

funnily enough I was telling the truth. I didn't have the guts to defend myself because I wouldn't have liked them to read what I had written. It was a hotch-potch of under-done ideas, and, monotonous in the extreme. There was always a Coloured man here, an African man there and a White somewhere around the corner. Always the same old pattern. I tried to be poetic but even that didn't help. I just bored myself to death and I assumed that I would bore others too so I shut my mouth pretty quick about what I had written. If I had to write one day I would just like to say *people is people* and not damn White, damn Black. Perhaps if I was a good enough writer I could still write damn White, damn Black and still make people *live*. Make them real. Make you love them, not because of the colour of their skin but because they are important as human beings.

FOR INSTANCE, I WOULD LIKE to write the story about a man who is a packing hand at the railways and lives in one of the tumbling down, leaky houses in District Six. One year for his annual leave he decided to make use of the railway concession and take a free train ride with his wife to Durban. All the neighbours knew about it because they are a popular and sociable couple, as are most people in District Six. No one has much of a private life in District Six. The neighbours make it their business to know all about you and they don't mind what your sins are. In fact, if it comes to the push they'll defend even if the law considers you in the wrong. The only suspicious man in District Six is the man who doesn't show his face and keeps a closed door. We are the real good and jolly neighbours, minding each other's business the way neighbours should. We can't help it because we're all piled up on each other.

Well, to get back to the story. This man and his wife had a crowd of friends tagging along as they went to catch the train to Durban. Ticket and booking all arranged. Bags stacked with food for the journey. Things like roast fowl, fish cakes, meat balls and plenty of sandwiches and some booze. The wife, a huge, adventurous, generous, loud-talking, happy and care-free woman climbed on the train first. The husband remained on the platform with the friends. He was sort of g'lum with a I'm-figuring-this-thing-out look on his face. He always gets that look on his face when he's not too pleased about something. Just as the first warning bell rang he shouted with real terror in his voice: "Ma, get off. Let's go home." And that was that. He didn't even have to explain. Everyone understood. To leave Cape Town and go gallivanting around like some fool in a foreign place like Durban would be an act of the most vile treachery. Cape Town is his home. He was born here. He will die here. Besides, nobody in Durban would understand him. He has a very special kind of language. His very own. He has a special kind of face that is comfortingly reflected in the faces around him. Those faces swear with the exact same nuance that he does. They eat the exact same food. They have the exact same humour. Why go to that fool of a place called Durban? What is there in it for him? To leave Cape Town would be like dying. It would be the destruction of all that he is as a man. He just doesn't have the kind of pretentiousness that makes an Ameri-

can tourist come and gape at the Zulu dances.

Well there it is. I would like to write the story of the man and his wife who never took the train journey, but I can't. When I think of writing any single thing I panic and go dead inside. Perhaps it's because I have my ear too keenly attuned to the political lumberjacks who are busy making capital on human lives. Perhaps I'm just having nightmares. Whatever my manifold disorders are, I hope to get them sorted out pretty soon, because *I've just got to tell a story.* ●

The Khoisan People

*Drought spoiled everything;
shrank bellies of grass;
game drifted and the plains
to which the tribe had fled
powdered, there scabbled no other hunters here and
the crows hopped leaner.*

*Without water
these three left their mother by a hillside
with sufficient thorn for a fire.
The tribe had served notice on them but
their mother cursed them as they left.
She turned the patina of her seamed face
toward the rock, and mooched about
within the five yard compass of her
small recess. She had one more
night of thirst before she dried out
into sticks and parchment.*

*The wind sang
in the kranz, admitting it came from the Kalahari.*

J. R. A. BAILEY

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Schooling

“An Education that is Universal”

SY MOYA

AFRICANS WHO LIVE in urban areas are nearly completely westernised, and about half of those who live in the rural areas still cling to their old tribal traditions and customs. Thus there is a need of modern and scientific education. But by advocating a modern type of education one may be regarded a “saboteur” by the Government.

We all know that the aim of education depends on the conditions of society. The ideals of education, therefore, have been changing, so that education should prepare a student for the needs of society. During the 4th Century B.C. the aim of education in Greece was to produce full-fledged citizens so that they could be able to run the affairs of the state well. During the beginning of the Renaissance in Italy the aim of education, according to Vittorino, one of the most important educationists of his time, was a harmonious, simultaneous development of mind, body and morals. But mostly he emphasised the practical and social side of individuals.

Looking at the aims of Bantu Education one is forced to conclude that the school has become a microcosm of old and tribal society. Instead of being taught about the “Space Age”, an African child is being driven back to the “Jungle Age”. Handwork and manual labour enjoy more hours than any other subject in the “Bantu” schools. Bantu Education, in fact, retards rather than accelerates our progress towards a modern society.

Let our education prepare us for life.

Rather than kill the ambition of an African child towards learning, the educational system of the future should encourage him by preparing the individual student for successful participation in the industrial and social activities of his fellow-men.

From the rich heritage of past civilisations, the pilots of our education will learn truths as old as the earth itself, which will guide them to choose for us an education that is universal—not an educational system

*The pleasures of the night are gone:
Jou liggaam was my liefdesbron.
Saad van plesier is wyd gesaai:
The arduous hours went gently by.*

*Jou speeksel was my blyheidsous:
Completeness flowed from limbs held close.
Each permutation fresh to tell
Die gloei van jou gevelede vel.*

*Vreugde sal altyd moet verdwyn:
Lovers must separate again.
Resignedly I contemplate
My tydelike eensaamheid.*

ROBIN FARQUHARSON

of indoctrination or education based on political expediency or individual ambition.

Education is mainly a process of selection—an acceptance of the true and a rejection of the false and the wrong. God, the greatest of teachers, offered to the first school of man and woman in Paradise a good lesson. He brought to their minds the type of behaviour that would lead them to eternal life. The alternative being destruction. Then He left them to make their own choice.

To be allowed to use this right of choice is liberal, but to be denied it, is indoctrination and brain-washing.

THE AFRICAN YOUTH OF TODAY in South Africa is allowed no such alternative. From the haphazard information they collect from newspapers and books they find themselves in the ruthless cross-roads of two main schools of ideas—the teachings of the East and the West. But, alas, what makes everything worse, the exponents of these philosophies of life have not found it enough to use the strong weapons of powerful radio transmitters and glossy magazines. It has not been enough to buy the allegiance of the rest of the world with economic and military aid. Some of them have recently had to resort to a fifty-megaton bomb in order to scare the rest of us into a submissive acceptance of their way of life. Such tactics fail. They are too wild. God Himself avoided the folly of coercing Adam and Eve into choosing the way of life He would have them choose.

In order to determine the international balance of power it appears our continent will have to swing either to the West or to Communism. It is very regrettable that at this critical moment, educationally and economically, we are not at all well-equipped. Socially, we have not developed a philosophy that enjoys respect among the other nations of the world. This, I think, is through the “intellectually and spiritually harassing contradictions between deed and dogma” indulged in daily by some of those whose faith we have come to embrace.

We learn that the White man’s prisons are filled to capacity with the Black masses that have differed with him in opinion. Yet no man has the right to think for others, and a man who gives up his right to think for himself is damnable and scorned by the rest of the world.

As education is a “continuous process of growth”, and whatever hardships that may come our way, we can never panic. Most individuals in a sense welcome these crises. By the threats they constitute, they stimulate us intellectually and spiritually. We and our children must aim at sharing the pain of constructive struggle and the resultant comfort. We must be ready to live and let live, but neither in compulsory uniformity or artificial diversity.

What we, as Africans, will one day gladly accept is a type of education that will equip us fully in heart and mind to play important roles in the shaping of the fate, not only of the African people, but of mankind as a whole. ●

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