

will point to the crucial rôle of guaranteed market, transport, credit, and extension services in producing these results.

7. Unhappy concluding remarks

7.1 It might be best just to trail away into embarrassed silence—with so many questions unanswered, and so many aspects of the land reform issue undiscussed. I shan't do much more.

7.2 The major problem underlying the case for a distributive approach to land reform in South Africa is the lack of firm contemporary evidence about the costs involved in creating, and the prospects for, productive small-scale black agriculture. Both research and practical support-activity are

now being increased and I hope that we shall soon be able to talk more knowledgeably about the issue.

7.3 The major undiscussed aspect of the whole land reform question is of course experience with, and arguments about, collectivist land reforms—and experiments with 'group farming' of various types. Of particular interest for the South African case would be a study of the ex-French estates in Algeria and the 'White Highlands' of Kenya. Policies in the two areas have differed widely. Also, as the dust settles, it would be valuable to have studies of experience in the estate-sectors of Angolan and Mozambican agriculture. Without all this, and more, 'remarks on land-reform in South Africa' are distinctly incomplete. □

See page 20 for footnotes

COMMUNICATION GAP

Two Poems

by Stephanie Warren

1.
We look alike, we share so many things,
Move with the times,
And in high level buildings, chrome and glass,
Expertise slips slickly from our tongues,
As we agree
On matters that don't matter.

We've broken through!
The whole world shines;
In reverent voices we announce,
"Look. We go forward hand in hand
To build a new South Africa!"
For we agree
On matters that don't matter.

Triumphantly, unnoticing,
We tread amid the smoke upon the smouldering coals
Of what does matter.
And when it leaps aloft, ablaze,
We cower back, astonished.

Then what?
You cry, "Your fault, the rotten English press.....",
And I, "You Afrikaners did it all.....",
And there we are,
A pair of cross-talk comics in the ashes,
Agreeing to disagree
On matters that don't matter.

2.
Your fathers toiled to tame this hot bright land,
Labour so harsh that they'd no time it seems
To make its glorious colours part
Of themselves.

And as you've inherited, in sepia,
Their bearded images upon your study walls,
So too, in you, their sombreness lives on.

My country's old now, grey as its grey skies,
Yet still, I think, there lives in me that eagerness
That built the once great empire,
And openness, and laughter.

Do you see eagerness as English arrogance?
Does laughter seem to you a gibe, a sneer?
Is that why you can't hear me when I speak?
Is that why you, who so much long for friends,
Close off from me, turn in
Upon your sepia inner self?

We babble of the brotherhood of man,
Of self-determination, rights and powers,
But we can't look each other in the eye.
Until we can those words are meaningless,
The empty gibberings
Of fools. □