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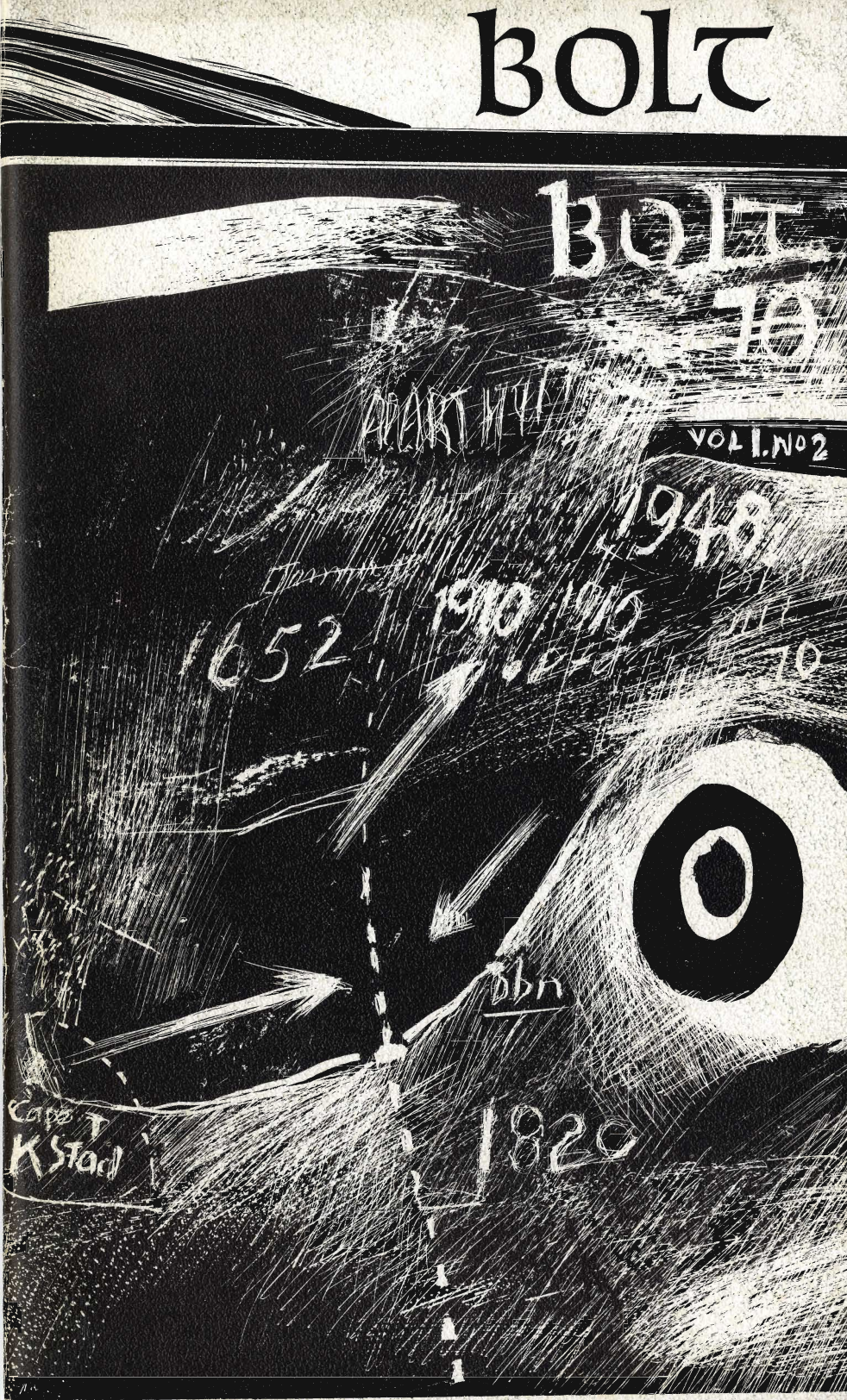

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Douglas Livingstone

Two Poems

Isotopes

o^1

These timeless instants
his **Geist** *vacates his body*
for the universe of hers,
allowing hers free access.

o^2

Chairman Mao was entitled
to his thoughts, but a pair
of nyloned thighs being crossed
makes more harmonious music.

o^3

Who would be around to
disobey or worship you
God, if it wasn't for us.

o^4

In an orderly universe
only man is disorderly:
the tyranny of freewill;
because we are men
we owe much to the women:
the choice of chivalry.

o^5

Quasars sing only to boffins
at present, but then
they're going to have to wait
to hear our Mozart.

o[6]

The CO_2 we exhale and (pardon)
various other excreta, are good
for the roses we enjoy: the "real" is
quite synchronistic with the "apparent."

o[7]

A Gregorian of frogs,
a night curlew calling upstream,
the preliminary warning cough
of a dogfaced baboon
afford shorter more intense trips
with no hangover
except brief sadness
and no withdrawals
except mild longings
after innocence.

o[8]

The sun will go nova
one day: we must remember
to take the animals.

o[9]

The tubercle in his kidneys
nearly killed him,
yet he remains vaguely
appreciative for the awakening.

o[10]

From too much order issues
a wish to impose chaos;
the disrupted prefer bricks to be so:
new beginnings exactly above old halfways.

o[11]

Best to be a conscious
and most genial host
to the vitamin B metabolising
organisms in your viscera.

o[12]

Of all the neo-imperialist lackeys
occupying Prague,
peasant-devouring extortionists
of Wall Street,
neo-colonialist decadents
at Westminster,
revisionist running-dogs
in Peking,
and reactionary adventurists
every elsewhere,
a few are quite capable of
falling in love.

o[13]

To love grows such
an appetite for one flesh
a step is taken
towards vegetarianism.

o[14]

Skin-coloration will for long
be an issue, but already
the bloodbanks find it no problem.

o[15]

Computers will never see,
smell, taste, touch, listen
to a rose in its self-contained
silence, and immediately
recall a particular woman.

O[16]

Shadows often give
a ferro-concrete wall
its only substance.

O[17]

A heartening thing
about Christ is it took the man
more than a month meditating
alone in a desert place to attain
a fearful realisation.

O[18]

They can put their observatory
on the dark side of the moon:
its findings will only enhance your
nimbus of romanticism, O pale Selene.

Douglas Livingstone

For Women
In Trouble

After the hot baths, the gin and quinine,
the ergometrine, too, have failed
and the panic's vertiginous rate of climb
matches the fear for the unborn's descent
there yet remains a painful remainder.
Useless to start with: Take an egg,
when yours has already taken enough,
and milk won't come into things down there
where you'll be doing all the cooking up;
but salt will, as a fiction and of your tears.

First, buy a small rubber catheter
at a chemist – to give your infant child
salt washouts for worms, you could say–
anything less than 10 inches is no good;
a few ounces of glycerine at another;
elsewhere, a 5 cc plastic syringe
(they come sterile in transparent envelopes)
– to give your dog subcutaneous injections
of salt-water, for billiary or something, or so
the vet said, it won't drink and must have the fluids.

Everyone probably has some iodine (tincture)
behind the soap and toothpaste-stained
rubble up on the bathroom shelf.
On the inside of your arm check you haven't
got an allergy to the damned stuff.
You boil the tube, an empty bottle,
towel, scissors, string; and wash your hands.
Into the bottle you pour about
One part of iodine and eight parts
glycerine. Shake to mix it properly.

Again wash your hands; don't dry them.
Cut open the syringe envelope
and take it out. Discard the needle, then
fit the open end of the catheter
on to the nozzle, you may have to tie on this end;
the snub-nose other with its strange side-
opening is placed into the solution.
Work the plunger. Up-down, in and out
(do you recall the rapture of conception?)
until the air is completely expelled.

You can tell this when the bubbles cease.
Now draw it up to the 3 cc mark.
Wash your hands again; touch nothing else.
Lie down with your feet apart, knees up.
Next, you may need someone to help you with this,
certainly you require two clean fingers in your
vagina: one to lift the front inside,
which will pull your cervix forward, the other
to guide the slippery catheter-end
into the tight-lipped mouth of the cervix.

This is a struggle; your cervix will try
to evade this issue, its opening is small.
Once you get half-an-inch in, relax,
but keep it in and feel around the tube: all
there should be is flesh surrounding it
otherwise you've got the end lost up back
somewhere in the dark cave of love.
Feed it in. The first inch is not too bad.
After that it's hell and may take two hours of
agony pushing it home. Try to relax.

The end shouldn't damage you, being made of rubber.
When it's as far as it can slide with ease,
slowly, but slowly, you depress the plunger.
Lady, you now have a foetus and 3 cc
iodine and glycerine in your outraged uterus.
Be assured that glycerine alone is fruitless
usually without several repetitions.
Iodine is good for asepsis and helps. Soaps,
air, household disinfectants can kill you.
All this works best at between one and three months.

Pull the tube out, not too slowly, but smoothly.
On your solitary bed at once you'll know
what pain is as everything clenches into spasm.
When the dead thing is out, it may take all night,
see a doctor immediately about a scraping;
tell him you, just like that, aborted,
fell down the stairs or something. He's allowed
to clean up the mess, not start it: relieve you of
other guests, not this one. If you gush fresh blood
it means quick action: ambulances and so forth.

Responsibility for trauma or death
is hereby disclaimed, but if you can be
on antibiotics before, during and after,
so much the better. As a cook you are probably
cleaner than the old woman you heard recommended.
But it's about time all this bloody stupidity
was made painless and legal by Man, State and God.
There are other methods of varying efficacy
and risk. This one often does a successful job.
The use of knitting needles, etc., is not advised.

Douglas Livingstone

Reprinted by permission, with minor emendations by the poet, from THE LONDON MAGAZINE of April, 1965.

C.J.D. Harvey

The Problem of Censorship

By an Ex-Censor

I must confess at the outset that my experience as a member of the Publications Control Board, has not by any means enabled me to solve the 'problem' of censorship. If anything, I am less sure than I was before about such things as its desirability and possible long-term effects. But I offer these reflections, based mainly on sheerly practical considerations, in the hope that they may help others to clarify their thinking.

Anyone interested enough to read this will know, or can easily find out, the legal status of the Board and the scope of its authority. These things have been repeatedly set out and commented on in the press. There are two facts, however, that for some reason are repeatedly overlooked. Firstly, that the Board does not consider a book published in South Africa unless it is submitted by someone with a specific complaint. Therefore, a book which has not been banned may not have been considered by the Board at all. Secondly, that it is not an offence merely to possess a book banned by the Board (writings by persons banned under the Suppression of Communism Act are a different matter). If you have, e.g. a copy of **Lady Chatterley** on your shelf, you are not committing an offence unless you sell it, or offer it for sale (or lend it!). **Somebody** probably committed an offence when you acquired it but even this may not be true in the case of a book which had been in circulation before it was banned.

It is very generally assumed, I think, that members of the Board are fervently in favour of strict censorship. I suppose most people, without being really conscious of it, imagine that they volunteered for the job. I give away no secrets when I say that I know that a majority of the Board, as constituted when I was a member, accepted appointment only after some

hesitation. Speaking only for myself, when asked by the first chairman, Professor G. Dekker (whom I had never met before, nor corresponded with) whether I would accept appointment, my first impulse, having never thought very highly of the institution of censorship, was to decline. But in thinking it over, these points occurred to me. The Board had already been created by Parliament (to replace a Censor Board that exercised power arbitrarily through the Minister) and it would fail to function only in the unlikely event of there being no-one else prepared to serve on it. Secondly, that some form of censorship was probably unavoidable in view of current public opinion (I shall deal more fully with this point later). Therefore one could decline (and, perhaps, join in the chorus of indignation when a genuine work of literature was banned by the ignorant censors) or one could accept and hope to use one's powers of persuasion in defence of valuable works of literature that might appear undesirable or dangerous to non-literary minds. Being a university teacher of literature, and being approached by a chairman who was himself a retired one (and a much-respected critic to boot), made such a hope quite reasonable. And so it turned out to be. Again, I am betraying no confidences when I report that there was quite often a sharp division of opinion between the 'literary' members like myself and the non-literary ones. And, of course, I like to think that, without my support, the 'literary faction' would have been defeated more often than they were.

I propose in my discussion to limit myself to the questions of sexual immorality, obscenity, nudity, etc., as these are what most people think censors exist to check or suppress, and because they are most often the sources of objection to works of literature. Questions of subversion, techniques of crime, incitement to disorder and so on, pose rather different problems and ones about which I was not supposed to have any particular expert knowledge, other members being appointed with this in mind. The first aspect of it that I wish to discuss is not so much the topic: **Is censorship necessary in these matters?** a point on which by now surely everything that can be said on either side has already been said, but rather: **Do people want it?** or, better still in a democracy, **Do the majority of people want it?**

The answer to this is, I think, **Yes**, but, because they have it, most people have never really thought about it. Those who are really keenly interested in the question constitute a small minority divided into two sharply-opposed groups: those strongly in favour, who feel it incumbent upon them to take responsibility for the

moral welfare of others and whose ranks include certain church leaders, clergymen, educationists, women's organisations that set themselves up as **in loco parentis** to the nation and Mrs Grundy, and, the other group, those strongly opposed to it. Among them are to be found mainly writers, artists, critics and intellectuals of various sorts though naturally not all such people belong in this group, any more than all schoolmasters or clergymen belong in the first. They are, on the whole, more fervently opposed to censorship than the first lot are in favour of it. They see it only as an interference with the right of free expression. They say, quite rightly, that it can in no circumstances encourage the production of genuine art or literature and may easily hamper it and that, as a culture in which art and literature do not flourish freely cannot be a healthy one, censorship must at all costs be eliminated. In the abstract, of course, and from the point of view of what is good for 'Art' their arguments are unanswerable. But what they do not take into account is that the side-effects of certain literary works on people who, for various reasons, may not be able to benefit from their artistic value, may be in some way undesirable. It is probably a confused perception of this last point that makes most people (or would make, if they were actually confronted with the choice) in favour of censorship. Many of these think they are against it. They 'tut-tut' sympathetically when they read in their papers the protests by writers and critics about the banning of any book (whether or not they have any means of knowing that the book has any literary or artistic value). They probably like looking at pictures of pretty, scantily-clad girls and would like them more if they wore even less. They read about famous beauties appearing nude in films shown overseas and feel very definitely that the 'art' of the cinema in South Africa is being severely mauled by the prudish, antediluvian Mrs Grundys of the Publication Board.

But what, one wonders, would be the attitude of this great mass if censorship were altogether abolished? It cannot be doubted that there would be a great flood of pornography on to the South African market. Hundreds of 'businessmen' would cash in on the large profits to be made quickly and easily. Prosecutions under existing obscenity laws, even if penalties were much increased, would do little to check the gold-bearing flood. The 'average citizens' then would be appalled by the obscene pictures, stories etc., available to their children in every shop and café and circulated freely among them. They would not then be impressed by arguments such as that obscene words are only words and it is naive and primitive to confuse the word with the thing itself. Or that our God-given bodies are nothing to be

ashamed or furtive about and there is nothing indecent about nudity, genital organs etc., etc. The point is that these views may be held and can fairly easily be defended by enlightened people, but they simply do not coincide with the current mores of our society. Obscene language and public exhibitions of sexual activities or genital organs are not only illegal, they are profoundly shocking and disgusting to about 98% of the population. Therefore, except in very special circumstances, they will not tolerate the detailed depiction or description of such things in books and films. Above all, they will not tolerate that such things should be freely available to their children whom they are bringing up to be 'clean in thought and deed'.

Two solutions may be suggested here. One, that there should be a censor board of sorts, but that it should only throw out real hard-core pornography; dirty postcards, 'blue' films, etc., and leave 'proper literature', even if it is a bit near the bone sometimes, alone. The obvious snag here, of course, is what to do with borderline cases. The extremes mentioned above are easy enough to recognise, but in a country where there is any form of censorship, particularly if it is fairly permissive, it is exactly at the borderlines that the 'businessmen' aim. (See, e.g. some of the cheap pin-up booklets currently available in South Africa.) Further, there are genuine differences of opinion about certain works. There is no doubt that some people regard **Lady Chatterley's Lover** as pornography, an even larger number would regard **Portnoy's Complaint** which recently topped the best-seller list in the U.S.A., or **The Valley of the Dolls** of the year before, as very definitely so, yet all have been taken seriously as literature by quite responsible people. So we are back where we started. A censor board cannot possibly represent every possible shade of opinion in a country and, if it could, it would probably never be able to reach any firm decision about anything. Even if it were possible to constitute a body which could infallibly tell genuine literature from false by some superhuman test, the problem is still not solved. For the things that shock and disgust our average citizen in life will also shock and disgust him in literature. If he is not trained to understand complex forms of literature and takes them only on the surface level (as, unfortunately, the great majority of people do) he will genuinly mistake them for pornography. But, in any case, he will not want them to fall into the hands of his children. "How can a child learn that certain words are bad" he will ask, "when the 'hero' of the book uses them." Or, "How can a young girl be expected to value pre-marital chastity, or modestly refrain from erotic exhibitionism when the, to-her sympathy-evoking 'heroine' behaves rather differently?"

Another solution which fairly obviously suggests itself is that certain works, instead of being banned to everyone, should be kept out of the hands of children or adolescents (or, even, other 'insufficiently educated' sections of the population). The Publications Board already tries to do this with films for which age-groups or racial groups are sometimes specified when the film is approved for public showing. Apart from some marginal dodging, this probably works fairly well and, I think, is approved of by most people, especially if it means that the censors are more permissive towards adult films. But in the case of books and periodicals, it simply will not work. Some such discrimination has been attempted in the form of banning cheap paperback editions of certain works while allowing expensive, hard-cover editions to go free. (The Act under which the Board operates even specifies that **all** imported paperback books, costing under fifty cents, must be approved by the Board.) The shaky assumptions on which such a system is based, and the numerous possible loopholes, are too obvious to need detailing. (At the other end of the scale provision is made whereby banned books can be imported or purchased on special permits by approved persons for academic or scientific purposes. But this offers no real relief to the enlightened reader who wants to keep in touch with things.) To place the onus on parents to control their children's reading is, of course, no solution either. However careful even the majority of parents may be, every neighbourhood has its quota of careless or permissive ones to provide a source of supply.

Clearly, then, although censorship is not something which can be seen to be necessary to society like a water-supply, it is also not simply an evil like malaria to be done away with. Nor, apparently, is it something that can be shelved until we know more about it. Even Denmark with its small, homogeneous, highly-educated population, hesitated long over the matter and, after the abolition of censorship, went through a phase of unbridled erotic exhibitionism and a mass invasion of sex-hungry tourists before things settled down. We are told that since the abolition of censorship the sales of pornography have dropped to an all-time low. Of course, no comparisons can be made with countries which have had strict censorship for quite some time (Spain, Ireland, South Africa) partly for the obvious reason that no accurate records are available of illegal sales. A better analogy than those above might be the wearing of clothes. Most people assume that they are necessary even when not required for protection, and society **demands** that they be worn. On the other hand, there are many sound arguments for nudism being both physically and mentally healthier and a comparatively small but not insignificant number practice it in private or under special licence. Dire predictions that it would lead to a total break-

down in sexual morals are completely disproved by the behaviour of people in nudist or 'naturist' settlements (as they like to be called). Nevertheless, society at large remains unimpressed and the man or woman who sheds all his clothes in a public place (even a lonely beach) may be arrested and punished or (a more decisive rejection) declared insane if he persists in such behaviour. It would seem that here, as in the matter of censorship, we are not dealing with a matter which is subject to rational argument. It will not be of much more use to us than a compass would be to get us safely through a forest full of taboos and ju-ju trees.

In our present state of knowledge, no one can say with certainty (though all too many think they can) what sort of pictures or books actually do 'corrupt' or 'deprave' people. The words themselves do not even seem to have any agreed meaning. Those for and those against censorship have absolutely no common ground and, far from being persuadable by the arguments of the opposition, they don't even begin to understand them. An Anglican bishop said recently that he was against pornography but thought eroticism was a good thing. To many this is a simple contradiction in terms. In the unlikely event of two opponents agreeing that a certain picture or book would, in fact, have a sexually stimulating effect on a given sort of person, they would probably then disagree about whether or not this was a good thing.

This article is not a plea for stricter censorship, though I shall not be surprised if some people take it as such, nor is it a plea for a more tolerant view of the Publications Control Board (of which, please, I am no longer a member). But I think it will do no harm if it makes those who think they are stubbornly opposed to censorship in all forms think hard about the matter and ask themselves if they really are and, if they are, also realise that they are, in fact, in a very small minority and therefore, in a democracy, cannot hope to have their way.

C.J.D. Harvey

By Rick Turner

MARCUSE

THE POWER OF NEGATIVE THINKING

Marcuse has been widely publicised as an inspirer of student rebellion. In this context, perhaps his most important contribution is his critique of this social science, and therefore of the universities which teach his social science. For Marcuse, *social theory is concerned with the historical alternatives which haunt the established society as subversive tendencies and forces. The values attached to the alternatives do become facts when they are translated into reality by historical practice. The theoretical concepts terminate with social change* **(One Dimensional Man** xi–xii). That is, social theory is essentially critical – it should be continually trying to work out better forms of society, better ways of living. However, he argues, contemporary social science does not do this. It accepts the existing social structures as absolute. It may suggest reforms within the context of these structures, but it does not question the rationality of the structures as a whole. It tends to deify the present, and to limit itself to description – thereby avoiding the problem of change. It leaves out past dimension and future dimension. These two are linked, for the introduction of the past, of the fact that society has been different, has reached its present situation through a series of changes, also brings up the possibility of future change. *It militates against the closing of the universe of discourse and behaviour; it renders possible the development of concepts which destabilise and transcend the closed universe by comprehending it as an historical universe* **(One Dimensional Man** p.99). Social science which describes the present in abstraction from the past, which treats the present as though it were not part of history, is conservative by implication. It is also inadequate as science. Explanation, as opposed to description, must necessarily refer to the past out of which the present situation emerged, and so unless we bring in the past we cannot fully understand why the present is as it is – we are left with an incomplete science. This in turn has further conservative implications. In order to change the present situation, we have to know why it is as it is, and insofar as social scientists either implicitly or explicitly refuse

to look for these reasons, they make it impossible to use social science in a critical way.

A second very considerable factor making for conservatism in the social sciences is compartmentalisation and specialisation. The social sciences all have the same object – man in society – but many different aspects of this object are dealt with. This is reasonable enough at the level of description – e.g. in the description of the functioning of a capitalist economy as undertaken by economists – but at the level of explanation it is not. Each special science deals with an abstract element of the totality, and while this element can be described in itself, there is no a priori reason for believing that its nature and functioning, and so its possible developments, allow description without reference to the other elements.

Deciding what sort of economic organisations are possible involves making assumptions about, e.g., human psychology, and about the ways in which individuals can form into groups. That is, the economist is objectively dependent on the sociologist and the psychologist. But to the extent to which he, and they, remain in specialised compartments, he tends to take for granted the given psychological and sociological structures. When each discipline is doing this, without actually questioning the nature of their relations, they can only continue functioning insofar as they take the existing social structure as given. In this way, they all seem to confirm one another in absolutising the status quo. For example, a given type of economy functions as a result of a particular type of personality structure. If we accept that either one of these is natural, then the other is likewise absolutised.

The key question – now does an economic situation influence the personality structure of the individual placed in it, and vice-versa – does not get asked.

In his study of Freud in **Eros and Civilisation**, Marcuse gives a concrete example of the way in which this absolutises the given situation. Freud argued that civilisation, as coexistence of individuals, is only possible through the repression of the two basic drives – *eros* and *thanos*, the sexual drive and the 'death wish'. If these instincts were not repressed conflict would result. Therefore civilisation requires a whole series of authoritarian institutions: a pater familias internalised as conscience; the State; the labour market, as instrument for forcing people to work, in order to keep these potentially destructive forces in check and to canalise them into productive labour. A free society, without a degree of brutal imposition of value systems on the young, and without coercion on the old, is impossible.

However, Marcuse shows that Freud links the incompatibility of freedom and society to the concept of *ananke* – the struggle for existence. He continues: *The struggle for existence necessitates the repressive modification of the instincts, chiefly because of the lack of sufficient means and resources for integral, painless and toilless gratification of instinctual needs. If this is true, the repressive organisation of the instincts in the struggle for existence would be due to exogenous factors – in the sense that they are not inherent in the 'nature' of the instincts but emerge from specific historical conditions under which the instincts develop* **(Eros and Civilisation** p.113). Marcuse further points out that *it is not decisive whether the inhibitions are imposed by scarcity or by the hierarchical distribution of scarcity, by the struggle for existence, or by the interest in domination* **(Eros and Civilisation** p.114). That is, the necessity for inhibitions and a repressive society is based on a factor external to psychology, a factor which is either purely economic (scarcity of goods) or else politico-economic (in the form of a class society in which one class has developed an interest in dominance and the maintenance of relative scarcity, even though the material conditions for the abolition of scarcity, and so for the abolition of domination, might be given).

Freud himself accepted the economic fact of scarcity as inevitable, and so concluded that some form of social domination was a necessity. Apologists for capitalism, on the other hand, tend to use conclusions such as those of Freud to show that men are necessarily selfish and competitive, and so that a co-operative socialist society is impossible. Economics and psychology seem to justify one another in the maintenance of the status quo.

To summarise the argument so far, Marcuse believes that contemporary social science, because of its unhistorical, descriptive and compartmentalised nature, has become a system of conservative apologetics, and that universities, instead of teaching their students to think critically, are merely turning out technicians for oiling the contradictions in the capitalist machine. Social science, far from being value-free, is impregnated with the value-assumptions, disguised as fact-assumptions, of capitalist society. He argues that part of the job of understanding a given social structure should consist of projecting alternative structures and evaluating the structure itself and the alternatives. This presupposes a criterion of value.

Marcuse gives the following criteria for what he calls the truth value of such a transcendent project:

1. *The transcendent project must be in accordance with the real possibilities open to the attained level of the material and intellectual culture.*

(Continued on page 29)

Christopher Hope

WHITES ONLY

In a corner of a sunny land... Come to our land.

"It's hot. God but it's hot."

The horse pulled the plough, the plough pulled the man. Flies bounced off the horse's shining brown back.

Sky like silver paper. Flick goes the tail.

"**Jissus**, but it's **hot**."

Veld grass smeared across the land like mustard, windmill away to the right, a silver spoon.

This land is our land!

The man stopped the horse and loosed it from the plough. Flick, flick. A light wind. No sound. He walked to the truck parked on the edge of the ploughed field. The seat squeaked.

The red dust parachuted out behind the truck.

An unkempt piccanin ran to unhook the big farm gate. The truck chugged and waited.

The piccanin wrestled with the wire loop on the gate post. It pinched his fingers and he grunted.

The man revved the engine.

"Stupid," he thought.

The gate swung open and he burst through it.

"O great white light of the West," thought the piccanin gazing at him.

"Make sure you shut it," the man barked. The truck leaped forward and the dust closed behind it.

"Bastion," murmured the piccanin.

He drove into the six o'clock sun. The truck was a swift tok-tokkie carrying him nimbly. Soon he could see the farm house. His belly rumbled out a welcome.

"Stupid," he told himself. But nonetheless he was pleased to be almost home.

He stopped at the farm gate. The sign on the fence read *Forward*. The farm had once been called *Rest and Peace* but Grannie had it changed soon after his second brother had gone to his room. That was many years ago.

He hooted several times. The broken notes, visible in the heat, floated across the yard disturbing the dirty ducks that played by the pond formed, over several years near the kitchen door, by seepage and infrequent rains.

A black man wearing an elegant grey suit and highly polished brown and white golf shoes appeared and carefully crossed the yard toward the gate, halting every few steps as an excited duck flung itself across his path. It was Solomon, the boss boy. His progress was that of a man crossing a busy street. He opened the gate and bowed low as the truck passed through them.

"Go well, little god," he saluted.

The man parked the truck under the eaves as he usually did and strode into the house. The kitchen was large and cool. Several cook girls prepared food at the blackened range. There was a good smell. His belly gurgled again. The women giggled. He scowled and stamped into the sitting room. A woman sat on a sofa. He took off his hat and rubbed his nose.

"Hullo Grannie."

She was tall. Her white boots touched the tops of her thighs and zipped up the back. Her hair was greying but very fine. She smiled up at him and her tongue was the colour of her blouse.

"My poor boy must be hungry."

"Yes, hungry."

"Your food is almost ready."

He nodded vigorously. The gurgle in his belly was a rachet in the still room.

"We must talk together," he said hesitantly.

"Not now," she said briskly but pleasantly. "First eat. I

will see the girls in the kitchen. Your brothers will be hungry too."

His heart warmed to her. She was the most pleasant person he knew.

"Ja."

He went to wash. When he came back into the room, a place had been laid at the table and his food, covered by a plate, was waiting on his red doily. He ate rapidly and without thinking. Afterwards he sat on the sofa and smoked his pipe. He could hear Grannie collecting his brothers' plates.

He had two older brothers. Their rooms were in the long passage leading to the sun parlour. A part of the house never used much. Neither brother had come out of his room for many years. Both were busily writing. Always writing, Grannie said. She fed them three times a day, pushing a tray through the hinged hatch which each brother had made in his bedroom door. The food was received without comment.

He realised something important must have driven his brothers to their rooms. But he had been very young when it happened. Grannie knew and had laughed softly when he once asked her about it, but told him nothing.

Each brother received mail but never sent any. Two bulky parcels arrived each month with the address, printed in green ink, postmarked Pretoria. Some years ago when he had been bolder he had secretly pried open one of these parcels with cold fingers. Inside was a pile of crisp, new, picture stories from the *Romantic Library*. He had never looked again.

Nowadays he no longer even remembered the names of his brothers. Indeed, he occasionally forgot about them for as much as a week at a time. But inevitably the sound of a flushing toilet late at night would issue through the quiet farm house to remind him.

No one else knew about his secret brothers. The farm was isolated. It perched on the border of a Bantustan. He could see the fences from his bedroom window.

Outside the drums began to knock. It was a common sound. They were turned out by a small factory some miles away and sold in great quantities to the people in the Bantustan.

He could hear Grannie moving about in another part of the house. Her boots thumping the boards gave out a sound not unlike that of the drums. The room was darkening. In the farmyard

someone shouted.

"We must talk," he called out, "and perhaps even play some games later."

Grannie answered unintelligibly.

He had a compendium of games. Often they would play together after dinner. Grannie's face went red when she won and she would drink to her winnings. Her favourite game was Ludo. She frowned on cards.

He put his feet upon the *riempie* table and dozed. He dreamt he saw a signpost on which were painted the names of all the bishops in Southern Africa.

He awoke to find Grannie standing over him. She looked different, somehow newer. He peered up at her. She smiled brightly, her white teeth contrasting sharply with her pinkened lips. He realised she had made herself up. Her hair was caught behind her head with a tortoise shell clip.

"Where are you going?"

"To the school," she still smiled. "Tonight we have Bantu history."

He received this information silently although it made him angry. Grannie ran a nightschool for his farm labourers. She had done so ever since the mission school had closed down. Grannie had never liked the mission school. It had been run by nuns.

"Those... things! Running around in their white clothes, like tick birds. And they teach the Bantu such terrible things, and pervert their natures. Worse, the Bantu become cheeky."

The school had closed. He sometimes wondered how Grannie had managed this. He knew she had a cousin important in Pretoria.

"I will be alone here" he complained.

But she was firm.

"I must go. My pupils will be waiting. We have history tonight. It is very important."

She leant over and kissed him swiftly on the forehead. As she stooped her blouse opened and he saw her breasts, white and powdered. They seemed to him like rugby balls.

Mistaking his silence she smiled down at him and smoothed his hair.

"If you like, wait up for me. We will have a game later."

Like rugby balls! He nodded.

When Grannie had gone, he felt self-conscious so he switched on the radio and began to fill his pipe. The set hummed briefly, whispered and came alive. The sounds it thrust into the room were strange. Something about their rhythm and cadence made him listen intently. After a few moments he identified the sounds as heavy panting interspersed with groans. It occurred to him abruptly that they came from two people in an advanced stage of sexual excitation, perhaps even intercourse.

The realisation rose in him like nausea. The radio on the mantelpiece encased in its brown bakelite jacket buzzed and buzzed He retreated to the sofa and sat stolidly. Grannie must have left it on the English programme. His lower lip trembled. His thighs felt heavy. The radio squealed and grunted. With a shout he launched himself off the sofa, but he was too late. A sudden strand of music signalled the commercial.

He swung the dial gnawing his lower lip fiercely, stopped at the sound of singing and listened. A church service. He turned up the volume.

"Stupid," he told himself with relief.

The preacher's voice broke out of the hymn, rose like a car engine after a gear change and settled into a high steady drone, filling the room.

He settled himself. The preacher led his congregation in prayer for the national rugby team. He assumed a reverential attitude. A fly flickered about him making black holes in the air. The room enclosed him.

The sudden explosive knocking alarmed him. He listened, sitting stiffly. The sound of it mixed with the rattling drums outside and became louder and louder until it seemed the house was under fire.

The creature at the back door was tiny. About three foot tall, smiling pleasantly. He wore a pair of natty veldskoen, sombre blue suit, silver tie. His trousers were baggy and immensely wide at the ankle. A *bok baard* tapering to an exquisite point adorned his chin. He wore his hair short, shaved well above the ears. Amiably, he insisted upon coming inside.

The man stared. He was unaccustomed to strangers at the farm. Particularly Whites. Behind the dwarf's smiling face he saw another; long, black, pointed. A dog as tall as its master. For all the dwarf's amiability, there was an authoritative cast to his chin. His eyes were brown, like the dog's.

Finally the man nodded.

Dwarf and dog moved inside and wonderingly he led them into the living room. The church service was still in progress. The dwarf, perfectly at ease, sat on the sofa, his feet five inches off the floor. The dog settled beside him. The man leaned against the mantelpiece.

"I was just passing" the dwarf explained looking about the room.

The man grunted.

"You must get lonely here. Especially with all those blacks about," he nodded emphatically in the direction of the Bantustan.

"I have my gun."

The dwarf was scrupulously examining the room now, even turning around to see what was behind him as if taking an inventory or as though he had been there before and wanted to be sure that everything was as he had left it.

"Good" said the dwarf cheerfully.

The man was becoming angry.

"Yes, good."

The dog growled and the dwarf reached down and patted it.

"It's just as well to be on one's guard" he remonstrated briskly.

The man said nothing.

"What religion are you?"

"Dutch Reformed."

"I'm glad."

The dwarf had completed his inventory. There was silence. On the radio the sermon continued:

"If He had not meant it to be, it would not be, but He did and it is..."

The drums had not stopped.

Abruptly, the dwarf rose.

"I must be off now."

They walked outside. The ducks shouted darkly at their approach. He longed to ask the dwarf who the hell he was, but could not. In the yard the dwarf stopped suddenly and grabbed the man's arm.

"Your house is very neat. It shows a woman's touch. Do you have one?"

"There is only Grannie," he replied defensively.

"Ah," the dwarf laughed. "I'm too inquisitive. It will not do to become too familiar." His grasp on the other's arm insisted on this point. They stood thus joined together in the dark for some time. Then the dwarf released him.

For a moment the man imagined he might even mount his dog and canter off. But the dwarf owned an Opel.

At first he tried to propel the animal through the back door into the car. The dog resisted. The dwarf tried twice. Then suddenly, grown infuriated, he lifted the dog in his arms and flung it bodily into the back of the car, slammed the door, rushed to the driver's seat, jumped in, paused, jumped out, waved, jumped in again and drove away.

At that moment it occurred to the man that his visitor might have been Grannie's cousin from Pretoria.

Behind him the radio directed prayers for the nation's golfers.

The yard was darker, the ducks white whispers at his feet. Flick. Grannie. He must see Grannie. She was busy. He knew how absorbed she would be and would not brook an interruption. But still she would surely want to know of her cousin's visit. After all, her cousin had not been too busy to visit her. But her teaching had become for her an overriding preoccupation and he was not sure this was for the best.

She would often say:

"It is our duty to explain to the Bantu their place and part in the history of our country so that one day they will be able to assume a proper role in the management of their own affairs."

And again:

"They are not bad but like children. One must be firm but also cherish them. We must lead them by the hand, our grasp must be friendly but also firm. They must not be allowed to become cheeky."

He himself had never learnt any history. But when he was younger, after his eldest brother had gone to his room, on special anniversaries, Grannie would send him to fetch the old black crêpe *voortrekker kappie* from the stinkwood chest in her bedroom and setting it carefully upon her head would fold her hands in her lap and talk to him of her great-grandfather who died with Retief.

He had no trouble finding the *kappie* again. It was where he remembered it to be. He took it out and admired it rubbing it against his cheek. The feel of the roughened material made him feel considerably happier and he warmed to Grannie again. He wanted to go to her. The farm house encouraged him with its warm silence. She would not mind an interruption, just this once. Even if it had never happened before. He decided to keep the *kappie*.

His labourers' huts were a mile away and he walked quickly. The windmill stood to his left and the long liquorice-like fence adjoining the Bantustan, to the right. He sang as he walked and in his hand he held the *kappie*. This land was his father's and his father's before him, even unto the seventh generation as the bible said, said the dominee on his infrequent visits in his blue Volkswagen.

Before him were the farm labourers' huts, scattered in an oval shape. Hemmed in by the huts were rows of desks raggedly arranged. A blackboard faced the desks and two coal braziers burned on either side of it. Men sat at the desks. Grannie stood at the blackboard. He rubbed and rubbed his eyes. The history class shuffled about.

Then he saw the white boots gleaming and winking. He saw Grannie naked to the waist, her blouse tossed over a corner of the blackboard, as pink as a tongue in the fiery moonlight. Grannie among the shadows. The shadows moving about her, each movement bringing a groan from the class. Grannie's hair an army. The *veld* pale and ill. The whip in her hand, long and delicate. The figure crouched at her feet fire shining, shadow fading under the whip which licked out with an exasperated sound.

The knocking drums. A great heat. The skin of his face tightened and his scalp itched. He crouched, frightened, his arms over his head. The ground shook slightly beneath his feet. The rolling wagons pitching over the rocky ground disturbed the dust. The long whips felt the brown rumps of the oxen.

He wanted to disappear inside himself. To tear open his jaws and disappear head first down his own throat.

He still held the *kappie*. With great concentration he placed it on his head and tied the long strings in a bow beneath his chin then straightened his body and stood erect, proud, separate.

The shadowy figure advanced on Grannie. She backed

away. Her whip hanging like a broken arm. She stood with her back pressed against the blackboard. He could see in the fire-light the circles of dark hair in the pits of her outstretched arms. Her breasts were moons. His dark eyes beneath the *kappie* regarded her brightness. He saw her lips drawn back, her tongue caught between her white teeth. The figure before her rose unhurriedly, detaching itself calmly from the shadows and seemed to float over Grannie for a few seconds and then with a sudden grabbing movement pulled her down. Grannie gave a little shriek. And he recognised Solomon, his boss-boy.

Then he could not see anything but he heard a loud click as the buckle of Grannie's belt was released. The history class was quiet and attentive.

He ran, clumsily, the air so thick he felt he must chew it. Crickets jeered. It took him a considerable time to reach the farm house. The moon was gone and he staggered badly. Once he fell and the *kappie* almost came off so he sat and tightened the strings before getting up. Once inside the house he went to the sitting room. The radio still played. It occurred to him that there must be an all-night service. A mighty fugue rolled through the house rattling doors.

He worked feverishly for half an hour, twice hitting his fingers with the hammer and getting paint on his clothes. He had barely finished when Grannie arrived, her boots dusty.

"Silly boy" she kept saying. But he would not speak to her. Hard and aloof, he merely pointed at the painted board above the mantelpiece.

* You have soured my blood
* You have killed your father and mother and all your family
* You have snakes in your belly

She tried to talk to him but he sulked on the sofa and would only stare at the painted board.

"If you hate me, hit me," she asked him. "Like a man." And she knelt in front of him.

"Hit me," she insisted.

But he would not. He would do nothing. Not even tell her of her cousin's visit from Pretoria.

She became angry and tried to provoke him. Her language grew coarse and her manner unbecoming a white woman. His only response was to burrow deeper into the sofa and pull his *kappie* tightly over his ears.

"I am not even your real Grannie."

She was screaming at him. But he was unaffected. His eyes never left his signboard.

Then in a fury she twice urinated at his feet and he had to lift them sharply onto the sofa to avoid the spreading pool on the floor. Yet he held to his separateness.

She cried. Finally, in desperation told him that she was pregnant.

At this he closed his eyes. There was nothing inside him.

Now, Grannie was laughing at him. It was becoming increasingly clear to him that he could not stay where he was. It seemed best that he go to his room. The door was a stout one. It shut tightly and could be securely locked. It was a nice room. The walls and ceiling were whitewashed. It was airy and always fresh and cool.

"It would be the clever thing to do," he told himself, nodding solemnly.

Grannie was taking off her clothes but he ignored her. He had decided. That was enough. He would start in the morning with the new day.

He pulled his knees up close to his chest and prepared to wait.

Christopher Hope

in a swimming pool in a garden in white south africa

I am alone in a swimming pool:
This smear of water, clear and antiseptic,
Is the cool focal point of a garden.
I am alone in a swimming pool in a garden
In white south africa.

All around me are the official signs of peace;
Tell-tale birds, an obsequious breeze,
Mute, attendant trees.

Around me, also, orbit carefully out of earshot
Without once obtruding,
Houseboys, garden boys, dry cleaners' boys, milk boys,
Butchers' boys, ice-cream boys bent upon their business,
Out of mind, beyond the hedge.

Several grind glass in the kitchen; another hones
A panga in the tool shed; in the laundry room
A couple slit the seals of pouches of poison; some
Fiddle with the milk; a gang vaguely fingers prams
In the park; one unhurriedly pulls a home-made
Rifle through.

Boys will be boys.

They disturb nobody.

Instead, they genially observe their decreed profile,
Etching it in flesh with tender scruple:
The boy on the bicycle
Is eternally set upon
By the neighbourhood's dogs
(Of which he has been warned to be BEWARE)

Swimming is difficult.
Breathe, arm, kick, breathe, arm.
The water in the pool congeals into
Sheets of glass grinding, each against the next,
With me sheathed opaquely between.

The garden is gripped in the strident
Notes of a high summer sun. Tossing
And sweating it emits a dozen
Competing scents like a man frantic
In a nightmare at noon.

The sun trumpets out its brassy heat
Terrifying the shrubs, bleaching the roses,
Turning even the grass hot and uneasy underfoot.
Spiders dream
Conjuring the time
When a messenger may look at a prime minister.

Swimming is difficult.
Breathe; arm, kick, breathe, arm.
Bone tested against glass wins a small shriek.

I am alone in a swimming pool in a garden
In white south africa.
Turning brown.

Christopher Hope

MARCUSE *(Continued from page 16)*

2. *The transcendent project, in order to falsify the established totality must demonstrate its own higher rationality in the three-fold sense that*

a) it offers the prospect of preserving and improving the productive achievements of civilisation;

b) it defines the established totality in its very structure, basic tendencies, and relations;

c) its realisations offer a greater chance for the pacification of existence, within the framework of institutions which offer a greater chance for the free development of human needs and faculties.

A possible project must be evaluated in terms of the extent to which it solves material problems and the extent to which it permits a free development of the individual. By 'free' is meant unmanipulated, expressing needs and tastes which haven't been imposed either by necessity or by propaganda.

But, in order for such a project to be other than merely utopian, it has to be shown, by an analysis which reveals the *structure, basic tendencies and relations* of the *established totality* that it is a **possibility**.

In arguments about the possibility or otherwise of different sorts of society, the concept 'human nature', seen as a limiting factor, constantly recurs. The 'man in the street' view is roughly, that each individual has an inborn set of instinctual drives and needs, that there is a natural set of ethical and behavioural values, and that there is a natural way of looking at the world embodied in a particular natural language. Within this context the individual is free to do what he likes. Much of Marcuse's work may be seen as an attempt to show that very little in any of these spheres is 'natural'. I mentioned earlier that Marcuse shows the importance for Freud of the role played by the external fact of scarcity in the process of repressing and canalising the basic, intrinsically unformed drives. In general, the process of growing up is a process whereby the *pleasure principle* is, through the process of repression, as carried out by the family in particular, and the outside world in general, replaced by the *reality principle* – which is essentially an awareness of what can and cannot be done in the given reality. But this reality is to a large extent a social reality. What can and cannot be done is defined by the structure of the society, as expressed in its ideology. The process of repression, therefore, is to a large extent a process of internalising the ideology and the taboos of that particular society: *The unfree individual introjects his masters and their commands into his own mental apparatus* (**Eros and Civilisation** p.32). In his **Essay on Liberation** Marcuse argues that such an introjected morality comes to act as a norm of organic behaviour:

The organism receives and reacts to certain stimuli and ignores and repels others in accord with the introjected morality **(Essay on Liberation** p.11).

Beyond this, the ideology which justifies the form of dominance peculiar to the given social structure finds expression in an explicit value system which permeates much of the societies' culture. It also, to a considerable extent, finds expression in language: *The spoken phrase is an expression of the individual who speaks it, and of those who makè him speak as he does, and of whatever tension or contradiction may interrelate them. In speaking their own language, people also speak the language of their masters, benefactors, advertisers. Thus, they do not express themselves, their own knowledge, feelings and aspirations, but also something other than themselves* **(One Dimensional Man** p.193). On the most obvious level, this can be seen in political language, whereby people are presented with a whole conceptual structure which designates an absolutely evil enemy, and in terms of which they unquestioningly think.

Morality, language, ideology, introjected drives and needs – none of these are 'natural'. They are open to critical study, to rejection and to replacement.

A very useful way of approaching the critical study of a society is to analyse the value assumptions, introjected and explicit, which it imposes on its members, and to compare these with an ideal value system compatible with the productive capacity of the society. This is the essence of Marcuse's approach to American society. He is not particularly interested in the society's ability to satisfy the felt needs of its members, since he points out that these needs are themselves created by the society. A society might in theory be able to satisfy all the felt needs and still be condemnable.

Briefly, Marcuse argues that advanced industrial societies such as the U.S.A., the U.K., and France have reached a level at which the full and rational utilisation of the available technological resources could be used to create a society in which individuals would be able to develop freely, without the necessity for internalised repression and external domination to ensure social stability. However, the continued existence of the present form of social organisation requires a continued manipulation and alienation. The logic underlying the productive system of capitalism is the logic of the accumulation of capital, and this prescribes the directions in which the system can move. Accumulation of capital means continued expansion of production, which in turn means continued search for markets. Internally, this means that, once the basic real consumption needs have been met, it becomes necessary to create new needs by

the process of advertising manipulation, which defines a life-style of fulfilment in consumption, and at the same time trivialises language and thought. It also divides the individual's life into work time, which is accepted as being meaningless, dull, etc., and play time, seen as escape from work through conspicuous consumption. Instead of using the possibilities of automation to design work environments where the individual could enjoy himself, the distinction valid in the time of absolute scarcity is maintained at a time of potential plenty. With it goes the necessity of psychic repression, the necessity to impose a reality principle in terms of which the unpleasantness of the major element in living – labour – is accepted.

Externally, the drive for markets leads to imperialism, or neo-colonialism, and war. War, initially a by-product of the search for markets, itself becomes one of the major markets – the army is the ideal conspicuous consumer. But in order to justify war expenditure it is necessary to find or create an enemy. The enemy is created partly by the necessity of preserving neo-colonies, and partly by the artificial creation of war hysteria. The conditioning which goes with this helps ordinary advertising in the process of breaking down thought and replacing it with stereotyped oversimplification.

That is, Marcuse argues that capitalism requires waste, planned obsolescence, and war; inculcates a repressive reality principle; and involves a systematic process of conditioning, which of course spreads into the political sphere as well. In all spheres the individual has needs and choices imposed upon him. He is not free. Thus Marcuse is willing to condemn capitalism whether or not it satisfies the needs experienced by the individuals involved.

This involves a problem, however. If his projected alternative is to be other than merely utopian, he has to show how the given society can be changed. In his introduction to **One Dimensional Man**, Marcuse writes *One Dimensional Man will vacillate throughout between two contradictory hypotheses:* **1.** *that advanced industrial society is capable of containing qualitative change for the foreseeable future; 2. that forces and tendencies exist which may break this containment and explode the society. I do not think that a clear answer can be given* (p. xv).

For orthodox Marxist theory the working class is so placed in capitalist society that it a) is given the motive to reject the society by its suffering, and b) has the power to bring about this change. Marcuse feels that contemporary capitalists, by their power to satisfy an increasing number of wants, albeit irrational wants, has taken away the immediate stimulus to revolution constituted by serious poverty. What poverty there is in such societies is concen-

trated in marginal groups – the old, the black – or in marginal areas. In such circumstances, the bulk of the working class can, and often does, become a conservative factor.

Marcuse does see some hopeful signs. The interdependence of the imperialist metropole and the neo-colonial areas offer some possibilities. But the main contribution of guerilla resistance movements in these areas is that of being *an ideological catalyst for change.* That is, their existence promotes radical criticism of the system which leads to the napalming of peasants. In this way, the war in Vietnam has played an immeasurably important role in the student movements in the U.S. and elsewhere. Of these movements Marcuse writes: *Revolutionary in its theory, in its instincts, and in its ultimate goals, the student movement is not a revolutionary force, perhaps not even an avant-garde so long as there are no masses capable and willing to follow, but it is the ferment of hope in the overpowering and stifling capitalist metropolis: it testifies to the truth of the alternative – the real need and the real possibility of a free society* **(Essay on Liberation** p.60). This hope is that the shock effect of the reflection of capitalist ideology by a cultural pivotal group, may contribute to bringing about the radical change in consciousness which is the prerequisite for social change.

He believes that there are also one or two elements in the objective situation of capitalist states which favour this. Firstly he suggests that automation, which insofar as it ultimately implies doing away with a work force also implies doing away with capitalism, is likely to provide problems. Introduction of automation will produce a reaction on the part of workers, failure to introduce it will cause capitalism to lag behind the socialist countries which will be able to handle it better. Another problem is the apparent inability of these societies to keep the sphere of collective consumption on a level with the sphere of private consumption. Health, education, housing, environment, tend to be far below potential, and to be kept there by a variety of vested interests.

To conclude, my main criticism of Marcuse would be along the lines that there are perhaps more problems in contemporary capitalism than he makes out, and that the distinction he draws between a present situation of successful integration of opposition and a past of two-dimensional culture and politics is much too clearcut. The main stabilising element in any society is the fact that the dominant ideology is interiorised by the dominated group. Otherwise revolutions would be much less rare than they are. This point, I think, highlights the role of a critical culture in social change – and brings us back to Marcuse's call for a two-dimensional culture which constructs alternative models, rather than accepts the given – a culture which demonstrates the power of negative thinking.

Rick Turner

a spider in my **pocket**

Alone, with the percussive formations
of Nielsen's clarinet though Goodman,
I hovered,
and the spider lowered
by its web-plucking hind-legs,
itself into our presence.

Its long web-footed walk from the ceiling
downwards,
on a breath of spidery purpose,
awakened
a slowly encroaching possessiveness
in me.

For the mere pleasure
of owning a minute part of nature,
I guided it into my pocket
where it welcomed
the darkness in the shadow of my cigarette packet.

W.B. Montgomery

HE'S ONLY A MONKEY

A Story by Leela Moodley

Saturday afternoon. The homestead lay sprawled against the side of the hill over which the farm extended. It was a peaceful reflective time of the day, with Pieter asleep and Willem's huge form huddled incongruously over his accounts book.

Through the window she could see Julius, the African boy, weeding the lawn. He sat squat on the grass munching from time to time at a thick slice of dry bread. Observing a bird hopping about pecking at the crumbs he had dropped, he threw down the small tuft of weed he had uprooted and flung himself sideways, laughing boisterously at his vain attempt to catch it.

A disquieting thought leapt into the woman's mind. She looked across at her husband, hunched over the table.

"Will, I wonder if it was wise of the old man to leave his grandson with us? I feel he's much too young to be working."

"Why, has the young scoundrel been giving you any trouble? I'll whip the hide off him if...."

"No, no." The misunderstanding irked her. "It isn't any trouble. It's just that he's so full of spirits. He should be out playing with other children of his age. To see him working – scrubbing, polishing, weeding – doesn't seem right somehow."

Lips curling slightly, he gave her that look of tolerance she knew so well by now. "My dear Claire, I wish you'd put such ideas out of your head. What's right to your way of thinking is quite impracticable here." He spoke slowly, as if lecturing to a perverse child. "In his own home he would never know one-tenth of the comfort we give him. As for playing with other boys, that's certainly where he would be without us – and end up in the streets with them. Take it from me, he gets more than he deserves."

He turned back to his books and began totalling a neat column of figures with a finality that made her hold back the questions still rising within her. Deliberately she ignored the doubts tugging at her mind. Willem was a good husband, capable and hard-working. She admitted her need to reserve her judgement; she was, after all, still new to the country.

She glanced out of the window again. Julius had now got hold of Pieter's gaily-coloured ball and was tossing it up and down, rolling over the lawn in his exuberant efforts to catch it wherever it fell, his brown face lighting up with delight at the game.

After a while there was a dull thud above them and Claire sat up with an exclamation of dismay as if she had been part of the game.

"What is it?" Willem asked, frowning at the disturbance.

"He's thrown the ball on the roof," she explained, wondering at her reluctance to mention it.

"Who? What ball?"

"Julius. The ball you bought Pieter last week."

"The bloody skelm. So now he starts to play with our son's toys. You see," his accent became thicker, his voice harsher, "that's what your softness does. Give them an inch and there's no end to what they'll do." He jerked up angrily and strode towards the door.

"But he's still a child..." She followed him hastily.

"Ja. That's why he must learn now. Leave it to me. I know how to deal with him."

Claire having never questioned his judgement before, was surprised to find herself opposing him now.

"Leave him, Willem. It's only a small thing. We can easily buy Pieter another ball." Her blue eyes and lovely mouth were almost childlike in their plea.

"That's not the point. He had no right to touch the ball."

He flung open the door and went outside.

"Julius, come here," he shouted in Zulu.

The boy came slowly towards them, his eyes large with fear. He had not known at first whether the sound on the roof had been interpreted correctly.

"Yes, baas."

"How dare you play with my son's toys?"

The boy bent his head, focussing his eyes on a blade of grass.

"Where is the ball now?"

The head lifted; a hand was raised in a vague gesture towards

the roof. He knew that the question was unnecessary.

"All right, you skelm. I'll teach you." He paused. Then his peremptory voice boomed, "Go and fetch it now."

"Yes, baas. I bring the ladder." The boy turned eagerly towards the shed where the garden tools were kept. Climbing was no punishment to him. It was part of his boyish games.

"No – not the ladder." The voice made him pause and swing round. The eyes widened again, in query, as he looked at his master.

"You go up the drain-pipe; climb with your feet, see?" He demonstrated with his arms and legs, then pointed towards the side of the house. "Now – go."

* * * * *

The drain-pipe stood before them, tall and smooth, its silver glinting in the sunlight. Half-way up were two right-angled turns. This, and the two flat metal brackets which fixed the pipe to the wall, afforded the only footholds along its length.

The boy dragged his feet towards the wall. He paused as he reached it and looked back at the White couple, half-expecting to be recalled before he started. But Willem's eyes were fixed on him menancingly, and he turned away to the lesser cruelty of the climb.

He clasped the drain-pipe with his palms and rubbed the soles of his feet against the stones bordering the flower garden. Then with a sudden jerk, he hoisted himself upwards, gripping the pipe firmly with his knees.

"See, he's only a monkey," Willem exclaimed. "Climbing means nothing to him."

Claire stifled the protest that rose within her. It's no use interfering, she thought.

The boy was moving up cautiously now, his face truly monkey-like in its concentration. The dampness of his palms left dull blotches on the silver, which evaporated rapidly in the sun. Now and again he would pause and make some guttural exclamation; then with intense effort he would haul himself upwards, gripping firmly with his hands, knees and feet.

Claire stood, afraid and silent. The strain of watching was almost unbearable, but she could not bring herself to turn away.

Often Willem's voice would cut through the silence: "Go on – keep climbing," at which the boy would make an effort to go faster, urged on by the threatening tone. Little drops of sweat soon collected on his forehead, his chin, and in front of his ears.

"Ask him to come down, Willem," Claire begged at last in an urgent whisper. "Whatever will his grandfather say?"

Her husband cast her a brief contemptuous look. "Keep out of this, Claire. You don't understand. It's the only way he'll learn. The old man would be proud that I'm taking him in hand like this."

Julius had reached the middle by now and rested in the comparative safety of the elbow turn. He bent carefully and wiped his glistening face with the edge of his short khaki pants. He glanced downwards at them, then raised himself once more. Claire was surprised that his look was one of achievement rather than resentment.

There's so much I don't understand, she thought. Willem was right . . . he is like an animal, a monkey, driven by its instinct for self-preservation . . . his power of endurance is amazing. She felt her heart lurch. He was slipping. His fingers seemed to lose their hold, and he slid down a little. But he managed to clasp his knees firmly around the pipe, while his toes, prehensile in function now, gripped the wall with all their tenacity.

Please God, he's nearly there; let him make it. . . . She caught her lips between her teeth, her breath suspended agaonizingly.

By the time he reached the top, his knees, numb with pressure, were ready to give way. He pressed his toes tightly against the wall and reached upwards for the gutter that ran along the edge of the roof. Then with a final burst of effort, he swung himself to the top.

"Oh God, he's done it," breathed Claire in relief. She rushed to her husband's side. "Will, he's made it."

"Of course. And it'll teach him something he'll never forget. I think he's found the ball. Here, throw," he shouted to the boy. He stretched out his arms and caught the ball as it came hurtling over the roof.

"How will be come down now?" Claire asked.

"Easy enough. He can slide down." A wailing cry sounded inside the house. "There's Pieter up. You'd better take the ball in to him."

Claire lifted their ten-month old son out of the cot and held the brightly-coloured ball up to him. Petulantly he pushed it away and rested his head against his mother's neck. The ball rolled across the floor.

Claire carried the child outside. She was still concerned about

Julius's safety. As she came up to them, he landed on the cement with a bump and began searching for bruises where skin had been scraped on his palms and between his knees.

"Get yourself cleaned now," Willem ordered. "And let this be a lesson to you. Next time –," he paused, his voice holding the threat in suspension.

"Yes, baas." Julius scrambled to his feet and ran to the back of the house.

"I can't understand it," Claire said. "Why doesn't he feel at all resentful?"

"Why should he? He's done wrong and been punished for it. It's straightforward and clear, and that's what they understand best."

"I suppose you're right. But I can't help thinking – supposing he fell, from up there. It could have happened so easily."

He looked straight at her, that same look of amused contempt.

"Why then, he'd only have broken his bloody neck, wouldn't he?"

A breeze that had sprung up seemed all at once to startle the farmyard out of its tranquillity. A hen, which had been rubbing its feathers in a sandy hollow, flew out, squawking loudly. Dry leaves were whipped up and scattered over the lawn. The air became dusty and uncomfortable. From the tap in the backyard came the sound of Julius washing noisily.

Claire hurried into the house, conscious of her son's weight in her arms.

Henry Fynn and the Blacksmith of *The Grosvenor*

I

Bones sleeping in the cove – toes tight
in gullies, the sweet dreams of skulls
tucked under the sandy coverlet,
a jaw-bone braying where the swells

whiten and hiss the reef – I sing
not these first dead, the Indiaman's
quiet clerk or termagant bosun
sitting out the sea's stiff dance;

not the remaindered mythic band
who made eight hundred miles on prayer,
the flesh of oysters, limpets and
others who lost their grip, it's feared;

not those left propped up in caves,
nor the sunburned virgins with eyes
brighter than beads, whose blood still leaves
pallor on a tribesman's features;

but you, blacksmith, who chose to stay,
and by the time the last sleeve waved
or hat lifted where the long bay
turns, had hefted, hurled and heaved

pig-iron of the ship's ballast
up the beach with a realist's hands.
On that cliff-top your forge flame faced
out the tough sea, a continent's

tougher customers, the trials
by conscience, women, work
and the casual round of wars
you made your life by. And your luck

held, which was all you hoped; months, years.
Shipwrecks of kraals, extinguished tribes,
and lost scouts behind whom all ways
went thorny with spears, came to your fire.

II

Fifty years on came Fynn, starving,
living from root to root, begging
at hovels and hide-outs from skins
already too stretched and staring

to shrink from any new horror.
This was after Chaka's impis
had been that way and back. Further
north, over his morning coffee

on the beach, alone, his two guides
sweating somewhere in the undergrowth,
Fynn had watched the army glide
incuriously by; in his throat

Chaka, the charm sounded over
and over, while they passed so close,
twenty thousand shield to shoulder,
he sat all morning in one place.

Light-headed from his month of hunger,
Fynn thought he'd found the Grosvenor gold
when iron outcrops made him stumble
in long grass growing through the forge

or where the forge had been, but soon
mastered the truth: saw with calm blows
a new day's sun driven to its noon,
ship's ballast lying straight in rows.

Mike Kirkwood