Ekonomiese toestande in 1929.

Die Indiese argipel is baie swaar getref deur die wêrelddepressie van 1929, aangesien 'n produksie- of grondstowweland altyd baie kwesbaar is. Die Westerse bedrywe in die argipel het toe op groot skaal besuinig, die menslike arbeidskrag is deur masjiene vervang en baie van die inheemse bevolking was dus sonder werk. Internasionale produksiereëlings vir suiker, rubber, tee, tabak en tin het toe tot stand gekom. Dis in hierdie jare dat Japan die mark oorstroom het met sy goedkoop produkte en so die Westerse nasies verdring het. Die owerheid het dus besluit om industrialisasie aan te moedig, 'n invoerkwota vas te lê en die oorbevolking van Java te emigreer na Sumatra. Die gevolg was dat die Indiese argipel as 'n selfstandige land verder ontwikkel en minder afhanklik van Nederland gemaak is, terwyl die nasionale strewe van die bevolking in hierdie krisisjare ook sterk ontwaak het.

Die posisie is vandag dat Indonesië onafhanklik is, behalwe Nieu-Guinea wat nog onder die Nederlandse vlag is. Die gebeurtenisse in die jongste oorlog het egter die prestige van die blankes geweldig laat daal met die verowering van hierdie gebiede deur 'n Oosterse ras, die Japanners.

WAAROM?

IRAM

Op wieke van 'n sug
ontvlug
'n naamloos' leed,
'n maatloos' pyn —
wat almaar dieper skryn —
my jammerende siel.

Waarom, O waarom, moet
ek boet
in enge vasgekerenheid?
Waarom dan durf my sielsverlange
nie ook soos joune onbevange
uitsweef, ongebonde, vry?

Waarom moet onvermydelikheid
van ewige gebondenheid
die kiemsel van my siel versmoor?
Waarom moet ek die ploeterend' gang
van alledaagse vaalheid gaan, so wrang,
as dieper, teerder stemme luider roep?

The Magic of Study

R. WALLIS

My most cherished possession cannot be seen, but it can be felt inside. I refer to the knowledge I have gained by studying for a degree; or rather to the effect that the knowledge has had on my mind.

I look at myself a few years back — and shudder. I see an ignorant, prejudiced, biased, bigoted and forward young nincompoop; and what is worse, a fellow quite content with his condition. Today I have the thrill of knowing that through the search for knowledge I have conquered many of those prejudices, and that, with more study and experience, I may develop into a fairly wise, tolerant, humane citizen.

This astonishing metamorphosis, this sudden acceleration of intellectual and moral development has something of awe in it, something of magic. It is a spiritual experience of the deepest kind, for God is knowledge, and the acquisition of knowledge godlike. As the timeless trail passes slowly underfoot, as the milestones of achievement go by, this feeling of awe strengthens. Life is found to be not so simple after all, and the most common situations become invested with a wonder, take on a dramatic tinge. The past is ever before the student, colouring, deepening, intensifying his perception of the present, moulding and guiding his future, his destiny and perhaps the destiny of other people, for the young student is a leader in embryo.

Later the student's hard-won wisdom and detachment must be used in life's crises to steady his fellows when ignorant passion is unleashed; when the citadel of civilized intellect is assailed and when the embattled salients of new-born knowledge are threatened with destruction.

Those who have won a mastery of some department of art or science carry a great responsibility. They bear the fragile vase of civilization. It is an exciting and also a sobering reflection.

Anyone born with an intellect capable of advanced study should cultivate it to the full for noble ends. To neglect to do so is to waste a precious gift, and to fail in one's duty to God. Indeed, neglect inevitably brings frustration and restlessness.

There are many adverse critics, in South Africa and elswhere, of external degrees. They consider that a true University training cannot be given by post. Surely they are wrong. Knowledge is not locked up behind the brick and stone of University walls, but lies embodied in the great works of great thinkers. The correspondence University directs students to these books, which they could never discover by themselves and also directs students through the maze of the writer's thought.

I treasure these friends to whom I have been introduced by the University of South Africa. Fisher, Walker, Newbigin, Unstead, Taylor, Sobeck, Steers, the University Atlas, Shakespear, The Parnassus, The Golden Treasury, Stevenson, Lamb, Conrad, Lawrence, Shaw, Gardner, Wyatt, Voltaire, Rousseau, Montesquieu, Cattell — the list is long. To come into contact with such a body of intelligence is a revelation, and we students owe an unpayable debt to the founders of the External Division and to the directors and interpreters of its policy.

The Part Played by Missionary Churches in Bantu Education in the Province of the Orange Free State

W. M. KGWARE, M.A., B.Ed.

IN January, 1949 the late Dr. A. J. Stals, then Minister of Education, appointed a Commission of eight members, under the chairmanship of Dr. W. W. M. Eiselen, now Secretary for Native Affairs, to inquire into the present system of Bantu education and to make recommendations for its possible improvement. The Commission completed its Report in April, 1951 (U.G. No. 53/1951).

One of the major recommendations of the Eiselen Commission is that the local administration of Bantu education should be transferred from the Missionary Churches to local Bantu Authorities. It is probable that legislation to implement this and other recommendations of the Commission will be introduced by the Minister of Education during the 1953 session of Parliament. In the following paragraphs a brief account is given of the part played by the Missionary Churches in Bantu education in the province of the Orange Free State.

A. *The Period of Beginnings: 1823—1902.*

As in the other provinces of Union, Bantu education in the Free State owes its genesis to the work of missionaries. In 1823 Landdrost Andries Stockenstroom and the Rev. Abraham Faure, of Graaff-Reinet, founded a mission school, the first of its kind, some twenty miles north of the Orange River. This mission station was called Philippolis in honour of Dr. John Philip, the famous superintendent of the London Missionary Society stations at the Cape at that time. The mission station at Philippolis was intended to serve the wandering Bushman and Koranna tribes, but as these people could not be induced to lead a settled life, the Griquas, under their captain, Adam Kok, were prevailed upon to settle there.

In 1822 two Wesleyan missionaries, Broadbent and Hodgson, travelled from Cape Town northwards until they reached Maquassie, in the western Transvaal, where they settled among a tribe of Barolong under their chief, Sefunelo, the father of chief Moroka of Thaba'Nchu fame. Harassed continually by the Matebele of Mzilikazi, the Barolong at Maquassie, accompanied by the Missionaries Hodgson and Archbell, the latter having replaced Broadbent, struck camp and moved from place to place eventually landing at Thaba'Nchu where they at length found peace under the protecting hand of Moshoeshoe, the founder of the Basotho nation. A flourishing mission station was established at Thaba'Nchu in 1832.

In 1834 the Berlin Mission Society sent out five missionaries who obtained a grant of land for a mission station from Adam Kok. The new station, situated some twenty miles south of Bloemfontein, was called Bethany. Originally intended for the nomadic Koranna, Bethany was destined to become a flourishing station for the evangelization of the Barolong and other Tswana tribes.

After the Basotho War of 1865 two new missionary agencies established themselves in the Free State, viz., the Dutch Reformed Church at Witzieshoek and the Anglican Church at Modderpoort.

Each of the main mission stations mentioned above served a greater or lesser number of out-stations, the latter generally placed in the charge of a Bantu local preacher or catechist. Because of the unsettled state of the country at the time, many of these out-stations were short-lived; indeed even the main stations were always in danger of being overwhelmed by warring tribes.

Realising that their work of evangelizing the Bantu tribes would be greatly prospered if their newly won converts could read the Catechism and the Scriptures in their own native languages, the missionaries, who had themselves diligently learned to speak these languages, opened schools where religious instruction, hymn-singing, and the three R's were taught. At a later stage elementary instruction in the rules of health, field husbandry and handcrafts was introduced. The European language spoken by the respective missionaries also found place in the school curriculum.

The missionaries did not only offer their services as teachers but they were also responsible for the erection of schools. They were at once stone-masons, bricklayers and carpenters. They had to find all the funds required to run their schools. Most of the necessary financial support came from missionary societies in Europe; but the Volksraad of the young Republic of the Orange Free State also made financial contributions from its limited resources. In 1878 the Volksraad decided to make a grant of £45 per annum to the Dutch Reformed Church for the maintenance of its Bantu schools at Witzieshoek. In 1889 a grant of £30 per annum was voted for the Berlin Mission school at Bethany, and one of £50 for the Wesleyan schools at Thaba'Nchu.

B. *The Period of Growth and Development: 1903—1952.*

After the Peace of Vereeniging the missionaries set about to repair the damage done by three years of warfare. Churches were built or rebuilt, schools opened or re-opened, and the scattered congregations shepherded together again. In 1908 the Dutch Reformed Church opened a training school for Bantu teachers, evangelists, and ministers near Viljoensdrift. This school was named "Die Stofberggedenkskool" in honour of the Rev. Stofberg, of Mochudi, who for many years had urged the need for such a school. The capital required for the establishment of this boarding school was provided jointly by the Dutch Reformed Churches of the Cape, Transvaal, Natal, and the Free State, for this institution was intended to supply the Bantu workers for the D.R.C. mission field throughout Southern Africa.

In 1922 the Anglican Church attempted to open a secondary school at Modderpoort, but it was not until six years later that this project was accomplished. In 1928 a well organized secondary school and a teacher-training college were opened. In 1937 the

Job with a future—
BANKING
Young people, ambitious to build a career, should contact the Manager of the nearest Branch of the Bank.
NBSA
NETHERLANDS BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA LIMITED
REGISTERED COMMERCIAL BANK

Wesleyans at Thaba'Nchu started schools similar to those at Modderpoort. About the same time a missionary hospital was built and this hospital, called the Moroka Missionary Hospital, is today recognized by the Medical and Nursing Councils of South Africa as a suitable training centre for Bantu nurses. A decade ago the D.R.C. opened its second teacher training school in the Free State, viz., the Strydom Opleidingskool, in Bloemfontein.

Until 1923 the Missionary Churches had to find most of the money required to run their schools. In that year the Provincial Administration of the Free State assumed responsibility for the payment of teachers' salaries, thus relieving the missions of a crushing financial burden which had been cheerfully borne. With government subsidy of mission schools came a government-drawn code, inspection by government-appointed inspectors, and government-conducted examinations. Prior to these innovations the missionary, aided by the Bantu clergyman or evangelist, was at once curriculum-maker, inspector, teacher, and examiner. Today missionaries and/or Bantu ministers still serve as managers or superintendents of their schools, a service which they render without any remuneration by the State.

A unique feature in the organization of mission schools in the Free State is the so-called united school found in all the urban areas of the province. The movement towards amalgamation of mission schools began in the early 1920's. Before that time there was to be found in each municipal Bantu village a number of denominational schools, each school jealous of its own interests and not infrequently engaging in cut-throat competition with the other schools. With the establishment of united schools it has become possible for the missions to approach the municipal authority jointly for financial assistance in the erection of school buildings for the Bantu village community as a whole.

Out of a few of the more populous united schools, notably those at Bloemfontein, Kroonstad, Bethlehem, and Heilbron, there have grown secondary and high schools which are also under missionary administration. There are no government schools for the Bantu in the Free State.

Another noteworthy development during the last two decades has been the establishment of mission schools for the Bantu on European-owned farms. In 1949 there were 436 of these schools or over 75 per cent. of Bantu schools in the province. It is interesting to notice that the Free State has more farm schools than any of the other, and larger, provinces of the Union. The establishment and sucess of the farm schools are proof alike of the diligence and tact of the missionaries, on the one hand, and the sympathy and interest of the average white farmer in the matter of Bantu education and general development, on the other.

What of the future? We quote paragraph 983 of the Eiselen Report.

> "Your Commission's recommendation that the control of Bantu schools should gradually be transferred to Bantu Local Authorities does not imply a desire to see a reduction of the activities of religious bodies on behalf of the Bantu. On the contrary, it is the earnest desire of the Commission that this work should grow and expand, and that religious bodies should do all in their power to support and promote the work of the schools."

Kunshistoriese Toer na Europa

STUDENTE of oud-studente wat belang stel in 'n kunstoer deur die klassieke Sisilië, deur Italië en Suid-Duitsland, kan nog by 'n groep aansluit wat op 12 Desember per vliegtuig vertrek en op 13 Januarie 1953 terugkeer. Hierdie toer wat deur dr. E. Holm gereël word, bied 'n gunstige moontlikheid om teen verminderde pryse o.a. Segesta, Selinunte, Agrigento, Siracusa, Taormina, Napels, Rome, Florence, Venesië, München, Ulm ,Heidelberg, Spiers, Worms, Mainz, ens. te leer ken.

Om teleurstellings te voorkom word belangstellendes aangeraai om hulle moontlik vroegtydig aan te meld sodat besonderhede i.v.m. reiskoste, roete, ens., verstrek kan word. Alle korrespondensie moet gerig word aan:

Dr. E. Holm, Universiteit van Suid-Afrika,
Posbus 1513, Pretoria.

Soortgelyke groepstoere onder deskundige leiding op alle gebiede van die akademiese lewe word vir die toekoms beplan.

SLEGS WIE VERLANGE KEN . . .

IRAM

As ek so dwalend, soekend tas,
Dan steek daar pynlik in my boesem vas
'n skrynend' sielesnik.

Hoe kan ek jou dit sê, o, hoe verklaar
Wat in my siel ontbrand, die smart gepaar
met diepe sielskonflik?

Jy met jou dieper insig, ha! — is jy dan blindgeslaan,
Ken jy geen hart, kan jy nie weet wat jy begaan
deur insigloosheid gans bevange?

Jy, stamina van lewensvreug, van sielsgeluk,
Jy laat my kruipend gaan, gebuk
in hunkerende sielsverlange!

Jy hoor nie eens die brokkelende flarde van 'n sug
Wat hunkerend my hart ontvlug
as liefde hoog gedy.

Jy merk nie eens die pyndeurpriemde hart
wat naak en smekend voor jou staan;
Want onverskillig-koud, gevoelloos gaan
jou blik my sydelings verby.

O! . . . dat ek aan jou my sugtend' hart kon openbaar!
Dat jy in wederliefde teer die myne sou aanvaar . . .
maar nee, helaas, dis tevergeefs! te veel gevra.

Slegs wie verlange ken, weet wat ek ly!

POETIC IMAGERY: The Simile

Dr. J. T. GREEN, M.A.(S.A.), Ph.D.(Leeds)
(Department of English, Teachers' College, Heidelberg)

THE reading of good poetry is a perennial delight. We consider a poem good when it expresses in clear and simple language that which most of us feel in certain circumstances, but seldom can express with sincerity and feeling. A poem is good when it contains certain sense or mind pictures. These we call images, like simile, metaphor, or personification. In this article I would like to tell you something about the simile, with particular reference to the poetry of Matthew Arnold, the great Victorian, who gave us such delightful things as "Sohrab and Rustum", "Dover Beach", "Empedocles on Etna", and "Resignation".

Simile is a figure of speech in which resemblance or analogy is perceived amid essential unlikeness, introduced by the particles "as" and "like", or some other equivalent.

Simile and metaphor are varieties of poetic effect which have always been associated. This is how Aristotle connects them: "Now we do not know the meaning of strange words, and proper terms we know already. It is metaphor, therefore, that above all produces this effect; for when Homer calls old age stubble, he teaches and informs us through the genus; for both have lost their bloom. The similes of the poets have also the same effect; wherefore, if they are well constructed, an impression of smartness is produced." Therefore a simile is really a metaphor with a preface; it says that one thing resembles another, not, like the metaphor, that it is another.

The simile may be called an extended metaphor, the metaphor a compressed simile. But the real difference between the two is one of great theoretic importance. In the simile, the comparison is indicated by a distinct particle, "as" or "like", as I have said. It is therefore formal imagery. But in metaphor we have veiled imagery, where there are no particles to reveal resemblance — the connection of the two ideas is made indirectly, insinuated, as it were, into the expression of a sentence.

The readiest means of illustrating an object or an action or even an idea, is by representing it as like something more familiar. When the two objects so likened to each other belong to the same order of being, we have merely a comparison; when they belong to different orders of being, we have the figure known as simile. It is, however, difficult to maintain this strict distinction in practice, since it depends largely on the context.

In his "Art of Rhetoric", Aristotle tells us what condemns poets in their wrong use of simile, but also what recommends them if they use it with propriety: "Similes, also, are always in a manner approved metaphors; since they always consist of two terms, like the proportional metaphor, as when we say, for instance, that the shield is the goblet of Ares, and the bow a lyre without strings. But such an expression is not simple, but when we call the bow a lyre, or a shield a goblet, it is."

Simile and metaphor are often distinguished by saying that the former is an explicit comparison introduced by "as" or "like", while the latter is an implicit comparison, all terms or comparison being omitted. But the difference, both from a literary and a psychological point of view, lies deeper. Emotion so fuses thought and image that they appear as one, and we have metaphor. Simile deliberately holds them apart and views them separately. The formal nature of the introductory "as" or "like" brings a pause, a slackening, and a certain interruption. We lose the force and rapidity of metaphor.

Simile, then, being the great illustrative figure, is especially adapted to promote clearness and thought of expression not so well adapted to force and passion. But this does not mean that simile is less pleasing than metaphor, because more at length. Consider the following example from Arnold's "Balder Dead":

"And as in winter, when the frost breaks up,
At winter's end, before the spring begins,
And a warm west-wind blows, and the thaw sets in —
After an hour a dripping sound is heard
In all the forests, and the soft-strewn snow
Under the trees is dibbled thick with holes,
And from the boughs the snowloads shuffle down
And, in fields sloping to the south, dark plots
Of grass peep out amid surrounding snow,
And widen, and the peasant's heart is glad —
So through the world was heard a dripping noise
Of all things weeping to bring Balder back;
And there fell joy upon the Gods to hear."

But sometimes this formalness and deliberateness, the pause and explicitness can make the simile in itself less poetic. It is sought out for the sake of ornament, and therefore more decorative, and less functional, than metaphor, which is a source of expression that starts up instinctively with the process of sincere meditation. Metaphor is therefore more naturally poetic.

But what simile loses in suggestiveness, it gains in clearness. While metaphor gives words a figurative meaning, simile leaves them their natural and literal meaning. In simile two similar objects are compared; in metaphor the object spoken of disappears behind an object that is similar to it. We may further say that whereas simile lightens up discourse, metaphor darkens it, unless the likeness on which it is based be very obvious.

All this, however, does not imply that a simile is devoid of any poetic advantages. It has been said that one of its greatest uses is that "it takes one away from other circumstances and concentrates attention on one aspect particularly desired by the poet". To this may be added that simile gives great opportunity for the wandering fancy, but it is not appropriate only to that sort of work. Simile may be used by concentrated imagination, piercing into the meaning of the actual subject before it, as we notice in the following image from "Sohrab and Rustum":

STEINWAY

Merkwaardige reputasie deur die eeue opgebou.

PIANO'S

DIE INSTRUMENT VAN DIE ONSTERFLIKES

★ ★ ★

Word uitsluitlik die hele wêreld deur gebruik deur

ALLE VOORAANSTAANDE
MUSICI EN KONSERTSALE

★ ★ ★

Die hoogste artistiese prestasie van die pianomaker.

★ ★ ★

Enigste agente vir die Unie van Suid-Afrika —

POLLIACKS

H. POLLIACK & KIE. BPK.

WAARBY INGELYF IS

GEBRS. MACKAY BPK., GEBRS. MACKAY & McMAHON BPK.

KERKSTRAAT 241, PRETORIA

BULAWAYO en SALISBURY

DURBAN JOHANNESBURG KAAPSTAD

THE DRAMA

THERE are probably no two cultural interests so closely allied to each other as those of Music and Theatre. One might almost call them true sisters in art. Both are largely interdependent on each other. Opera and Ballet being two great examples.

During the last year there has been in South Africa a great revival in the living theatre. The larger towns are setting up professional and semi-professional repertory companies and have been playing to ever-increasing audiences. In the smaller towns great strides have been made by the National Theatre Organisation to cater for the wants of those who have no opportunity of hearing or seeing great dramatic works, and the interest taken in these productions has shown that there is again here an increasing population waiting this call on cultural development. The organisation is not based on a commercial-system entertainment pure and simple, but does endeavour to give the public some of the literary highlights of the theatre.

Perhaps the greatest fillip to the theatres in South Africa has been the visit of the Vic-Wells Company. This wonderful body, which has built itself up in spite of difficulty upon difficulty, showed us what can be done without actually commercialising same. The Shakespearean productions must have cheered the hearts of the students who "swot" these play for examination purposes with little or no insight into the producer's viewpoint. The conceptions of the various producers were original and often controversial, but to their credit, always highly artistic. The players were imbued with that high spirit of the theatre that calls for the highest standard. Perhaps we may see the rise in our own National Theatre of a South African Vic-Wells Company. All who love the theatre must sincerely say "We hope so."

„For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of Fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,
We know not, and no search will make us know:
Only the event will teach us in its hour."

As simile is a form of imagery, its main function is pictorial. It is greatly evocative, calling up before the mind's eye a picture which may or may not make clearer the object which it is intended to illustrate or embellish, but at all events make its own impression on the imagination. Often it has an attractiveness and beauty of its own. The following simile expresses Hermod's emotions, when, in the distance, he saw the approach of Heaven. It is also taken from "Balder Dead":

"And as a traveller in the early dawn
To the steep edge of some great valley comes,
Through which a river flows, and sees, beneath,
Clouds of white rolling vapours fill the vale,
But o'er them, on the farther slope, descries
Vineyards, and crofts, and pastures, bright with sun,
So Hermod, o'er the fog between, saw Heaven."

In "Sohrab and Rustum" the slender and graceful build of the young prince is compared to

". . . some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound . . ."

In the same epic narrative, the death of Sohrab is likened to the tender beauty of hyacinths:

"Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some fresh hyacinth, which by the scythe
Of an unskilful gardener has been cut,
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass . . ."

By way of résumé we may say then that simile has a threefold function: intellectual, emotional, and aesthetic. In description, narrative and exposition, its natural work is to aid understanding by imparting clearness, simplicity, and, if possible, impressiveness also, to poetic thought. Its vivacity and fullness of detail, as well as its freshness and intensity in the hands of Matthew Arnold, is a great deal more valuable than its conventional decoration or superficial art.

Aanspreeklikheid vir Skade deur Diere aangerig

JUS.

„My hond het my skoonmoeder gebyt. Die troue dier is dood. Jy kan my gevoelens raai, maar ek kan nie die regsposisie raai nie. Gee tog raad asb." So het 'n vriend nou die dag sy nood by my kom klae. Daarom dat ek die een en ander wil sê aan vriende wat in 'n dergelike moeilikheid kan beland.

In die reël kan mens nie aanspreeklik wees vir die onregmatige daad of misdaad van 'n ander nie. So is 'n ouer nie aanspreeklik vir die onregmatige daad van sy kind nie en ewe min is die een gade aanspreeklik vir 'n delik deur die ander gepleeg. Oorgedraagde aanspreeklikheid (aanspreeklikheid vir die daad van 'n ander) is dus 'n rariteit, maar die rariteit kom tog voor. Ingevolge die Kinderwet kan 'n ouer onder sekere omstandighede aanspreeklik wees vir sekere misdade gepleeg deur sy minderjarige kind; in die deliktereg is 'n heer aanspreeklik vir delikte gepleeg deur sy dienaar binne die bestek van sy dienskontrak; en eindelik is mens ook aanspreeklik vir skade deur jou diere aangerig.

Hierdie aanspreeklikheid kan op een van twee gronde berus. In die eerste plek kan ek aanspreeklik wees omdat ek self 'n delik gepleeg het. Ek ja bv. my mak jakkals in 'n ander se hoenderhok, wel wetende dat die dier die hoenders gaan doodbyt. My buurman ly skade as gevolg van my *skuld;* ek is dus aanspreeklik omdat ek self 'n delik gepleeg het. In die tweede plek kan ek aanspreeklik wees vir skade deur my dier aangerig bloot omdat ek eienaar van die dier is. Ek weet nie eers dat my perd vir Jan geskop het nie, maar ek is tog onder sekere omstandighede aanspreeklik.

Die eerste aanspreeklikheidsgrond lewer geen moeilikheid op nie. Mens moet in elk geval vasstel of daar *skuld* aan die verweerder se kant was. Enige mens weet dat 'n meerkat geneigd is om te byt. In *Klein vs. Boshoff* (1931, C.P.D.) het die verweerder iemand genooi om by hom te kom eet. Sy meerkat het egter sy besoeker gebyt en hy moes skadevergoeding betaal omdat hy nalatig was. As ek my mak leeu na 'n bruilof neem en hy byt die bruid, dan moet ek skadevergoeding betaal vir haar mediese onkoste en gelede pyn. In alle sodanige gevalle is die verweerder aanspreeklik omdat hy 'n *gevaarlike* dier op so 'n wyse aangehou het dat hy skade vir 'n ander kon voorsien. Die grondslag van die aanspreeklikheid is dus die verweerder se skuld.

Die tweede aanspreeklikheidsgrond is egter 'n ander saak. Hier het mens te doen met *mak* en nie met gevaarlike diere nie. Ek hits my hond aan en hy byt vir Jan. Daar is skuld aan my kant en ek is aanspreeklik omdat ek 'n delik gepleeg het. Maar gestel dat my hond na 'n naburige plaas gaan kuier en daar byt hy vir Jan. Ek het geen skuld nie; die hond kon geen skuld hê nie; nogtans is ek aanspreeklik omdat ek die eienaar van die hond is.

In die Romeinse reg kon 'n persoon die *actio de pauperie* instel waar 'n mak dier hom skade veroorsaak het. Die eienaar het dan 'n keuse gehad; hy kon skadevergoeding betaal of, so nie, gebruik maak van *noxae deditio,* d.w.s. hy gee eenvoudig die dier aan die eiser en daarmee verval al sy aanspreeklikheid. In *O'Callaghan vs. Chaplin* (1927, A.D.) het die Appèlhof beslis dat die *actio de pauperie* nog by ons van toepassing is, maar dat *noxae deditio* deur onbruik verval het. Die voorvereistes vir die *actio de pauperie* is:—

In die eerste plek moes die dier *contra naturam siu generis* gehandel het. 'n Ou trekesel skop nie maklik

nie en 'n hond byt nie sommer nie. Maar as hy byt, handel hy teen sy eie natuur en is die eienaar aanspreeklik. Wanneer 'n dier teen sy eie natuur handel, moet van geval tot geval vasgestel word. Ons howe praat gewoonlik van „domesticated animals". 'n Hond is bv. „domesticated", maar 'n meerkat of mak leeu is nie. Ook 'n bul word geag 'n mak dier te wees, ofskoon mens dit beswaarlik kan sluk dat alle bulle sagsinnige, liefderike diere is.

In verband met hierdie eerste voorvereiste vind mens 'n eienaardige ongerymdheid. Ek het 'n hond en 'n mak leeu. Die hond byt vir Jan sonder enige skuld aan my kant. Ek is onskuldig, maar ek is aanspreeklik as eienaar omdat die hond *contra naturam* gehandel het. Die leeu byt vir Jan sonder skuld aan my kant; ek is nie aanspreeklik nie omdat die dier nie *contra naturam* gehandel het nie. Weliswaar sal daar 'n vermoede ontstaan dat ek nalatig was as my leeu vir Jan byt, maar as ek die vermoede weerlê het, gaan ek vry uit. Die verklaring vir hierdie anomalie moet waarskynlik in die geskiedkundige ontwikkeling van die hele leerstuk gesoek word. In die Romeinse reg was die slaaf oorspronklik net 'n brokkie eiendom. A se slaaf slaan B se slaaf dood. A se eiendom het dus B se eiendom vernietig. Maar 'n slaaf het tog 'n wil gehad; daar was 'n wilsuitoefening toe hy die daad gepleeg het. Gevolglik kon A sê: „Dit is nie ek wat die daad gepleeg het nie; neem die slaaf en maak met hom wat jy wil." In so 'n geval het A vry uitgegaan. Later is die handelinge van mak diere gelykgestel met die handelinge van slawe. Die eienaar was aanspreeklik vir skade aangerig deur sy beeste, perde, honde, ens., maar hy kon van *noxae deditio* gebruik maak. Op hierdie wyse het die verskil tussen mak en wilde diere ontstaan. Maar die idee van *noxae deditio* is 'n oeroue, uitgediende idee en in die *O'Callaghan*-saak het die Appèlhof dit dan ook verwerp. Waarom sou mens dan nog 'n verskil handhaaf wat sy ontstaan te danke gehad het aan 'n leerstuk *(noxae deditio)* wat nou daarmee heen is? In die hedendaagse Nederlandse reg is mens bv. as *eienaar* aanspreeklik vir skade deur al jou diere aangerig. So 'n reël sou nie onbillik werk nie. As A 'n meerkat in sy huis aanhou, behoort hy as eienaar aanspreeklik te wees as die dier vir B byt. As die meerkat egter ontsnap en na sy wilde staat in die natuur terugkeer, dan is A nie meer eienaar nie en is hy nie aanspreeklik as die dier vir B in die veld byt nie.

Die tweede voorvereiste vir aanspreeklikheid is dat die aanval (van die dier) nie deur die eiser of 'n derde persoon uitgelok moes gewees het nie. As mens 'n hond byt en hy byt jou terug, dan moet jy nie klae nie.

In die derde plek moet die skade nie aan 'n blote ongeluk te wyte wees nie. Die vereiste is dat die dier die skade moes aangerig het as gevolg van sy eie ondeug *(vice)*. Waar 'n disselboom dus breek met die gevolg dat die perd skrik, op loop sit en iemand beseer, daar is die eienaar nie as eienaar aanspreeklik nie, ofskoon hy wel aanspreeklik kan wees as die petalje aan sy skuld te wyte was.

Die laaste voorvereiste is dat die eiser regmatiglik moes gewees het op die plek waar hy beseer is. Maar wat beteken die woord „regmatiglik" in hierdie sin? Moes die eiser die *reg* gehad het om op die plek te wees, of is dit voldoende as hy daar was vir 'n *geoorloofde doel?* In 'n ou saak het die Transvaalse Hooggeregshof beslis dat die eiser die *reg* moes gehad het om op die plek te wees. Maar ons wil betoog dat dit 'n onhoudbare standpunt is. Die hele idee van die *actio de pauperie* is om die eienaar aanspreeklik te hou waar niemand behalwe die dier self vir die skade geblameer kan word nie en die bogemelde standpunt sou hierdie doel heeltemal verydel. As ek A se perseel met 'n ongeoorloofde doel betree en sy hond byt my, dan het ek die aanval uitgelok en is A nie aanspreeklik nie. Maar as ek ongenooid een aand om agtuur vir 'n mooi astertjie gaan kuier en haar vader se hond byt my as ek aan die deur klop, dan is niemand vir die besering te blameer nie en behoort die vader aanspreeklik te wees. Hierdie standpunt is dan ook onlangs deur die Transvaalse Hof gehandhaaf en daar is geweier om die vorige beslissing te volg. Die hof het nou beslis dat dit voldoende is as die eiser 'n geoorloofde doel gehad het. Natuurlik moet die eiser *redelik* gehandel het. As daar *cave canem* op die hek staan, maar ek gaan tog die nag om twee-uur klop om 'n paar sigarette te leen, sal ek nie teen die huisbaas slaag as sy hond my byt nie. Maar ek handel heeltemal redelik as ek die agtermiddag om vyfuur Piet se perseel betree om te verneem waar Jan woon.

Maar wat van die geval waar Jan se bok, heeltemal in ooreenstemming met sy natuur, my koolkoppe afvreet? In die Romeinse reg kon die *action de pastu* ingestel word waar diere (beeste, perde, skape, varke, ens.) op 'n ander se grond oortree het. Volgens 'n paar van ons ou skrywers het hierdie aksie nog deel van die reg van Holland gevorm. Maar die aksie is nou van weinig belang, aangesien ons gemenereg in hierdie verband nou vervang is deur die Skutordonnansies in die verskeie provinsies. Hierdie ordonnansies stel die eienaar aanspreeklik vir skade deur sy diere aangerig, of daar nou skuld aan sy kant was al dan nie. Mens moet dus ingevolge die skutwetgewing optree waar die *actio de pauperie* nie ingestel kan word nie.

Ons moet ook in gedagte hou dat mens *strafregtelik* aanspreeklik kan wees vir skade deur jou diere aangerig, maar dan alleen as daar skuld aan jou kant was. Onlangs het 'n baie pynlike geval nog in die Transvaal voorgekom. Ofskoon 'n persoon geweet het dat sy hond byt, het hy hom tog nie behoorlik onder beheer gehou nie en die hond het 'n kind sodanig gebyt dat die kind oorlede is. Hy het 'n strawwe vonnis vir strafwaardige manslag gekry.

Dit is interessant om daarop te let dat die Engelse reg in hierdie opsig heeltemal van ons reg verskil. In die Engelse reg berus aanspreeklikheid vir skade deur diere aangerig op skuld. Hulle het daar die sogenaamde „scienter doctrine". As mens eers weet dat jou hond byt en jy hou hom daarna nie behoorlik onder beheer nie, dan is jy skuldig en aanspreeklik as hy iemand byt. Dit bring dus mee dat 'n arme ou eers eenkeer deur die hond gebyt moes gewees het. Vandaar die gesegde: „A dog must have his one bite."

Eindelik kan ons net sê dat die gewone beginsels van noodweer natuurlik ook geld in die geval van 'n aanval deur 'n dier. Mens kan maar 'n ander se renoster doodskiet as die naaste boom te ver is.

WIE IS DIE GELUKKIGE MENS?

O. VON WEBER

HERODOTUS, die Griekse geskiedskrywer, het ons 'n baie waardevolle boek oor die Griekse geskiedenis van die vroegste tye tot die Persiese oorloë nagelaat. Sy werk beantwoord nog nie aan die eise wat ons vandag aan 'n wetenskaplike geskiedeniswerk stel en waaraan Thukydides bv. voldoen het nie. Dit is ook verstaanbaar; want Herodotus moes die aanvoorwerk op die gebied van die geskiedskrywing doen. In elk geval het sy werk een groot voordeel: dit is maklik en interessant geskryf. Een van die interessantste stukke is die gesprek tussen Kraisos en Solon oor die geluk van die mens.

Nadat Solon, die Atheense staatsman, in 594 sy wetgewing in Athene voltooi het, het hy volgens oorlewering die stad tien jaar lank verlaat en die Atheners verplig om gedurende hierdie tydperk die wette nie te wysig nie — Solon wou die tyd gebruik om deur reise sy kennis en insig te vermeerder. Die eerste land wat hy besoek het, was Egipte, 'n land met 'n kultuur duisende jare ouer as dié van die Grieke. Toe gaan hy na Indië waar destyds, soos Herodotus beweer, Kraisos koning was. Hierdie land was van ouds af beroemd weens die rykdom aan goud, en onder Kraisos het die handel, veral in die kusstede waar Grieke gewoon het, geweldig ontwikkel. Die koning, ofskoon volgens Griekse opvatting 'n barbaar, het van die Griekse kultuur en godsdiens gehou en bv. partykeer gesante na die Delphiese orakel gestuur. Indien Indië selfstandig gebly het, sou daar 'n Grieks-Indiese kultuur ontstaan het; maar die ontwikkeling is onderbreek deur die verowering deur Kyros en die Perse.

Toe Solon in Sardis, die hoofstad van Indië, kom — so vertel Herodotus — is hy deur die koning vriendelik ontvang. Na 'n paar dae het Kraisos opdrag aan sy mense gegee om Solon deur die koninklike skathuise rond te neem waar die geweldige rykdom van die koning gebêre was. Daarna vra Kraisos vir Solon: „Jy is bekend as 'n liefhebber van wysheid (filosoof); ek vra vir jou, het jy iemand gesien wat die gelukkigste van alle mense is?" En Solon het geantwoord: „Ja, Tellos van Athene." En toe hy sien dat Kraisos oor die antwoord verbaas en teleurgesteld was, het hy gesê: „Tellos het in 'n tyd geleef toe sy vaderstad gebloei het. Hy het goeie kinders gehad, en dié het ook kinders gehad en almal het hom oorleef. Aardse goed het hy genoeg gehad om van te lewe. En hy het op 'n mooi manier gesterf: gedurende 'n oorlog het hy by die leër aangesluit, deur sy toedoen is die oorwinning behaal en nadat hy dit verneem het, het hy gesneuwel. Die Atheners het hom van staatsweë begrawe waar hy gedood is en hom groot eer bewys."

Kraisos was egter met die antwoord nie tevrede nie en het vir die tweede keer gevra wie ná Tellos die gelukkigste man is; want hy was oortuig daarvan dat hy, die koning, in 'n baie gelukkige toestand verkeer. Solon stel hom weer teleur met sy antwoord: „Kleobis en Biton." En hy vertel van die lewe van die twee broers: „Hulle het genoeg gehad om van te lewe en hulle was baie sterk en daarom het hulle pryse by wedstryde verower. Hul moeder was 'n

Die skrywer

priesteres van die godin Hera en volgens heilige wet moes sy op 'n bepaalde tydstip na die tempel ry, maar die trekosse was nie daar nie. Omdat die tyd kort was, het die seuns hulself voor die wa gespan en hul moeder oor 'n afstand van 'n paar myl na die tempel getrek. Die hele gemeente het dit gesien en die seuns weens hul sterkte en hul moeder weens haar voortreflike seuns geprys. Die moeder, bly oor hul daad en hul roem, het die godin Hera voor haar standbeeld gesmeek om vir haar seuns die beste te gee wat 'n mens kan kry. En terwyl hulle die offerandes bring en eet, het hulle aan die slaap geraak en nie weer opgestaan nie. Die godheid het daardeur te kenne gegee dat dit vir die mens beter is om dood te wees as om te lewe. Die Argivers (aan daardie stam het die seuns behoort) het hul standbeelde op Delphi laat oprig omdat hulle so voortreflik was."

Op die vraag van die koning wat teen dié tyd al kwaad was, gee Solon die redes waarom hy nie die naam Kraisos genoem het nie: „Die godheid is jaloers, en voordat ek nie weet hoe jou lewe geëindig het nie kan ek jou nie gelukkig noem nie." Inderdaad het 'n swaar ongeluk later vir Kraisos getref. Sy ryk is deur die Persiese koning Kyros verower, hyself is gevang en na die brandstapel gestuur. Toe hy nou in die gedrang is, roep hy hardop: „Solon, Solon." Kyros hoor die bekende naam, laat sy ge-

vangene ondervra en toe hy verneem wat Solon vir Kraisos gesê het, los hy hom en behandel Kraisos as vriend.

Om kronologiese redes is dit onmoontlik dat die gesprek soos Herodotus dit vertel, plaasgevind het; want Solon het sy wette in 594 uitgevaardig, sy reise val dus in die jare 593—583, terwyl Kraisos van 560—546 regeer het; ook is daar heelwat onsekerheid of die verhaal van die gesprek uit die oorlewering geput is. Daar was 'n wyd verspreide legende van die sewe wyse manne van wie Solon een was wat by Kraisos besoek afgelê het; en op Delphi is vóór Herodotus se tyd standbeelde van Kleobis en Biton opgerig waarvan ons nog 'n paar oorblyfsels het. Seker het Herodotus daar 'n verhaal omtrent hulle gehoor. Maar hoe dit ook al sy, die antwoorde wat Solon gee, is Herodotus se eie mening. In sy werk verwys hy partykeer na die beginsel wat hy deur die gesprek verduidelik, naamlik dat die godheid jaloers is en dat 'n mens wat sy perke oorskry deur die gode gestraf word; daarvoor bring hy in sy boek later heelwat voorbeelde.

Solon (of Herodotus) meen dat daar geluk op aarde moontlik is; op Kraisos se vraag wie die gelukkigste is, noem Solon 'n naam; maar die aard van die geluk is in die twee antwoorde wyd uiteenlopend en berus op twee verskillende lewensbeskouings.

Tellos het in 'n tyd gelewe toe Athene gebloei het. Die noue verband van die gemeenskap wat alle burgers saamsluit, het tot gevolg dat persoonlike geluk nie moontlik is indien die stad nie in 'n gelukkige posisie verkeer nie. Wie nie aan die staatslewe deelneem nie en homself afsonder, is 'n „privaatman" (Idiotes) en die betekenis van die Griekse woord in ons moderne tale dui aan dat so 'n man nie gereken was nie. Van Tellos se vrou word niks gesê nie: die vrou het in Athene 'n ondergeskikte rol gespeel. Maar belangrik is dat sy kinders „mooi en goed" was en dat van sy nageslag niemand voor hom gesterf het nie. Aangesien die kindersterfte in Griekeland baie hoog was, was dit 'n besondere geluk. So was die bestaan van sy gesin en die versorging van sy graf verseker. Rykdom is vir die geluk van 'n mens nie nodig nie, maar kan skadelik wees soos die voorbeeld van Kraisos toon. Aan die ander kant is armoede 'n nadeel. Tellos het genoeg inkomste gehad om binne die perke van 'n Atheense burger daarvan te lewe. Solon beklemtoon dat 'n mens nie as gelukkig beskou kan word voordat sy lewe afgeloop is nie. Voordat Tellos sterf, verneem hy nog van sy vaderstad se oorwinning waaraan hyself 'n groot aandeel gehad het. Dus word weer daaraan herinner dat 'n mens net gelukkig kan wees indien die vaderland gelukkig is. En groot eer is aan Tellos bewys by sy begrafnis. Die waardie van 'n mens word bepaal deur die eer wat die gemeenskap aan hom betoon, en dié het Tellos ten volle ontvang.

Hier het ons die teenstelling van die eenvoudige Atheense burger wat binne sy perke 'n gelukkige lewe gelei het en die skatryke barbaarse beskouing wat meen dat rykdom die geluk verseker. Tellos het sy doel in sy gesin en in sy stad bereik en 'n lewe sonder leed gelei. Rykdom en mag is nie nodig vir die geluk nie, maar wel om jou plek te kan volstaan. Kraisos word juis deur sy rykdom en die feit dat hy hom daarop beroem, in die ongeluk gedompel.

In sekere opsig stem Solon se tweede antwoord met die eerste ooreen. Die twee broers Kleobis en Biton het genoeg besittings vir hul lewe gehad, maar was ook nie ryk nie. Hulle was gereken in die samelewing, want hulle het op grond van hul sterkte pryse verower, die versamelde gemeenskap het hulle toegejuig toe hulle hul moeder na die tempel getrek het, en hul medeburgers het hul standbeelde op Delphi opgerig ter herinnering aan hul voortreflikheid. Deur hul vroeë dood het die godheid egter getoon dat die lewe nie 'n geluk is nie. Dit is 'n pessimistiese lewensbeskouing, en hier lê die groot verskil tussen Solon se tweede antwoord en die eerste een.

Solon verdeel as 't ware twee pryse in die wedstryd om die geluk; die eerste gaan na Tellos, die tweede na die twee broers. 'n Vergelyking tussen die twee antwoorde toon dat daar tussen die lewens van Tellos en die broers eintlik nie 'n verskil is nie; hulle het hul onderskeidelike plekke volgestaan. Solon beskryf die goeie geaardheid van die seuns met 'n besondere liefde; hulle sterf omdat hulle so groot eerbied aan hul moeder en die godin betoon het en voor hul dood het hulle groot eer ontvang. Hulle behaal egter net die tweede prys. Die rede blyk te wees dat hulle hul lewe nie kon uitleef nie. Hulle het nie gesinne gehad nie, maar het voor die tyd gesterf; so het hulle die doel (telos) van die lewe nie bereik nie. Herodotus is dit nie heeltemal eens met die sombere idee van die menslike lewe soos dit in die oorgelewerde verhaal van Kleobis en Biton uitgebeeld is nie; hy hou meer van die positiewe kant soos die lewe van Tellos ons dit verduidelik.

B.ED. DEGREE

STUDENTS in Education, and especially teachers, will be interested to learn that for many of them the road to the B.Ed. course has now been made considerably easier.

Formerly, candidates who wished to proceed to the B.Ed. degree were required to hold a degree and the U.E.D. If they did not have the latter, they could, after ten years' teaching experience, write the B.Ed. Admission Examination and then be admitted.

In future candidates will be admitted directly to the B.Ed. course on condition that they have:—

(a) A degree and the U.E.D.,

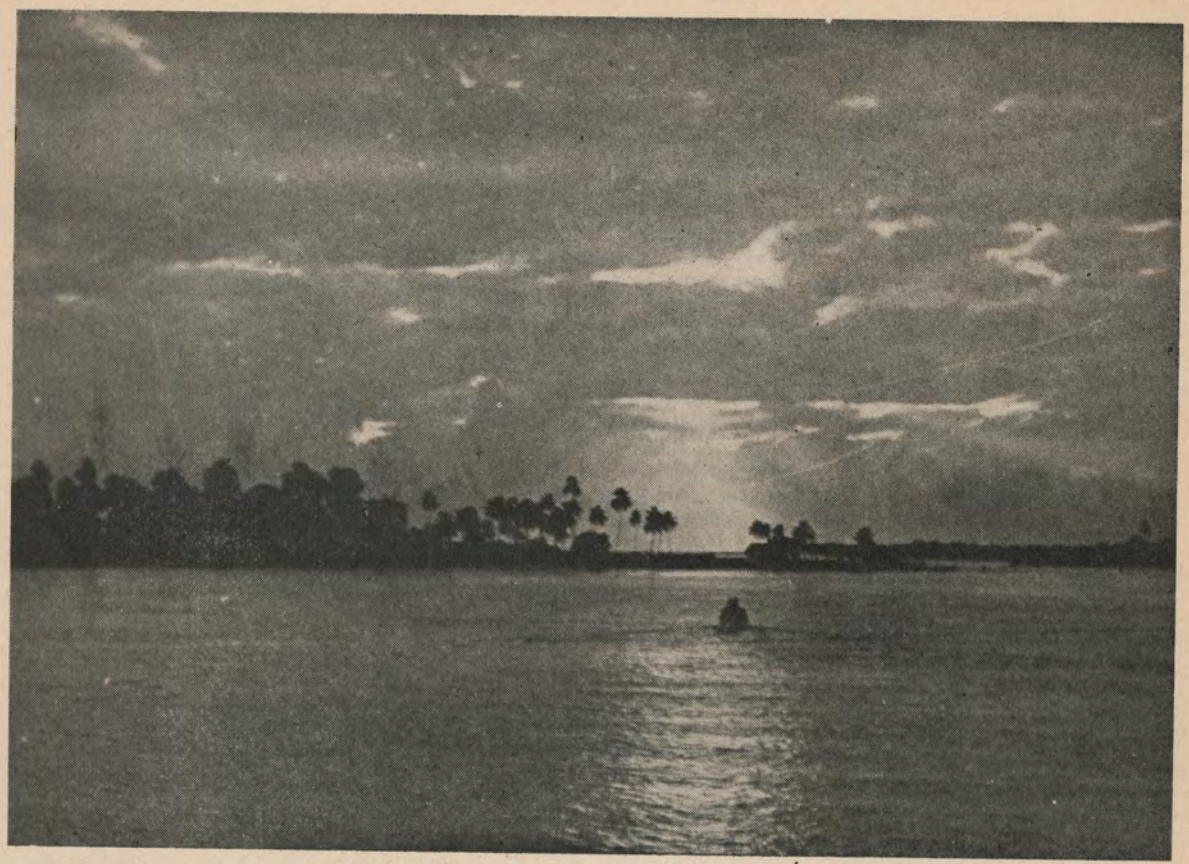
or

(b) a degree plus a teacher's certificate and five years' experience, and have passed the B.Ed. Admission Examination,

or

(c) a degree plus a teacher's certificate and ten years' experience.

This is a welcome change, and we are sure that students will gladly avail themselves of this opportunity to improve their qualifications.



"It was almost dawn when we reached Dar-es-Salaam."

ZANZIBAR: An afterthought

F. D. SINCLAIR

I

IT was almost dawn when we reached Dar-es-Salaam.

We had sat on deck until after midnight, five of us, all of different nationalities, drinking, and rebuilding the world; so that I was heavy and dull, disinclined to face even the half-light. But, at my companion's urgent shaking, I got up and went to the port-hole.

Wonderful soft coolness, and the smell of vegetation, rich, voluptuous, after the days of fine sea air. For a few seconds nothing touched me: I was aware of only those two things. Perhaps my eyes were shut. Then, quite suddenly, I was awake, clear-headed and alert.

The sky was a fleece of gray clouds behind which light was growing. It was as though night were breaking up, its particles dissolving. Everything was grey.

We were passing through the entrance channel of the harbour. It was difficult to believe it wide or deep enough to take such a ship as ours. Close up against us, only feet away, lay the hulk of an old floating-dock, sunk in an attempt to block the narrow way; and beyond, no more than yards, the irregular line of palms, still, black silhouettes against the broken sky.

The ship was moving almost imperceptibly, scarcely stirring the grey water, lost in a silent world. The banks seemed to pass us by, to parade as a mannequin glides, holding an affected and strangely beautiful pose.

We were swinging gently round in harbour when I came on deck, in time to catch the first ray of sun as it slid down the water towards us. The line of palms was less black; buildings grew from their surrounding shadow. The sky showed pink and gold under its grey; and, here and there, deep in its breaks, an infinitely distant eye of turquoise blue. Round us stood other ships, still grey on a grey sea. The rim of the sun was directly opposite, and, as it thickened, the path of light across the water turned from silver to pink, and then to gold. Within the shaft, motionless, its sail hanging in the tranquil morning, was a solitary dhow.

* * * *

The sun was high and the sky cloudless when we left the ship. The air was like glass, the harbour water clear and green. These are coral seas.

Ignoring the launch, we climbed into a small boat, and were rowed slowly towards the white buildings, the two church spires, and the ever-fascinating palms.

That was the beginning.

* * * *

Dar-es-Salaam is a strange mixture, even from the sea. At dawn, the line of palms, the buildings of the town, had been but vague silhouettes, indeterminate, against a luminous sky. Now, under silver sunlight, everything was different.

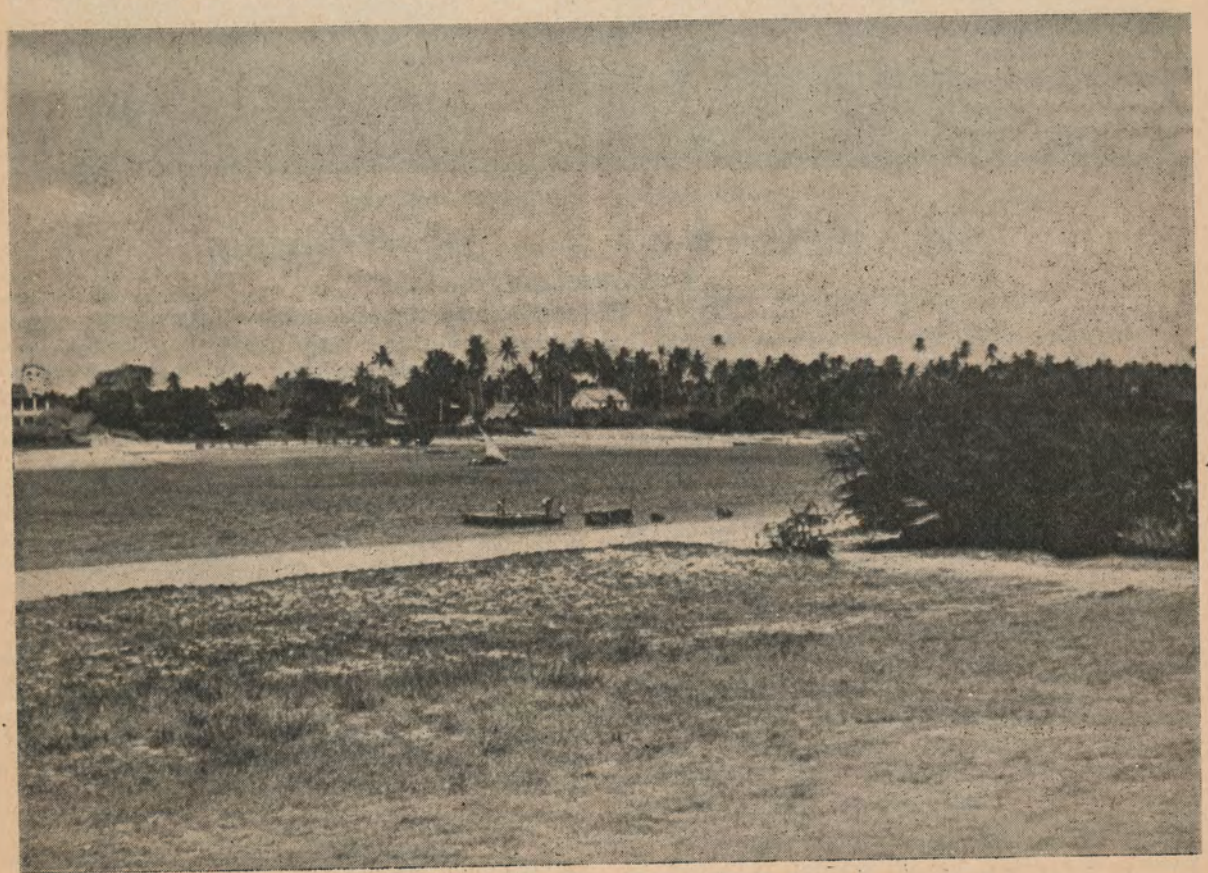
There is, perhaps, no reason why palm-trees and gothic churches should not be grouped together; but here especially the effect is a little startling. Perpendicular angularity and greyish stone sit uncomfortably amid the fluid curvings of the trees, the gentle line of shore, and the round, rich green of vegetation. Out in the harbour, yachts and small craft bob, toys against the bulk of big steel ships which carry the names of ports all over the world.

Behind a facade decorous and spare, combination of street and promenade, the town is a sudden press of narrow, crowded streets, a jumble of the solid and the slight, which look the more a warren because of the variety of their buildings. But there is everywhere evidence, notably on the outskirts, that change is taking place. Factories are going up, strong modern buildings are rising, even among the mud and thatch of the African town. The railway-yards are busy, and the docks are crowded with goods. It is, however, difficult in an Islamic land like this to visualise a change that will go below the surface, that will be other than formal, a concession to western utilitarianism. And I am glad that things may be so. Materialism gives much; and in return it takes the soul.

* * * *

One evening, we dined "Chez Clo", half in the open and pleasantly cool. The place is typically French — a bar and a restaurant — and the food, which we supplemented with a bottle of excellent Bordeaux, was consequently good.

Returning fairly late, we sat in front of the hotel. It had been our intention to discuss the movements of the following day and to plan the next stage of our journey. But the night caught us, held us still and silent as itself. The terrace was deserted, there was no wind, no moon. In a sky black as velvet, a solid roof above us, the stars hung unwinking. A faint smell, tropical and a little sour, rose from the sea, which lay, half luminous within its curving shores, a few hundred yards from where we sat; but not a sound, not even a whisper of water on the sand. The noise of the crickets, incessant and shrill, had become part of the silence, on which the distant hum of a car, the barking of a dog, broke nostalgically.



"We were passing through the entrance channel of the harbour."

The Sultan's Palace.

I think we should have sat there all night, lost to time and to ourselves, had not a group a people, obviously returning from some kind of celebration, wakened us to the fact that it must be very late. I looked at my watch. It was two o'clock.

* * * *

Another evening I spent, tired with sun and with a strenuous day's excursion by atrocious roads up the coast to the ruinous Arab town of Bagamoyo, at a hotel in the centre of Dar-es-Salaam. It was an old building, rambling, with huge bare rooms, an open dining room, and a verandah on the street. There was life there, inside and on the pavements, until a late hour; no crowds, just a constant coming and going. But that was my last night on the coast. I had to be at the aerodrome at six the following morning, and so could not stay long to watch the movement of a populace infinitely more varied than that of many notoriously cosmopolitan cities.

The town was empty when I set out to meet the airways bus, and curiously shrunken and uninteresting the clear unequivocal light of dawn. The sky, milky with clotted and broken cloud, promised rain. Under it the sea was a sheet of flat, dull silver, like beaten pewter, the green of grass and trees a dark and sooty olive. From the aerodrome, half-way round the bay, Dar-es-Salaam had already ceased to be visible, sunk behind its palms. Only the spires still showed, and, here and there, a gleam of white, to suggest the presence of the town.

We took off into a gust of rain in which all visibility was lost.

* * * *

II

Dar-es-Salaam was not our goal. Nor, indeed, was Zanzibar itself. Our direction was towards the 19,700 foot peak of Kilimanjaro, the House of God. But it was unthinkable that we should pass so close to that island of peace and not spend at least a few days there. Dar-es-Salaam means "haven of peace"; the name Zanzibar has no such significance; yet it is there that is to be found a peace of which Africa proper knows little.

To visit Zanzibar is an adventure; not merely because it is beautiful, but because it is fascinating in a way that is not easy to explain. Since first I saw the island, some years ago, and then only for two days, as a port-of-call, I have lost not one opportunity of returning; have even foregone a voyage to Europe in order to be able to lose myself again in its compelling atmosphere of peace amid intense life. For it is, with all its great population, its incessant activity, the most peaceful spot that I know on earth.

The human being, because he is human, needs to find his peace in a peopled world, else it is not real for him. The forests of Kilimanjaro hold a peace which I have described elsewhere as a "peace of death", a non-human thing; in the country districts of Zanzibar, in the bazaars themselves, there is a peace of life which is perhaps the rarest of contentments.

Even to sit, towards the end of the day, in the gardens, which are both promenade and piazza, when the whole town is colourfully alive and taking its evening walk, is to feel relaxed, physically and spiritually. The sea at one's feet is still, and wonderfully green in the soft light of a sunset which, despite its flame and gold spreading up the turquoise sky, touches the earth, tree and grass, tower and town, with but a deep, warm yellow. White walls lose their dazzle, white clothes their insistent hardness. The piles of oranges on the grass about their sitting vendors alone borrow the colours of the dying sun, and burn like balls of flame, incandescent in the growing dusk.

"Out in the harbour yachts and small craft bob."

Bet-el-Ajaib.

On this island, there seems to be no separation between man and nature: the one is part of the other, and not, as in our civilisation of the west, a figure on a stage, acting, posturing before a backdrop with which he has and wishes to have no real connection. For we make everything artificial; our very praise of natural beauty is a pointer to the fact that we consider it something different from ourselves, something extraneous. Our admiration is the same as that which we show for a well-painted picture, a fine piece of sculpture; and has nothing in it of acceptance, no acknowledgment of identity. Which is a pity; because it means that we cease to be balanced, become, like the characters of "King Lear" unnatural; and in that state, work with unflagging energy and unerring direction towards our own destruction. It is because Shakespeare's creatures in "Lear" deny nature that nature takes upon them, through themselves, such a bitter revenge. The disease of the part affects the whole. Donne has expressed the same awareness in a different way when he says:

For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreme, and scatt'ring bright, can love inhere.

That is perhaps the secret of the peace of Zanzibar. Everything is related, there is a harmony in which all things have their place — sea, land, buildings, people, are joined in some strange way, held together in an existence that is not a compound, but a unity.

It is possible, of course, that we of the troubled West exaggerate that harmony in our apprehension of it; but it exists, none the less, can be sensed in the slackening of tension that we feel from the moment we set foot on the island.

* * * *

The hotel is in the centre of the town, an old Arab house, tall and white and dignified, set a little back from the road in a kind of courtyard amid a maze of narrow lanes. Looking out of the window of my room on the first floor, I could see little more than a jumble of walls, crumbling and green, and smothered in vegetation. Almost opposite me there was another old house, on the verandah of which hung newly-washed clothes, white sheets and yellow and purple kangas. From the centre of this little courtyard immediately below, rises a huge clove-tree, through whose dark and glossy branches rose the aromatic smoke from the kitchen fires, blue in the green air.

Opposite the door of the hotel, a magnificent example of the craft, peculiar to Zanzibar, of elaborate door-making, solid, carved, and studded with brass, a merchant has established himself. Early every morning he is there to set up his wares against the wall of a neighbouring garden; and from the dining-room one can watch that white wall being transformed into a glowing mass of rich colours. Against a background of rugs from the Hadramaut hang copper and brass vessels, lamps, pieces of silk and embroidery, carved silver daggers on silver belts, heavy silver jewellery; and on the ground in front of them, Arab chests of fine old workmanship, bound with fretted brass and set with brass studs, more carpets and rugs, large copper trays.

I asked him one morning whether he had a good knife, not one of the great, ornate silver daggers on the wall, but a sheath-knife which I could carry on my belt. After trying hard to persuade me to buy a dagger about the size of a scimitar and worthy to be worn by a Caliph, he said that by the following day he would have what I wanted. I thought no more about it, but in the morning, there he was at the hotel door, with a beautiful old knife, curved and wicked looking, its haft of horn bound with silver, and cased in a sheath of blind-tooled leather. Rather doubtfully, because I very much wanted to have it, and because I knew he had got it for me specially, I asked the price. Eighteen shillings! Apparently there is little sale on Zanzibar for things which are not spectacular and obvious curios.

The knife is on my desk beside me as I write, and has, since that day, travelled with me over half of Africa.

I wandered much through the town, especially in the bazaars, in which, although they cover but a small area, it is possible to lose oneself hopelessly. From above, from the tower of the Bet-el-Ajaib, the House of Wonders, the view over the roofs is extra-

Palm grove on Zanzibar.

The superstitious clove-picker.

ordinary, presenting an expanse of chaotically irregular and leprous-looking corrugated-iron which extends into the distance, broken only by the towers of the cathedral, and, between the bazaars and the sea, terminated by the open space of the public gardens, and the Sultan's palace, a great rectangular Islamic building, pure white, and shining in the sun.

In my wanderings through the bazaars I came across the shop of a silversmith, and stood for more than an hour watching him at work. He was a very old man, really old in a land which abounds in white-haired, white-bearded patriarchs of sixty; for, from the conversation I had with him, it appeared that he must be about ninety. Hawk-eyed still, and youthful of movement, he was engaged in engraving intricate designs on a silver bracelet. In front of him, where he sat cross-legged on the floor, were his tools, and by his side, a box, divided into small compartments, in each of which was a small pile of precious stones. On rough benches round the walls were displayed the articles he had made: rings, earrings, brooches, bracelets, anklets, necklaces, small boxes and ornaments, and silver daggers with their wide silver belts. The jewellery was mostly of silver, but a few pieces were gold, and many were set with fine stones.

I asked him if he sold much, and he told me, with complete frankness, unlike, I thought, most of our shopkeepers, that he did fairly well; that he had a small but steady trade with his own people, and that the people from the ships — the tourists — bought much. It struck me that, if he were comfortable, there was no reason why he should continue, at his age, to work. When I said so to him, he looked up at me and said: I have worked like this all my life; if I stopped now, what else should I do but die?

A few steps from the silversmith's shop, I came upon an open space where, under a big tree, a man was engaged in sorting cloves, which were spread out in a great, low heap on a sheet of canvas. I had my camera with me, and prepared to catch the scene. At first, the picker did not see me. Then, when I had the camera levelled, he looked up, noticed what was happening, and, with a cry of real terror, flung himself on his face among the cloves. Somehow I felt ashamed, and, shouting an apology which he probably did not understand, walked away. A man who had seen the incident told me, laughing, that the clove-picker was from Tumbatu Island and that he feared that, by taking his photograph, I would also take his soul.

I discovered later that the people of Tumbatu, rather a forbidding group, and not popular in Zanzibar, are much given to witchcraft and highly superstitious. Since, in addition to having an anthropological interest, the island has also fine early Persian ruins, I hoped on my next trip, to spend some time there. But so far I have not seen Tumbatu.

* * * *

With unfailing regularity one meets friends in the most unlikely places. As I left the hotel one day, a loud shout stopped me, and I found myself greeting a man whom I had known well at university. He told me that he was engaged in recording African music,

The Marahubi Palace.

and invited me to inspect his truck and equipment, after which he introduced me to Hugh Tracy, for whom he was doing the recording, and Mrs. Tracy. We all had lunch together, and they invited me to hear some music that evening at a ngoma which was being put on specially for them. The Tracys are pleasant people, and I should have liked to go, but had, unfortunately, made other arrangements. As things turned out, no further opportunity presented itself, and the only music that I heard on the Island was that of which I could catch snatches in the bazaars and cafés. Three of us did, however, hire a car, in which we made several excursions into the country districts, and visited various villages. There are some fine and interesting ruins on Zanzibar, of which those of the Marahubi palace, although not very old, are the most immediately attractive. Those great, crumbling walls, almost lost in a tangle of green, huge pillars crowned with creepers, and tanks of water-lilies, are beautiful and mysterious. And beyond them, behind the inevitable line of palms, is the sea, impossibly blue, and sown with islands.

UNIVERSITEIT

van

SUID-AFRIKA

•

MUSIEKEKSAMENS

•

TEORIE —

Eksamens in Harmonie, Algemene Toonkunstenaarskap en Harmonie en Kontrapunt in Skoolmusiek.

PRAKTIES —

Graad- en Lisensiaateksamens in Sang en alle erkende Instrumente.

BEURSE —

Beurse word toegeken aan belowende Kandidate in Teoretiese en Praktiese Eksamens.

JAARLIKSE STUDIEBEURSE beskikbaar aan Lisensiaatkandidate.

Die Universiteit is die Enigste Nasionale Liggaam wat Musiekeksamens in Suid-Afrika afneem

STEL U BELANG IN DIE KULTURELE ONTWIKKELING VAN U LAND ?

Skryf om volle besonderhede aan —

DIE REGISTRATEUR,
UNIVERSITEIT VAN S.A.,
POSBUS 392,
PRETORIA.

UNIVERSITY

of

SOUTH AFRICA

•

MUSIC EXAMINATIONS

•

THEORY —

Examinations in Harmony, General Musicianship and Harmony and Contrapoint in School Music.

PRACTICAL —

Examinations in Grades and Licentiates for Singing and all recognised Instruments.

BURSARIES —

Bursaries are awarded to promising Candidates in Theoretical and Practical Examinations.

ANNUAL SCHOLARSHIPS available to Licentiate Candidates.

The University is the Only National Institution conducting Music Examinations in South Africa

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN THE CULTURAL DEVELOPMENT OF YOUR COUNTRY ?

For full particulars write to —

THE REGISTRAR,
UNIVERSITY OF S.A.,
P.O. BOX 392,
PRETORIA.

Some aspects of Valuations for Rating

P. J. CHERRY, A.I.V. (S.A.)
(Valuator to the Local Health Commission in Natal)

"In this world nothing is certain but death and taxes" *(Benjamin Franklin)*

THE words of the former President of the United States are very true. Most of us are afflicted at one time or another by taxation, either in the form of Income Tax, or in the form of a rate on property. It is this latter aspect that I propose to enlarge upon to some degree, but, in so doing, I am fully aware that there are at least two sides to every question, sometimes many more, and that mine is perhaps only one. The late Lord Baldwin, British Prime Minister, spoke after a debate on the contrary statements made in the country by two of his leading ministers and is reported as having said: "The diversity of testimony that we have had in this debate only emphasizes once more the many-sidedness of truth."

It is against this background that valuations of all interests should be considered, more especially valuations for rating.

But already I hear some of you asking: "What is the Local Health Commission? — What has health to do with rating?" At this juncture, therefore, I propose to digress a little and endeavour to give you some idea of what the Local Health Commission is and does.

The establishment of the Local Health Commission was prompted by the findings of the Thornton Committee which was appointed in 1938 by the Union Government to investigate the whole question of areas becoming urbanised without control, and areas under inadequate control where conditions were arising which threatened "health and good order"*

Working on the findings of this Committee, which were reported in 1940, the Natal Provincial Administration lost no time in establishing the Local Health Commission. It befell the lot of the Provincial Administration to do this, as all Legislative control of local government in the Union is vested in the respective Provincial Councils. Thus under the provisions of Ordinance No. 20/1941 the Commission was established for the purpose of introducing control in those parts of the Province, which do not lend themselves readily to the Administration under conditions applying to the more orthodox types of local authorities. Typical examples of these are places where the population is too small to form an effective type of local authority — or where the inhabitants do not qualify for the election of a local authority†.

It will be obvious, therefore, that the Local Health Commission, although a little unorthodox in its make-up, is a Municipality, and as such is empowered by its controlling ordinance to assess and levy rates.

* The Statutory Bodies of Natal — A booklet issued in conjunction with the exhibit of these bodies at the Van Riebeeck Festival in Cape Town (March, 1952), p.6.

† Ibid., p.6.

Incidence of Rating.

Having thus established the nature of the Local Health Commission and its relation to ordinary local authorities, I now turn to the point at issue.

Just as Income Tax is recognised as the main instrument of taxation of the peoples of the country, so also is the assessment and levying of rates the means of taxation of a local authority. The valuation of land and buildings, therefore, in a local authority area, is of the greatest importance because of its relation to the revenues of the Council. Without these revenues the normal local authority would not be able to function.

Methods of Capital Value rating.

With this in mind, therefore, I have chosen to treat more specifically the systems of rating as they affect both the ratepayer and the Council.

In South Africa three methods of capital value rating are employed, namely:—

1. a flat rate levied on the total value of land and improvements,
2. a rate imposed on the value of the land only, i.e. site rating, and
3. a "differential" or "composite" rate, whereby the tax on the land is greater than the tax on improvements.

The rating of capital value in this country is preferred to the rating of the rental or annual value, which is the practice in the British Isles, despite the fact that rating on the English basis solves the vexed question of flats.

The flat rate system is probably the most unpopular from the point of view of the ratepayer but as a source of revenue to the local authority it is certainly the more productive method of rating.

A comparative example of the three systems of rating will make this point clear. Suppose for example that the valuation of the land of a particular property has been assessed at £500 and the value of the improvements thereon at £2,000, and suppose further that the relative rate income from this hereditament must produce 875 shillings in order to satisfy the estimates of expenditure for that year.

To produce this income the following methods, as indicated above, could be adopted:

1. a flat rate of 4½d.,
2. a site rate of 1/9d.,
3. a differential rate of 9d. on the land and 3d. on the improvements.

On the face of things the flat rate appears much lower than that of the differential or site rating systems, and often gives rise to the erroneous statement that the rates, e.g. in Pietermaritzburg, are very low. In actual fact the rate is, more or less, equal to the differential rate of 9d. on land and 3d. on buildings, as set out in the example above.

What then is the difference between the flat rate system and the differential rate system? The answer

Het u al aan 'n

BANKLOOPBAAN

gedink?

- VOLKSKAS, die Suid-Afrikaanse Handelsbank, neem jaarliks etlike honderde seuns en dogters in diens.
- Die Bank bied bestendige betrekkings aan met goeie vooruitsigte.
- Bankwerk is interessante werk.
- Meer as 1,500 persone het reeds 'n VOLKSKAS-loopbaan gevolg.

Besonderhede in verband met diensvoorwaardes en die gebruiklike aansoekvorms is verkrygbaar by hoofde van hoërskole of regstreeks van die Hoofbestuurder, VOLKSKAS BEPERK, Posbus 578, Pretoria.

VOLKSKAS

BEPERK

(GEREGISTREERDE HANDELSBANK)

HOOFKANTOOR:

SENTRAALSTRAAT, PRETORIA

THE

CAPE TECHNICAL COLLEGE

Longmarket Street — CAPE TOWN

DAY & EVENING CLASSES

conducted in Technical, Commercial and Professional Subjects

Professional Courses —

include the following :

Institute of Administration and Commerce Courses.

Civil Service Law Certificate Course.

Attorney's Admission Certificate Course.

Chartered Institute of Secretaries Courses.

Teacher's Certificate Courses —

Full-time Courses leading to :

(a) The National Teacher's Certificate in Commerce.

(b) The National Teacher's Certificate in Domestic Science.

Correspondence Courses —

(a) Junior, Senior and Matriculation Exemption Courses leading to the National Examinations of the Union Department of Education.

(b) LANGUAGES: Afrikaans for Beginners, Taalbond Eksamens, Xhosa (Junior and Senior).

(c) COMMERCIAL : Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting.

NOTE: These courses are conducted by an institution recognised by the Union Department of Education.

Courses are available in English and in Afrikaans. Fees are low.

ENQUIRIES and PROSPECTUSES :

Apply the REGISTRAR,

P.O. Box 652,

CAPE TOWN.

has partly been conveyed by the working above. Briefly it is that on the flat rate basis the emphasis of the rate is equally distributed on the land and the improvements, whereas on the differential basis the emphasis of the rate is more on the land than on the improvements.

It is obvious, therefore, that the man who has improvements on his property must benefit from the differential system. The bulk of the apparent loss incurred by the local authority under this system, will be offset by the increased income from vacant land.

If then the person who develops his property is to benefit so substantially from the differential rating system, will he not do more so from the site rating system? While not going into detail on all the arguments for and against site rating, the following points have been advanced by different authorities, some of whom consider the differential basis to be more satisfactory from the point of view of both the ratepayer and the local authority.

Briefly then the more beneficial effects of the site rating would be the discouragement of speculation due to the increased expense of holding vacant land which in turn would encourage development, and by encouraging full development of the land, the tendency would be to concentrate the population in a much smaller municipal area to great advantage. This point has been well illustrated in the case of the City of Nairobi. In that City no rates are levied on improvements. The taxation of land excluding improvements has had the effect of promoting better and closer development. As land values and consequently the rate payment rises, more multi-storeyed buildings are replacing the old one-storeyed development‡, and this more intensive settlement tends to lead to more efficient installation of vital municipal services such as roads, water and sewerage.

Nairobi has apparently derived nothing but good from site rating, but there are serious disadvantages inherent in the system.

1. The area of any City or town is limited and any increase in revenue must accrue from the increased values of the same area of land.
2. There is the possibility of a serious financial problem arising when the statutory limit for rating existent in some Provinces has been reached while new buildings continue to create heavy additional demands on municipal services. There are other limits to be considered as well, e.g. the economic limit, all putting a ceiling on the amount of revenue that can be derived from site rating.
3. The inequity in the individual rate burden that may arise. An example will best illustrate this point.

   A corner site in the centre of a city is valued at £2,000 while the site next to it, with a comparatively small frontage, is valued at £1,750. On the corner site there exists a single-storey chemist's shop, while on the other site the owner has recently erected a multi-storeyed block of flats. On the basis of site rating the chemist pays more in rates than the owner of the block of flats despite the fact that the latter create a far greater burden on municipal services. Because of the inelasticity of the rate income, therefore, the local authority will find it necessary to levy additional charges for water and refuse removals and these automatically involve further costs of collection.

There are other disadvantages, not the least of which is the fact that recent Town Planning legislation tends to deprive the owner of the developmental value of his land, but I trust that in this short article I have at least provided some food for thought on a few aspects of valuations for rating.

‡ Smart, J. — "Nairobi and its City Council" — Municipal Affairs (April, 1952), p.17.

RE-UNIE

A. SORGDRAGER, B.Com., A.I.C.B.(S.A.).

DIT was die ou storie van ses meisies wat ewige trou en vriendskap gesweer het op universiteit en hulle die Ses van Klawers genoem het. In hulle finale jaar het hulle dag en datum bepaal waarop hulle, vyf jaar later, weer sou ontmoet. En die jare het op die een of ander manier verbygegaan.

Elsie van der Walt, nou Jansen, se oë het vir die soveelste keer gedwaal na die klok. Dit was amper agtuur in die aand en in haar verbeelding kon sy sien hoe die ander vyf nou by die restaurant instap om die re-unie te vier.

Die mooi, talentvolle Louise sou weer almal laat omkyk. Die hipermoderne Helena sou weer die allernuutste mode dra. Hoe sou Stephanie as boervrou daar uitsien? Bettie was seker nog net so streng en ongenaakbaar soos altyd. En Nellie, die enigste ongetroude, was seker 'n egte onderwyseres met die onderwysstempel op haar afgedruk.

Elsie sug. Sy maak die middeldeur oop en loop na haar man se studeerkamer met 'n koppie sterk koffie. In die deur staan sy 'n oomblik stil. Bas is laag oor sy boeke gebuig, maar sy sien tog die gesig, maer en intelligent, soos sy dit daardie eerste dag in die swembad gesien het. Vir 'n oomblik sien sy weer die lentedag, die water, gras en blomme. Vir 'n kort oomblik beleef sy weer 'n maanlignag onder 'n jakarandaboom.

Elsie glimlag, sinies en tog teer. Sy loop nader en sit die koppie voor Bas neer.

„Baie dankie," glimlag hy.

„Dit sal jou wakker hou," lag sy. „Het ek jou vertel van die nag in die koshuis toe Olga vir suster Veldman iets gaan vra het om haar wakker te hou. Ek dag suster ontplof. Dit was halfdrie in die na-nag."

„Ja," sug Bas, „ek onthou hoe Maans goed ingeneem het om wakker te bly en toe raak hy in die eksamensaal aan die slaap."

Elsie ken die storie maar sy glimlag. Sy kyk in die oë van die man langs haar en sien vir die soveelste keer hoe die oorlog sy mond en oë verander het.

'n Oomblik lank bly alles stil. Elsie dink aan die vroeë oggend toe sy op die kaai gestaan en blomme

gegooi het. En dadelik daarna beleef sy die donker oggend toe sy op die trekkerige stasie die lang sersant in die dik jas tegemoet geloop het.

Elsie draai weg.

„Ek gaan slaap, Bas. Ek is doodmoeg."

„Ek weet. Ek kom oor 'n uurtjie. Stel die wekker op drie-uur, asseblief."

„Ag, Bas . . ."

„Dit moet, jong."

„Ja, ek weet."

Verbitterd staar Bas na sy boeke. Ja, dit moet. Amper vier jaar getroud en nou eers die finale eksamen. Vier verlore oorlogsjare wat moet ingehaal word. Sou dit nie maar beter gewees het om te wag met die troue nie? Arme Elsie . . .

Hy staan op en gaan kyk na die trouportret teen die muur. Onwillekeurig glimlag hy as hy kyk na Elsie se ronde gesiggie. Nee, dit was die moeite werd.

Elsie kruip in die bed. Vier jaar! Ja, die tyd gaan verby. Al die jare het sy nog aangehou met werk en self al die huiswerk behartig. Al die jare het sy verlang na 'n kind en veral bitterlik jaloers gevoel as sy hoor van die ander Klawers, Louise en Bettie, se kinders.

Maar nou is die end van Elsie se kursus in sig. Dis nie die groter salaris nie. Dis die kinders wat Elsie begeer.

Elsie slaap in, met 'n keeshondjie in haar arms.

Louise du Plooy, nou Du Toit, kyk na die horlosie. Agtuur! Die ander is nou natuurlik almal daar, geselsend en laggend. Vir die soveelste keer bruis daar wrewel in Louise op. Terwyl sy sorgvuldig die rooi roos in haar swart lokke steek, sê sy ontevrede: „Regtig, Hennie, ek is min lus vir die partytjie. Die ewige praatjies en drank walg my nou al jare."

Hennie trek sy skouers op.

„Tog sal jy die een wees wat dit die meeste geniet. Teen die end van die aand, as ek dronk is, sal jou kans kom om jou flikkers te gooi."

„En wie is daar die oorsaak van?" bars Louise woedend los. „Jy sit jou en dronk suip met ander vrouens en dan verwag jy ek moet op jou sit en wag soos 'n uil op 'n kluit. Maar ek sê jou, ek is moeg daarvoor. Ek wil nie gaan nie."

„Magtig, Louise," sê Hennie geïrriteerd, „sanik jy nog? Ons gaan, en dis klaar. Wat makeer jou?"

„Ek is onrustig oor die kind," aarsel Louise.

„Liesbet bly tog by hom," sê Hennie ongeduldig. „Jy lol alhoemeer oor die kind. Ek en my vriende beteken niks meer vir jou nie. En tog was jy destyds glad nie ingenome met die idee van kinders nie."

„Ek weet, maar . . . nou is hy hier . . ." Louise se onderlip bewe.

Sy neem Hennie aan die lapel en smeek sag.

„Asseblief, Hennie, ek sal vanaand gaan, maar kom ons laat bly die ewige uitganery en bly bietjie tuis ook. Dis tog ons kind en ek voel soms so onrustig."

Hennie streel haar hare maar maak hom stadig van haar los.

„Ja, Louise, dis nou eenmaal so. Die dinge val nou eenmaal in my beroep en jy moet maar saamgaan of nie, soos jy verkies."

„Maar dink jy dan nooit aan die kind nie?"

„Dis tog vir die kind ook." Hennie word kwaad. „My beroep eis die dinge, sê ek jou. Jy het die dinge geweet voor ons troue en destyds was jy maar alte gretig om saam uit te gaan."

Louise se oë skiet vol trane.

„Maar Hennie . . ."

„En om hemelsnaam moenie begin huil nie. Ek sê jou nou, ek bly soos ek is, jy en die kind nieteenstaande."

Hy loop die kamer uit en klap die deur hard agter hom toe. In die sitkamer rinkel bottels. Moedeloos leun Louise vorentoe. Sy kyk na haar mooi oë, die krullende lokke en verleidelike mond. Vinnig swaai sy 'n mantel om en glip uit na klein Hennie se kamer. Hy slaap al. Hy lyk nes sy pa, dink sy teer. Dieselfde lang krulwimpers . . . en swak ken. Louise sug. Dan buk sy skielik en soen een oopgewoelde voetjie. Dan trek sy die komberse sorgsaam gelyk en gaan vinnig uit.

Op 'n groterige plattelandse dorp staan Helena in die eetkamer en kyk hoe haar kok alles keur. Hier staan ek, dink sy verbitterd, mev. dr. Fourie, ryk en beny en . . . beskinder.

Wat sou die ander nou gesels. Sy wou so graag gaan, maar dis Joos se verjaarsdag en sy posisie eis nou eenmaal hierdie funksies. Vanaand sal hy reeds laat wees. Wel, liewers te veel pasiënte as te min. Sy is gelukkig. Net . . . as daar maar weer 'n kindjie wou kom nou dat Sannatjie dood is. Sy wag so ongeduldig en Joos wag net so gretig, al sê hy dit nie.

Wat sal die ander sê van haar afwesigheid? Elsie sal soos gewoonlik seker weer spot en jil. Louise sal waarskynlik weer nét te veel drink en dan op die naaste klavier begin speel. Stephanie sal natuurlik weer na 'n Springbok-atleet lyk en afkeurend kyk na al die kos en drank. En Nellie . . . ja, wie weet ooit wat dié dink?

Die voordeur se slot klik. Met 'n sug loop Helena deur die gang om Joos te verwelkom.

Die Ritz was bruisend van lewe, toe Stephanie inloop en na 'n ruk se stilstaan, vir Nellie teen die muur sien sit. Sy loop vinnig soontoe en na sy gaan sit het, merk sy die vier leë sitplekke.

„Bettie is hier," sê Nellie, „maar ek het so 'n spesmaas die ander drie kom nie."

Bettie kom stadig en onverskillig soos altyd uit die kleedkamer gestap, reguit na die tafel, sonder rondkykery.

Na 'n rukkie roep hulle die kelner.

„Ons sal maar begin," sê Bettie half vererg. „Die ander drie het darem nie verskonings nie. Stephanie en ek kom daar uit die gopse. Louise en Elsie sit hier in die stad. Helena baie naby."

„Louise is te ryk," sê Nellie droog. „En dan ook, Hennie . . . Wel, sy het geweet hoe hy is," eindig sy skielik wrewelig.

„Nogtans, daar is die kind," sê Bettie ontevrede.

„Hulle is voëls van eenderse vere," haal Nellie haar skouers op. „Louise kan nie lewe sonder bewondering nie en 'n kroniese dronklap . . ."

„Stadig!" sê Bettie.

„Jy oordeel nou verkeerd," sê Stephanie. „Louise is glad nie so sleg nie. Sy moet met Hennie saam. Sy is mal oor hom."

„Al die Klawers is mal oor hulle mans," sê Bettie sinies. „Ek sweer Elsie sit vanaand in die een of ander uitlandernes, al haat sy dit."

„Volgens my het Elsie die slegste van ons almal ontwikkel," skokskouer Nellie. „Baie vriendelik as sy jou sien maar tog koud en op 'n afstand."

„Elsie maak 'n afgod van sosiale status," sê Stephanie ongemaklik. Sy en Elsie was eenmaal groot maats.

„Dis ook begryplik," sê Nellie koud, „met 'n man wat nog sukkel met sy graad."

„Bas het geveg," sê Bettie skerp.

Daar val 'n ongemaklike stilte. Politiek het al bittere rusies onder die Klawers veroorsaak.

„Laat ons liewer van onsself praat," sê Stephanie besadig. „Ons is hier om ons te verdedig."

„Hoe gaan dit as pastoriemoeder?" vra Nellie half spottend.

„Nee, goed," sug Bettie. „Basaars, bidure, vroue-vergaderings, en so voorts, ad nauseam. En eensaamheid."

„Eensaamheid?" vra Stephanie verbaas. „Kind, daar by my op die bult met net die skape en korhane, is daar eensaamheid om van te praat."

„Jy weet nie wat ek bedoel nie," sê Bettie ongeduldig. „Piet is heeldag besig en 'n domineesvrou mag geen intieme vriendinne hê nie. Dit gee net skinderpraatjies en jaloesie af."

„Ek kan my jou sleg in 'n pastorie voorstel," sê Nellie ingedagte.

„Klawerkwaal!" spot Stephanie. „Mal oor haar man."

„Jy het tog die kind," sê Nellie.

Getref deur iets in Nellie se stem, kyk Bettie vinnig op. „Ja. Hy het al 'n volle stel stande."

Toe verander sy vinnig die onderwerp.

„En jy, Stephanie? Jy het mos jou ideaal bereik: boervrou!"

„Ja," sug Stephanie, „maar ek betaal daarvoor. Dis bloukam en bloutong, kommandowurm en rooiblom. Ag, soms dink ek die sogenaamde ruggegraat van die volk is te swak daarvoor."

„Ek sê maar altyd," betoog Nellie, „die boer verdien sy subsidies en goeie pryse . . ."

„En jy?" verander Stephanie die onderwerp. „Jy staan nog in die professie?"

Nellie steek 'n sigaret op en knik.

„Ek wag om julle vloekies op te voed."

„Op te voeter," gryns Stephanie. „Gaan jy nie trou nie?"

„Nee."

Die ander vra nie verder nie. Net Bettie merk terloops op: „Dis jammer."

„Bitterlik so. Maar so is dit."

Dit was laat in die aand toe drie versadigde Klawers in hulle stoele terugsak met koffie.

„Die ander drie kan jammer wees," sê Bettie self-tevrede. „Ek het dit geniet."

„Ek ook," sê Nellie, en spot verder, „alhoewel ons aldrie opvallend bang is om oor ons eie sake uit te wei".

„Miskien is dit waarom drie weggebly het," sê Stephanie en kyk peinsend na Nellie se sigaretkoker.

„Uit bangheid? Nee, hulle is nie bang nie. Met Elsie se salaris by, leef die Jansens tog ver bo die broodlyn. Helena se man se praktyk is fantasties groot. Hennie het 'n invloedryke pos. Nee, wat, na die materie . . ." Bettie voltooi nie haar sin nie, maar staan op.

Die ander volg, Nellie half onwillig. Vir haar wag niemand tog tuis nie.

(Vervolg op bls. 45)

OPTICAL SERVICES

For the Information of the Public

The South African Optical Association is an association which confines its membership to those who comply with certain standards laid down by the Association. Opticians requiring registration with the Association must furnish proof that they comply with such standards.

For the information of the public, the members of the Association are permitted to display the Symbol of the Association and use the letters "F.O.A."

Opticians displaying the following Symbol have applied for registration and become registered members of the South African Optical Association :

Inserted by the Council of the South African Optical Association

PRETORIA BOOKBINDERS
RULERS AND FINISHERS (PTY.) LTD.

LIBRARY BOOKBINDERS AND BOOKSELLERS

60 Schoeman Street . P.O. Box 2092 . Pretoria

Books available in Library Bindings on the following subjects —

ARTS, CRAFTS, ENGINEERING, PHOTOGRAPHY,
FICTION and JUVENILE BOOKS.

NEW AFRIKAANS FICTION BOOKS IN
QUARTER LEATHER LIBRARY BINDING.

CATALOGUES AVAILABLE.

Beter Tabak * maak Beter Sigarette

Waar u ook
mag wees

Kommando

Suid-Afrika se *gewildste* sigaret

✱ *Die Vervaardigers van Kommando is die grootste verbruikers van Suid-Afrika se eerstegraadse tabak.*

Kuns en Universiteit?

'n „Akademiese" voorstel

Dr. E. HOLM

As dit nie 'n praktiese probleem was nie sou 'n mens, weens die gedrang waarin ons universitêre opvoedingstelsel kan kom, aan so 'n tema liefs nie wou raak nie. Want as ons universiteite nog hul oorspronklike betekenis van 'n omvattende *alma mater* of *universitas* behou het, sou die vraag of kuns in 'n universitêre opleiding tuis hoort, gladnie eers gestel hoef te word nie.

Maar sedert die tye toe die hoëre opvoeding van die Westerse mens deur die „Sewe Vrye Kunste" beheer is, het hierdie Westerling se kyk wysigings ondergaan wat ons noodsaak om wel die vraagstuk te bespreek. Selfs die Renaissance-ideaal van 'n sowel teoreties as prakties leerbare kuns het vir ons tydvak sy dominante opvoedingswaarde blykbaar verloor. In die negentiende eeu het, met die stigting van die kunsgeskiedenis as 'n universitêre vak, reeds 'n skeiding tussen teorie en praktyk plaasgevind wat elk in sy aparte kraal gedryf het. Op hierdie wyse is die oorspronklike eenheid van 'n estetiese opvoeding geleidelik verbrokkel, en die *disjecta membra* moes as ondergeskikte dissiplines van hetsy die wysbegeerte hetsy die geskiedenis 'n kwynende bestaan voer, terwyl die praktyk nou op „Akademieë" geleer is.

Die vraag ontstaan dus: wie is nog verantwoordelik vir ons estetiese opvoeding, akademie of universiteit? Koddig is, terloops, die vraag van 'n „student" van die beeldende kuns op 'n akademie: behoort universiteite „akademiese" inrigtings genoem te word, en akademieë nie? Terwyl die eerste vraag natuurlik die waarde van so'n estetiese opvoeding vir die mens van vandag veronderstel, en dus as 'n etiese vraagstuk buite die kader van suiwer akademiese oorwegings staan, is die tweede van bloot akademiese waarde; want prakties bestaan in ons land slegs universitêre inrigtings vir hoëre kunsopvoeding.

Van praktiese betekenis is dit dan slegs om te vra of kuns nog op universiteite geleer kan word. Indien ons die praktyk bedoel, moet dit stellig ontken word. In die geval van *ons* Universiteit is dit nog minder moontlik, daar die metode van kunsonderrig uiteraard die intiemste kontak tussen meester en leerling volstrek vereis. Bedoel ons egter die universitêre vak Kunsgeskiedenis, dan moet ons duidelik verstaan dat dit met 'n estetiese opvoeding niks meer te doen het nie, nie eens in die sin van 'n „aanvulling" by die praktiese kunsopleiding nie. Dit is 'n navorsingstak van die geesteswetenskappe, en beoog as suiwer akademiese vak met sy eie uitgebreide metodiek niks minder nie as enige soewereine vak wat hom met die verklaring van die mens in sy hoogste uitingsvorms besig hou. As sodanig kom aan hom dan ook die status van 'n akademiese hoofvak toe. Mettertyd sal ons universiteite hierdie feit wat in Europa algemeen aanvaar is, wel moet besef.

Moet ons dan die ideaal van 'n estetiese opvoeding — soos so baie ander — opgee; of liewer, moet ons universiteite dit doen? U sien, die vraag raak eintlik die betekenis van 'n universiteit as opvoedkundige inrigting. Die oplossing skyn ook in hierdie geval in die rigting van noue samewerking met praktiese opleidende inrigtings te skuil. Dit beteken geensins dat die universiteit sy soewereiniteit moet inboet nie, inteendeel, die universiteit moet hom op sy voederskap (alma mater) herbesin. Sy outonomie bestaan in sy navorsingstaak en die mededeling van sy wetenskap. Hy begeef hom op vreemde terrein as hy ook vaardigheid in enige praktiese vak, soos bv. kuns, wil bemiddel. Soos in die geval van die praktiese opvoedkunde, behoort daar gestreef te word na 'n samewerking met inrigtings wat 'n kunsopleiding kan aanbied. Die natuurlikste ooreenkoms sou dan lui dat wat aan 'n universiteit toekom onder sy beheer sal staan, en omgekeerd moet dit ook vir die kunsinrigting van akademiese rang geld. In die vak Kunsgeskiedenis en -waardering bv. behoort dit wat ook wel Kunswetenskap genoem word tot 'n universiteitstudie; daarenteen is kunswaardering deel van 'n opvoeding in die kuns. Dit sluit egter 'n behoorlike kennis van die Kunsgeskiedenis in, waarsonder dit geen aanspraak op akademiese standaarde kan maak nie. U sien dus waar skeiding, en ook skakeling, moontlik is sodra die terreine suiwer afgebaken word.

Die *disjecta membra* van ons estetiese opvoeding kan slegs deur die samewerking van universiteit en akademie volgens die ou towerspreuk herenig word:

been tot been,
bloed tot bloed,
lid tot lede,
asof dit gelym is.

VERGEWE MY!

IRAM

So innig graag wou ek jou om vergifnis vra . . .
maar woorde wat my bieg moes dra
het skuldig-bleek vervaag!

My onbedagsaamheid het met 'n dowwe pyn
jou sensitiewe siel geskryn!
Te laat eers moes ek merk

dat woorde, goed bedoel, die teer herinnering
wreed laat verkrummel het . . . verwring
was eensklaps jou gelaat,

verwytend-kil jou blik! O, hoe kon ek . . . wat wéét
hoe woorde, onbedagsaam wreed
geuit, die siel deurboor!

Maar hoe kon jy, wat boog op jou begryplikheid,
stilswyend my so diep verwyt,
veroordeel en vertrap?

Jy wat tog ook deur ander vaak word misverstaan,
onskuldig soms gebuk moet gaan —
sou jy dan nie begryp?

Maar skuldig pleit ek, hier en nou.
Vergewe my! . . . Vergifnis tog laat weer gedy
die liefde wat daar is.

(Vervolg van bls. 43)

Ver weg onder die Bosveldsterre kyk Helena op haar horlosie. Dis amper tienuur. Sou Louise al klavier speel?

Bas gly behoedsaam onder die komberse langs sy vrou in. Die hondjie het hy in die mandjie langs die bed gesit. Maar Elsie slaap nie. Sy kyk met wydoop oë na die maan en dink aan die swierige rok wat Helena sweerlik aan het.

Louise staar in 'n sjampanjeglasie. Sou ou Elsie alweer gediggies opsê? By voorbeeld haar geliefde: No sign on earth what measure of God's rest endows the many mansions of His house?