakable cur" declaims the hero at one point.

Neither producer Victor Melleney nor a bunch of perspiring PACTORS save this piece. Paolo (Arthur Hall) is the woodenest performance since *Pinocchio*; Savina is played by ex-musical comedy actress Mary Harrison in her earlier metier: had she burst into arch song and tripping dance no-one need have been surprised; nor does her calling Paolo "Powloh" help.

Who picks? The mystery about this piece, billed as "comedy thriller", is: who at PACT decided to do it, and particularly in this translation? Portentous programme notes about the Theatre of the Grotesque notwithstanding, it was a pointless choice and it helps PACT's cause and intentions not at all that it follows immediately on the abysmal German *Love Potion*. If PACT must work at educating the public in non-English drama, there are better plays, infinitely better translations. And if the special Italian irony is what PACT is aiming for, to eschew Pirandello for this syllabus is equivalent to doing something like the 1561 *Lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of plesant mirth, containing the life of Cambises, King of Percia*, when there is all of Elizabethan drama at one's disposal. Lesson for PACT from the teaching profession: no-one educates who bores.

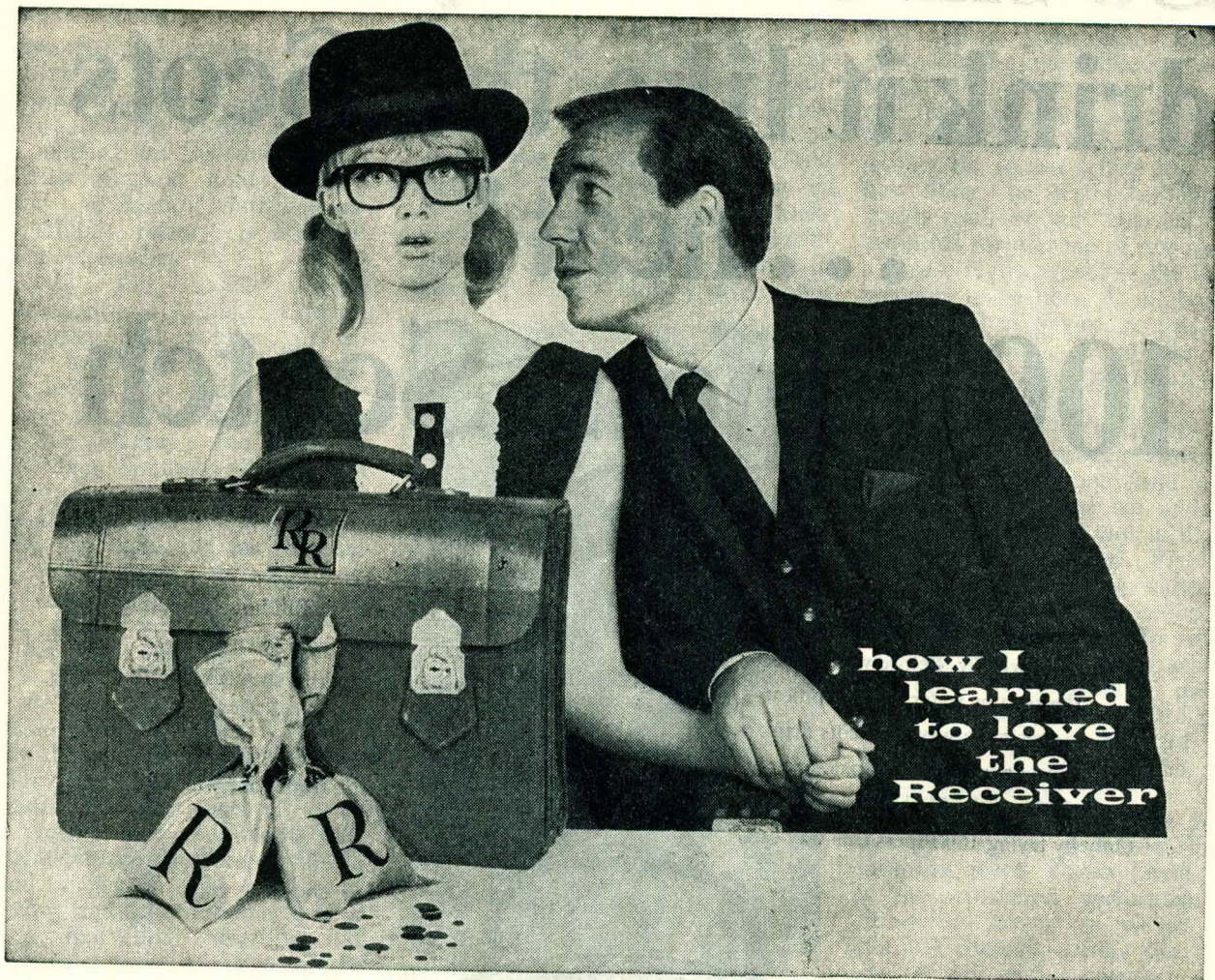
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The resistance movements

Smallpox, said the World Health Organisation in its report for 1966, was rife in Africa during the year. The continent accounted for nearly 20% of the 57,000 cases which occurred throughout the world. Hoping to eradicate smallpox within ten years, WHO announced that it would mount a world-wide campaign against the disease this year. But for Africa smallpox is merely one of several contagious diseases which ravage west and central Africa especially. Last week delegates from seven African states met at Yaoundé, in Cameroon, to incorporate the WHO campaign against smallpox into a wider war on leprosy, bilharzia, trachoma, and malaria. And at Dakar, Senegal, French Social Affairs Minister Jean-Marcel Jeanneney presided over a conference of 500 doctors who met to discuss methods of fighting disease in the bush.

Formidable foes. Senegalese Health Minister Abdoulaye Ly told the Dakar delegates that "fearful epidemics" still swept through West Africa from time to time. Hampering factors against the prevention of such epidemics, said Ly, were the high cost of drugs, and the lack of doctors — there is only one doctor for every 50,000 rural in-



SMALLPOX: STILL A THREAT TO THE WORLD
Old enemies, new weapons

habitants in West Africa. Most disturbing statistics were Senegal's: half of all children born in Senegal die before the age of five, and 150 babies in 1,000 die before their first birthday. By week's end most of the participants in the Dakar conference had left for Abidjan, in the Ivory Coast, for a seminar on malaria and weaning. Meanwhile, in Malagasy's Tananarive, where leprosy is endemic, World Leper

Day (January 29) was marked by the announcement that leprosy is on the increase on the island. Confirmed cases went up 3% in 1966 to 31,000. Thus last week, while the hopeful conferences convened, Africa ailed on.

Rocky recovery

Breast cancer is the most common type of cancer among women, and the most easily cured if diagnosed and treated in time. But the radical surgery (usually amputation) entailed in the cure can leave deep psychological scars. With a breast missing, many women feel cruelly disfigured. The experience was undergone by an American housewife, Terese Lasser, 15 years ago. Troubled by it, she decided to help other women with similar rehabilitation problems. Now disseminated by the Reach to Recovery Foundation of which Terese Lasser is founder and president, the system is used by 250 hospitals around the world. In 1966, New York-based Reach to Recovery helped 5,000 women.

Thanks for the . . . Last week Mrs Lasser jetted in to Jan Smuts for a two-week visit, addressed one crowded meeting in Johannesburg, another at Baragwanath Hospital, and flew on to Capetown for more talks there. About the method: "The most vital part of our work," she explains, "is to make a patient realise that she is the same woman." Soon after surgery a patient is visited by a volunteer helper who suggests the use of false breasts straight away so that the patient can "face the world". Then begins a series of exercises ranging from swinging a skipping rope to brushing hair. These are accompanied by cosmetic applications such as creams which hide discolouration. It is all backed up with help for emotional adjustment — quiet woman-to-woman chats which emphasise that things are not really so bad.

Creeping back

The days of the big polio scares are a casual memory now for most parents. So much so, that they are forgetting that polio can only be kept at bay by vaccination. South Africa's Health Department released figures a fortnight ago that show that last year the incidence of polio was up by 300% since 1964. Last year there were 423 cases, and most of the victims were under four years old — which shows that parents are slipping up. Babies, the Department emphasised, should be inoculated as fast as they are born.

Out into the warmth

King George V, for his subjects at least, was all that a constitutional monarch could be. While maintaining the dignity and decorum that royalty is supposed to manifest, he was also a family man with a robust sense of humour. Throughout his reign he set a worthy standard and style for kingship, result being that when his son Edward became king on George's



PRO-EDWARD DEMONSTRATION, 1937
King of the rueful countenance

death in 1936, there was a rigid and hallowed pattern to which to conform. Edward, spectacularly, did not conform.

Abdication (Hodder & Stoughton) by Brian Inglis adds little to what has already been written of the short unhappy reign of Edward VIII, but is more ordered and balanced than previous, predominantly partisan accounts.

The conscience of a king. The blame, as Inglis sets it out, rested equally between King and Government. Edward had taken small trouble to disguise his relationship with Wallis Simpson, the American divorcee. He had taken her on a Mediterranean cruise and done nothing about the resulting criticism except to ask Lord Beaverbrook, the English press baron, to keep the scandal out of his papers. American papers, however, were under no such restriction and throughout the first months of Edward's reign were full of the affair. The story, as the religious and political establishment realised, was bound to break. Stanley Baldwin, British PM of the time, seems to have at first attempted to circumvent the abdication. Edward was later to record his amusement that Baldwin, a stern if pliable upholder of virtue, circumspectly suggested to him at an

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early stage that as the British public would not accept a divorcee as Queen, it might be best if Simpson was dropped altogether or, at least, kept as an out-of-sight-out-of-mind mistress. Edward refused; Canterbury and Baldwin rejected the alternative, morganatic marriage. Late in 1937, Edward abdicated and went into long grey years of exile. History had the last ironic word. A year after came Munich and a *cause célèbre* dwindled to an anecdote.

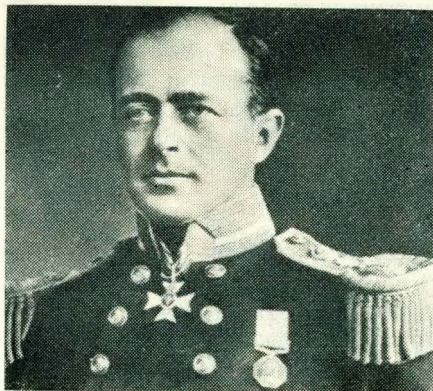
Brave men, bold men

Towards the end of March, 1912, Robert Scott, the Antarctic explorer, wrote a final entry in his journal: "Every day we have been ready to start for our depot eleven miles away, but outside the door of my tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. . . We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far." This understatement — his companions were already dead — marked the end of the heroic era of Polar exploration that had begun in the previous century. For Scott, whose attempt to be the first to reach the south pole was from the beginning dogged by inadequate finances and plain bad luck, it was the consummation of a lifetime's dedication to the principles of courage, stoicism and pluck — qualities which he and his contemporaries considered to be the *sine qua non* of a British gentleman. As Reginald Pound, with the aid of material not available to earlier biographers, relates in **Scott of the Antarctic** (Cassell), Scott, in the turmoils and passions of his private life, was considerably more human and complex than the stereotyped picture usually given of him.

Balancing the spirit. Born in 1868 the son of a brewer, Scott throughout his childhood suffered from poor health which manifested itself in languor and melancholy. Partly as a reaction against this, but also because of the bankruptcy and death of his father forced him into providing for his mother and sisters, Scott drove himself to become a successful naval officer. His skill in a boat race attracted the attention of Sir Clements Markham, a geographer planning an expedition to the Antarctic, with the result that Scott led the National Antarctic expedition of 1901/1904. While the Royal Society and the Royal Geographic Society, both of which had provided much of the financial backing, were dubious as to the scientific value of the expedition, Scott returned to England to find himself a popular hero. Drifting through the society of

the day — his friends included J. M. Barrie and Max Beerbohm — he fell in love with and eventually married Kathleen O'Reilly, a semi-bohemian sculptor. It was, in a sense, an attraction of opposites. She, a believer in eugenics, found in Scott "the father of my son for whom I had been searching"; he found in her a release from the stringencies of his code.

Loser take all. The south pole, during the first decade of the present century, had become a centre of international rivalry. As a result of public pressure that an Englishman be the first to reach the pole and because he felt that only in hardship could he overcome what he felt to be his morbid introspection, Scott organised and led a fatal second expedition to the Antarctic. Everything went wrong. While Scott had planned to use machines and ponies as well as dogs for drawing the sledges (they were all to fail him), his Norwegian rival Roald Amundsen used only dogs — which also served as food — and reached the pole a month before Scott's party. After the bitter disappointment of finding themselves second, there was the return journey in virtually impossible conditions. Apart from the weather Scott found that inadequate supplies of oil and food had been left for them at the



EXPLORER ROBERT SCOTT
A death for immortality

depots. The first to go was Edgar Evans who fell into a coma and died. Next was Lawrence Oates, the "very gallant gentleman", who wandered off into a blizzard in order to increase his companions' chances of survival. The remaining three, "Birdie" Bowers, Scott and Edward Wilson were finally trapped in their tent. Scott spent his final days writing letters and his journal. He wrote his epitaph in an open letter to his countrymen: "Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and dead bodies must tell the tale . . ."

Deaths in the family

For most people, and judging by the rare performances, for producers too, the chronicle plays of Shakespeare are a dead bore: *Richard II* is not bad; *Henry IV* is played only so that ageing actors may have a crack at jolly John Falstaff; *Henry V* is packed with useful quotes; but *Henry VI*, all three parts of it, is totally OUT. *Richard III* is too often an excuse for gothick makeup and crippled hobbling around the stage: and anyway, after the opening speech and the death of Clarence, what else is there? The skit in *Beyond the Fringe* with a zany king yelling "Get thee to Sussex, Gloucester; and thee to Surrey, Norfolk; hie thee to Bedford, Essex . . ." and so on, sums up most people's feelings about Shakespeare's rehash of the Wars of the Roses.

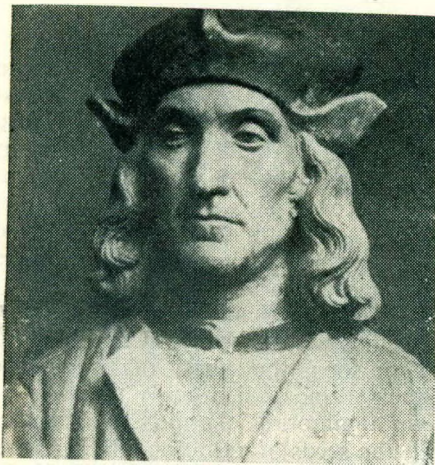
But Shakespeare made his name with *Henry VI*, the supposedly dullest of the series: the Elizabethans were plainly fascinated by it all. Now, in **Bosworth Field** (Macmillan), historian A. L. Rowse zips through from 1399 to 1485, disentangles the bloody time and its chief actors, and reconstitutes their fascination.

All of the talents, none of the skills. It begins with Edward III and his too-many sons, the eldest of which, the Black Prince, died early, leaving as heir a minor, Richard II. His uncles felt the seeds of ambition stir: Richard seemed perversely to water them. Charming, cultured, immensely clever (though rarely wise), he could nurse a grudge with, says Rowse quoting a marvellous phrase of Swift's, "the long sedate resentment of a Spaniard". Early handled cruelly by his uncles, he bided his time, and took out his spite when opportunity offered. The offence caught up with him. In 1399 his cousin Henry Bolingbroke stole the throne, and Richard was killed.

Fangs of time. But Henry IV, and his son, Henry V, were descended only from Edward III's third son. Though the two Henries were strong enough to hold the throne, a smidgin of legality stayed with the descendants of Edward's second son. It slumbered poisonously through Henry V's victorious campaign in France (glorious but pointless, says Rowse, for the English simply could not hold down France once they captured it), then burst out under the simple-minded Henry VI. Another turn of the wheel, another king killed, and the new York line, with Edward IV, sat upon the spattered throne.

A final Henry. Edward did not last long, and when he died, the involved Atridean tragedy came full circle with

another minor king, another uncle, the spiderish Richard III. Rowse has no truck with whitewashing Richard: there can be no doubt that Richard quickly murdered off his nephew-charges in a final burst of the family ambition. But now England was appalled and disgusted. When the Earl of Richmond, Henry Tudor, landed in England, he successfully defeated the last of the York gang at Bosworth in 1485. Henry's legality was weak. But so wide had been the swathe ambition that cut through Edward III's descendants, so many the heads that had rolled as men, tempted by the crown, each succumbed to temptation, that Henry's claim stood. With the Tudors, the ravaging appetites were at last stilled



FIRST TUDOR KING, HENRY VII
End of the line

— helped along, admittedly, by the fact that the Tudors carefully wiped out quite remote co-descendants of Edward III as soon as they spotted the family lusts even faintly astir.

Iridescent textile. The lure of power, operating like venom through devious veins, is the fascination of *Bosworth*, as it kills off men as various as the strident Richard, the able Henry IV, the Churchillian Henry V and his soft-headed son. It tears at and ruins women ranging from the upstart wife of Edward IV to the Amazonian queen of Henry VI. It is continuously bloody; its passages are marked by the brute violence of some, the serpentine cunning of others. It is a great story. For the Elizabethans it had happened only a hundred years before: many in their own time had seen the Tudors execute far sprigs of Edward III's root in a last spasm of the conflict. It is the best thing one can say of Rowse's retelling that it makes the period as exciting five centuries after; that it recaptures the whole spectacle in its unbelievable bloodiness, its high-coloured texture shot with almost all the range of emotions.

LETTERS

Party line

Sir,—Apropos your COVERSTORY of Jan 27, in the good old days South-african politics was divided into pro-Afrikanerdoms and anti-Afrikanerdoms. The UP was quite safe in following the traditional pattern by attacking the government's "Native Policy" (as it was then known) as an Achilles' heel, without having to bother itself about devising an alternative solution. During the tenure of Dr Verwoerd, however, the distinct lines of our political world gradually disappeared and the UP now finds itself faced with an electorate that is no longer interested in destructive criticism but wants to hear of an alternative. They have not been able to adapt to the change.

The younger English-speaking electorate is generally satisfied with NP's leadership and general policy, but cannot bring itself to fully supporting a party which still numbers among its supporters many rabid protagonists of Afrikanerdom. If only the Hertzogites could be persuaded to go into reverse and do a back-split out of the NP. They could inspan themselves as an opposition resolutely facing back down the pages of history. (The Regressive Party, perhaps?) The UP could then gracefully go on pension and the electorate would at last be faced with an objective choice in a rationalised party system.

"D.M.H.",
Fish Hoek.

Sir,—Congratulations on your provocatively accurate analysis of Southafrica's current political setup — even if you could not conceal your despondency and doubt about ever having worthwhile dialogue.

Keep faith. The prospects are not nearly so sombre as you have painted them. Time is ripe for a shake-up. There are thousands of thinking South-africans who are not going to tolerate our existing smug, purposeless political entities *ad infinitum*. For proof I can tell you that when Errol Yeatman and I left Professor van der Merwe's cranky Republican Party in October 1965 to form the Republican Front, we were motivated more by frustration than political purpose. Today this movement has gathered some meaning and over 3,000 supporters.

Now, if a comparatively insignificant movement such as this which has *no* financial backing, *no* proper organisation, *no* press and *no* recognised leader, can collar the support of so many,

surely there must be hope for a new political party in Southafrica — a virile, national movement which will cut boldly across the old dividing lines to grip the imagination of the electorate (and shake them out of their current stupor) by a fresh approach to our problems.

Francois Roux,
Vanderbijlpark.

Rebound

Sir,—W. H. Reynor is too well known a Government hater and baiter for anyone with commonsense to take his latest outburst against "Oom" Kurt Edwards seriously (LETTERS, Dec 20). I would remind him that if he was living in one of the American states a letter of that nature against the rulers would have him on the first plane out or could lead to a public hanging. Yet Mr Reynor has never replied to "Oom" Kurt's challenges. Is he scared?

G. van Onselen,
Port Elizabeth.

Breathlessness

Sir,—Peter Wilhelm's discussion of black Southafrican authors (OUTLOOK, Jan 27) is stimulating for its insight. But he should have indicated, just to ensure that Southafrican readers do not get too excited about, or interested in this tantalising output, that they are not allowed to read some of these writers. Seven of the eleven moderns you mention are banned in Southafrica, never mind exiled.

S. Molckton,
Durban.

Flood or famine

Sir,—I was interested to see the *Burger* cartoon in your story on immigration (SOUTHAFRICA, Jan 27). I remember another famous *Burger* cartoon of the UP era which depicted an old Afrikaner sitting on a branch of a fallen tree, and surveying with dismay the floodwaters of *immigrasie* around him. Who says there are no progressive Afrikaners?

L. Smith,
Johannesburg.

A prog in the dark

Sir,—You say that Laurie Gandar is the supreme pessimist of the year (COVERSTORY, Dec 30). I think that honour should go to NEWS/CHECK for saying that Helen Suzman is the supreme optimist of the year.

John Levy,
Johannesburg.



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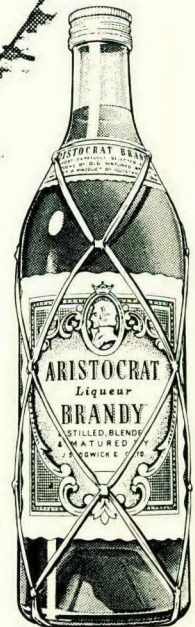
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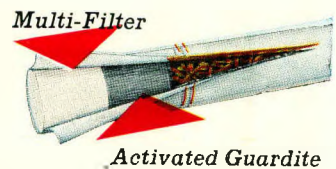
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