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SOUTH AFRICA MARKINGS

by

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Whereas Poppie Nongena's journey in South Africa was painfully long, ours was regrettably short. Hilary Blecher adapted a play, "The Long Journey of Poppie Nongena", from the book of the same name by Elsa Joubert. The drama unfolds the real story of a black girl (Poppie Nongena) of South Africa through forty years of her life from childhood to womanhood. It was recently performed in New York by its Johannesburg cast to a selective, rapt audience.

A particular audience selected to see this play because most were in sympathy with its deep message of the unfairness of South Africa's apartheid system. It was a rapt audience -- captivated by the brilliance of the cast -- which watched the compelling players develop the true character of apartheid. Many were moved to tears.

I was disconcerted but not dismayed over a conversation I had with a young reporter next to me. After learning that I had recently visited South Africa, he admonished me, "By visiting South Africa, you condone the

government and its policy of apartheid." I disagreed with him on grounds that my husband and I visited South Africa in the same spirit that we had visited Russia. Appreciation of the beauty of a country -- its history, its culture, its civilization -- should not label one politically.

Apartheid is an Afrikaans (South Africa Dutch) word meaning apartness and pronounced apart-hite. The Nationalist Government of South Africa came to power in 1948 on a platform of white supremacy which adopted the system of segregation to insure favored treatment of Europeans in political, economic and social affairs. By 1977 the master plan of the government (called separate development) was to create independent mini-nations out of the black tribes' traditional homelands (13 per cent of the land altogether) and the remaining 87 per cent would be in the hands of the 4,500,000 whites. Around 20,000,000 blacks would thus lose their South African identity.

Psychologically, this rationale of the government can be explained. The Republic of South Africa has four parts: Cape Province, Orange Free State, Natal, and Transvaal. Each part has had its own striking saga of struggle, settlement and development: (1) From a historical viewpoint we realize that the early Dutch settlers had a long and fierce struggle for freedom of British rule including two wars; (2) A religious explanation points to a "Chosen Nation" syndrome. Acceptance of the apartheid system by some

Afrikaaners is definitely underpinned by a genuine sense of moral rectitude; and (3) Finally, with a realistic look at the racial distribution of the population over the years Whites reasoned that they had to limit and restrict the rights of others in order to protect their own. Of the 28,000,000 people in South Africa 4,500,000 are White and 20,000,000 are Black. The rest are coloured or Asian.

A counter group, the African National Congress, was created seventy years ago to defend Africans (Blacks who live in South Africa) against the repressive white laws of the Nationalist Party. As government repression grew, ANC violence grew until it was banned in 1960. Its leader, Nelson Mandela, had been serving a life sentence on Robben Island (South Africa Alcatraz) since 1964 for conspiracy to commit sabotage. However, it has been reported that Mr. Mandela was recently moved from the Robben Island prison to Pollsmoor Jail in Cape Town.

The sixty-four-year-old son of the chief of the Tembu apparently built up too big a following among the prisoners at Robben Island. Margaret Jones reports that this leader is "a forceful and magnetic personality, and those who have visited him in prison say his spirit has not yet been broken."

Coals of the Congress are still glowing and it continues to exert influence over the Blacks. An understanding of the depth of their indignation can be gleaned

from the words of Oliver Tambo. Mr. Tambo is the present leader of the ANC and was the law partner of Mr. Mandela.

In an interview with Anthony Lewis, a New York Times columnist, Mr. Tambo said:

The most peculiar thing about South Africa is that you have 28 or 29 million people living in the same country -- and 24 or 25 million don't exist! They're virtually foreigners in South Africa, without any rights. Immigrants can come from Europe or Latin America and in two years become citizens, participating in rule over people who have been there for generations. That must end. The 25 million must come alive and become part of the country, not part of the animal population -- and together with the others take part in running the country without racism. There must be no discrimination. We have been the victims of racism.

A young lady guide once remarked to a correspondent visiting South Africa, "If after meeting whomever you will meet, and seeing whatever you may see, you leave South Africa in a state of utter confusion, then you may consider your visit a full success."

Fortified with bits and pieces of background information and imbued with sensitivity and feeling for a country prodigiously blessed yet in turmoil, we determined to see South Africa, to leave it with deep appreciation and understanding, and to consider our visit a "full success".

The British Airways air terminal teemed with white and black people but white people walked down one ramp to leave for South Africa while black and white people walked down the other ramp to leave for Lisbon, Dakar and other points. South African Airlines flight #208 was filled to

Caucasian capacity and serviced by white stewards and stewardesses, personnel, and pilots, I presume, though I did not see the color of their skin. One passenger aboard was Indian.

The plane made a necessary refueling stop near the tip of northwest Africa at Sal Island on Cape Verde. Necessary because it needed fuel and because it was the only place to land. No African country allows landing rights to South African Airlines.

Some of us got off the plane to stretch. Several reserved young women with colored skin welcomed us to the small airport. One told me she lived in a nearby town called Espargos, that Senegal was 500 miles away, and that Morocco was 600 miles from there. When they spoke to one another they used a creole language -- a native dialect mixed with Portuguese. One girl mentioned how much she liked New York. Travel is open to them everywhere except to South Africa. The flight necessarily continued along the Atlantic coastline until we reached South Africa because South African Airlines cannot fly over African airspace.

Color division is obvious immediately upon landing at Jan Smuts Airport in Johannesburg. Mechanics, porters and taxi-drivers outside are black; officials at customs and passport controls desks inside are white. However, integration is apparent among hotel personnel.

Johannesburg is called the "city of gold" because it was built on gold. Contrary to a pessimist's prediction when hard puritic rock was first struck on the Witwatersrand (a ridge 50 miles long where gold-bearing reefs were first uncovered in 1886) that "grass will be growing in the streets of Johannesburg within a year", this rich and vibrant city of 2,000,000 people overflows with vitality.

Carlton Center is a 50-story complex of offices with twentieth-century appeal. Adjacent Carlton Hotel is able to hold its own with the most modern hotel in the world. A warren of exotic shops and sophisticated boutiques is a present-day counterpart of the middle-east "souk".

Dinner at "Three Ships" in the Carlton Hotel is an elegant, albeit expensive, experience. A sweeping view of the city from the 30th floor where there is an integrated bar is memory-making.

There are many theaters in Johannesburg: the Civic on Loveday St., the Brooke on DeVilliers St., the Alexander on Stiemans St., and the Intimate and the Academy on Rissick St. However, for lively, avant-garde theater the place to go is the Market Theater near Jeppe St. in Newtown. Our curiosity was piqued by an article written by Joseph Lelyveld of the New York Times. "The market is brimming over with energy -- much of it wickedly satiric -- and on any given night now its accents come in four languages:

Afrikaans, English, Zulu and Sotho. Its five concurrent productions attract mixed audiences, with the mixture different at each one."

Theatrical spaces and a small bookstore are in the east wing of the old produce market. Barney Simon, a writer and artistic director of the project which opened in 1976, says, "What I'm trying to say is that there's something happening that's causing cracks." He believes that the concept of a multilingual theater can project the voices of the real world, even when there is little possibility of their sounding in unison.

We regretted that the "wickedly satiric *Woza Albert*", a play which was so popular with blacks, had ended. "*Summit Conference*" was equally entertaining, however. The cast of three included Fiona Ramsay as Eva Braun, Grethe Fox as Clara Petacci, and Richard Grant as a young German soldier. The play was written by Robert David MacDonald and its action takes place in the Germany of 1941. A summit is scheduled to take place between Hitler and Mussolini to discuss the fate of Europe. Clara Petacci (mistress of Mussolini) and Eva Braun (mistress of Hitler) meet at Obersalzberg, the highland retreat of Adolph Hitler and hideaway for his mistress.

During the course of the play, over tea, and then liquor, the two women exchange their views of the world. Progressively, as they become intoxicated, they reveal their

true colors in a fierce clash of temperament. Sexual drives and political beliefs become rampant and the two mistresses take on the personalities of their lovers. The young SS soldier who guards them is the butt of their angry frustration. They interrogate him, shatter his dignity by making him strip in a scene which aroused ambivalent feelings -- should one laugh or cry?

✓ Bophuthatswana is a former self-governing South African tribal homeland that was recognized as independent by South Africa in 1977 although it is still not recognized by any foreign government. A swank resort area named "Sun City" -- and often referred to as "Sin City" -- is located here. It is highly reminiscent of old Basin Street in New Orleans where "the dark and the light folks meet."

Options are broad here: golf, tennis, bowling, squash and swimming as well as Las Vegas-like nighttime extravaganzas featuring international superstars. Fun and wild games prevail in the casino while wild game roams freely in nearby Pilanesburg National Park! Buses from Johannesburg leave daily from the South African Airways Terminal for the two-hour drive to Sun City. For about \$40 a round-trip flight is offered leaving each night at 6:30 and returning the next morning at 1:00 A.M. Hotel arrangements can, also, be made.

✓ Although large cities in South Africa are biracial during the daytime, only a small number of black people --

domestics, waiters and those who work night shifts -- receive permission to sleep in the cities. The apartheid system demands that black people must leave the cities after work to return to all-black townships.

A gentle young black woman waited in our hotel lobby one morning. She told me she was born in Soweto -- Johannesburg's township -- and that she took the 45-minute commuter train back and forth to the city every day. We had a conversation as she waited for a ride to her job at another hotel. I told her that I wanted to go to Soweto. "Not alone!" she cautioned, explaining that it was off-limits to whites and could be visited only through a government office.

A tour of Soweto begins at the West Rand Administration Building (80 Abert St.). The West Rand Administration Board is the local authority for the Bantu housing residential areas under its jurisdiction in an area stretching from Sandton in the east to West Onaria in the west. Of the residential areas administered by the board, Soweto (15 miles southwest of Johannesburg) is by far the largest complex. There are 78 miles of solid housing and the area accommodates about a million and a half black people.

The name "Soweto" was coined from the first two letters of each of the words "South Western Townships". Today this vast complex also includes the residential areas

formerly administered by the Bantu Resettlement Board and the Municipality of Roodepoort.

While waiting in a room of the WRA Building for the tour to begin, the twelve people in our group were invited to leaf through an array of magazines, pamphlets and newspapers displayed on a large table. A sign on the door suggested, "Read 'New Horizons' for a spotlight on progress."

Arranged on an exhibition board in the room were random photographs of Soweto: the community council in session; a paddling pool and Orlando Olympic swimming pool; a lady tending her garden; children playing in Soweto's Trimpark in Mofolo; a disco scene; and an aerial view of thousands of houses which closely resembled rows upon rows of small match boxes.

A paragraph in an explanatory booklet of the WRAB explained, "Who are the people of Soweto? They are black South Africans. They belong to virtually all the tribes found in South Africa, but Zulus and Sothos predominate, with smaller numbers of Tswana, Vanda, Tsonga and others. The degree to which Sowetans have adapted themselves to the western way of life varies considerably. There are vast educational differences and the illiterate rub shoulders with university graduates. Most of the people living in Soweto work in Johannesburg."

Our guide, a government official named Mr. Pretorius, gave a detailed explanation of Soweto today and Soweto

yesterday. He used a large map to point out the various divisions of the vast township. Several home ownership schemes are available. Homes are priced from \$20,000 and \$30,000 and newer ones around \$60,000. Money for home improvement can be borrowed from the WRAB with 25 years to repay. Mr. Pretorius stressed the enormity of the problem of housing for the tremendous black population of South Africa and he commended his government for its "superb efforts in their behalf."

As we drove to Soweto with Mr. Pretorius in a small bus, he informed us of the improved health services in greater Soweto. The Baragwanath Hospital has been augmented by over 18 medical clinics and several new "day hospitals". Black doctors practice and live in Soweto.

A wide range of social welfare services is provided for Soweto residents. We visited a rehabilitation workshop which employs disabled persons who make hammocks, sew and weave. A long queue of "welfare-check recipients" waited patiently outside an office.

Children at a nursery school were divided into three age groups and dressed accordingly in blue, red or green. They are obviously accustomed to visitors because as cameras snapped several small fingers flashed the "peace" sign and cheerfully called out, "Cheese!" The children prayed and sang before two attendants served them cabbage, rice with cheese, soup and a piece of tomato. Playyard

equipment consisted of a swing-set and an old abandoned automobile in which to climb.

Education has been compulsory in Soweto since 1981 but a major problem is the shortage of qualified black teachers. There are, however, four high schools and several lower schools.

Mr. Pretorius apologized for the unsightly appearance of some sections which were strewn with heaps of garbage and litter, "It always looks like this after the weekend."

It was a moment of reflection to see the empty, quiet house of Nelson Mandela, who was silenced for expressing sentiments of the black population too articulately.

A visit to Soweto may be described as interesting but depressing. The haunting thought constantly reverberates that, after all, Soweto is a must and not an option for a black person.

The thought was intensified that night as we drove by taxi through several wealthy white suburbs to a seafood restaurant called "Mr. Prawns". Our driver displayed an ignorant, insensitive, prejudiced mentality, which fortunately is not heard often. His pronouncement about the Black race, "But after all they are not even human beings", was explained, after indignation on our parts in demanding clarification of his idea, "They are somewhere in between the jungle and here. They haven't evolved yet."

Later I read an article by Charles Mofulatsi entitled "Economic Boom Ahead for Soweto" and learned that the Black entrepreneur has arrived and that the Black consumer is ready to support him: "It is generally believed now that the sprawling complex of Greater Soweto is for the first time in its developmental history beginning to attract shoppers from going to town for their daily needs, particularly groceries."

✓ A statue of three gold miners near the civic center of Johannesburg symbolizes the debt its people owe to three generations of gold miners.

The gold-mining industry operates 71 mines, employs nearly half a million people (only 10% white), and is based on Government leasing of the nation's mineral reserve to private enterprise. Gold is one of the mainstays of the economy of South Africa. It certainly serves as important leverage in the country's relations with other countries of the world. According to Mr. Lelyveld, "The contradiction between racial doctrine and economic needs is especially fierce in the gold mines, which remain the last preserve of the mandatory color bar in South African industry."

Living conditions have shown marked improvement at most mines. Many black (male) mineworkers travel as much as 1800 miles from remote parts of Africa to the South African mines where they work on a contract basis for nine months or a year. Then they return to their villages. The

gold mines employ 400,000,000 Bantu people who represent many different tribes.

The novice worker who goes to a mine must learn within a week or ten days the lingua franca of the mines -- Fanakalo (meaning literally "like this"). It is made up mainly of Zulu words interspersed with English and Afrikaans. Management, also, is required to speak Fanakalo for proper communication with the miners.

Workers live in free dormitory quarters where they are provided with free diets of over 4,000 calories a day. A worker is entitled to free medical treatment; he also gets free beer or marewu (a non-alcoholic maize drink). Athletic programs, leisure-time classes and entertainment are offered the men but by far the most popular pastime is dancing. The mine workers delight in practicing their "traditional" tribal dances for pleasure as well as a means of keeping close to their culture.

A visitor to a gold mine can detect from these fascinating tribal dances a synthesis of old and new that is the life of a migrant laborer. The dancers practice every day and perform every Sunday with the precision of Radio City's Rockettes.

The Shangaan "Maswaya", and the Bhaca gumboat (rubber boot) "Isicathulo" represent experiences of "western" life while other dances are representative of their tribal experiences (weddings, funerals, ceremonies, religious rites, etc.).

The arena on the gold mine grounds where the numerous groups of dancers perform is usually packed with enchanted tourists. But the dancers need neither an audience nor encouragement from mine officials to spin and gyrate -- they are spurred on because they have learned music and dancing as integral parts of their cultural experience. Quite simply, they love to dance.

The most striking feature of African music is one which it has in common with jazz: explicit, continuous and cyclic rhythms. Music for these rhythms is supplied by the drum, concertina and guitar, and reed pipes. Highly imaginative instruments are added: bent beer cans with stones inside strapped to rubber boots and bells strapped to the chest of the dancer. Ostrich feathers and leopard skins, cowboy hats and green visors, plumes and beads and other costume effects make the dancers in motion look like a centrifugal Broadway musical!

The Crown Mine is near Johannesburg. A visit there is like a backward glance into the Klondike past. It begins in a well-guarded auditorium where visitors watch an attendant pour molten gold from a crucible into a mold which will produce a bar of gold bullion. One is allowed to examine it, touch it, and even covet it!

Gold-mining is a complicated process. Vertical shafts are sunk to great depths (as much as 1830 meters in some mines) in the gold-bearing reefs. Galleries are

blasted out of the rock to enable the miners to get at the ore. Huge lifts operate in the shaft taking the men and machinery down to the various workings of the mine far below. Workers use drills on the gold-veined rock in a technique called "smooth blasting". Synchronized explosion later reduces the gold-bearing rock to rubble. Electric locomotives then pull "ore trains" carrying thousands of tons of ore to the surface. Finally, the ore is crushed and treated to extract the gold. There may be as many as 10,000 men at work underground at one time.

For the short tour the visitor is equipped with a safety helmet, rain slicker, rubber boots, and a small battery flashlight worn around the neck. A double-deck elevator carrying 32 people on each deck takes tour groups three-fourths of a mile below the earth to inspect a tunnel. The width of the tunnel allows two people to walk abreast along a railroad track which runs down the middle of the tunnel. Using flashlights and walking single file, a close scrutiny of the tunnel is possible. At a widened area to one side is an opening large enough for a man to crawl through. This opening leads to the rainbow at the end of the trail -- the vein of gold!

An insightful comment by Joseph Lelyveld on the gold industry of South Africa shows the true index of the value of gold:

The disproportion between the immense tonnage of ore and the tiny amount of gold wrested from it is

the truest index of the preciousness attributed to gold. For example, the pouring of a single bar, containing barely 58 pounds of gold, was said at the Blyvooruitzicht mine near Carletonville to represent half a day's output by an underground force of 8,000 laborers, who had to blast out three and a half tons of rock for every ounce of gold."

Over the past 90 years the gold-mining industry has helped South Africa to be the prosperous country it is; half of the world's gold supply is from there. It remains -- despite the emphasis on safety -- a dangerous procedure and each year a staggering number of deaths and injuries result from cave-ins.

Seeing animals in a zoo is fun but seeing them in their natural habitat is exciting! Kruger National Park is a splendid example of the many game reserves in South Africa. It is only a day's run by car or a short flight from Johannesburg, or an overnight train trip.

The park stretches for 200 miles along the border of Mozambique. Eleven rest camps are interspersed among the 7340 square miles (or 1,900,000 acres) of the animal sanctuary. During the South African winter season (May 1 to October 1) the entire park and housing accommodations are open to visitors, but during the summer season (the remainder of the year) a third of the park is closed -- the area north of the Letaba River. At this time accommodations are offered at the Pretoriusskop, Skukuza, Lower Salice, and Olifants rest camps.

We flew to Kruger Park from the Jan Smuts Airport on a Conair flight. Richard, our guide, met us at a small landing field called Phalaborwa, and five of us set out in a small bus for the six-hour trip to our camp destination, Satara. Richard provided us with binoculars and told us that we would travel at 31 miles an hour for the safety of the animals. I hoped that the animals would show reciprocal respect for us and slow their paces!

More than a million animals freely roam the park becoming so numerous that from time to time they must be culled. Before we had gone a mile, our first thrill came. We spotted an elephant herd!

Richard told us an amusing story of a stubborn elephant (there are 2400 elephants in the park) he encountered on the road one day. It wouldn't let him pass. If he steered the bus left, the elephant went left; if he veered right, the elephant followed suit. He was forced to reverse, go forward, and repeat the whole process. Finally, the elephant grew tired of the game and lumbered off.

On our way to Satara we hit a jackpot of exotic animals: ubiquitous Kudu, roan antelope and steenbok, and impala bucking horns with one another. Easy to spot were hippopotamus, waterbok, zebra, giraffe and gnu. Interestingly, we learned from Richard that mountain zebra have black and white stripes around the body while Burchell zebra have brown and black stripes which do not meet under the body.

Richard had called the buffalo a "mean" animal so it was frightening to spot a herd of about 200 of them in the distance advancing like an army.

An inspiring example of symbiosis in Kruger's animal kingdom was a silver colored jackal sharing a water hole with a Nyala bull. A curious sight is the giraffe-jog. The gait is peculiar -- legs on one side moving together, then legs on the other side taking over in unison. A thirsty giraffe approaches the watering hole, sprawls its two front legs out, bends over and comically -- yet gracefully -- drinks.

Bird life in the park is, also, diverse and colorful. Game-spotting and bird-watching go hand in hand since they both require slow travel and efforts at both were equally fruitful. Graceful grey herons skimmed along near the watering holes. A spectacular bird was the lilac-breasted Roller with its stunning turquoise, rose, grey and white feathers.

A curious sight awaited us at Letaba where we stopped for lunch. A large tree on the camp grounds was the home for weaverbirds (small yellow and black birds that resemble tiny canaries or finches). Hanging from the branches of the tree like Christmas-tree ornaments were hundreds of small, upside-down nests with bottom openings. As though on exhibition, the little birds made fast and

frenzied flights in and out of the nests thoroughly entertaining and delighting Kruger National Park guests.

Rest camps are most attractive! Guests stay in cottages which resemble rondavels (circular thatched huts used by natives). Cottages are grouped together to represent a native kraal (the native village community). Unlike real rondavels, however, the cottages are equipped with air conditioning, electricity, showers and baths. The larger camps have restaurants and well-supplied shops for visitors.

✓ Jan Van Riebeeck arrived at the Cape of Good Hope on the good ship Dromedaris. Today's tourist goes by "Springbok" (a Springbok Atlas Safari bus). A coastal road skirts the Atlantic Ocean down the peninsula from Cape Town to Cape Point and granite boulders and kelp speckle the rough coastal waters. Popular Clifton Beach is tucked away in a cove protected from the rawness of the waves. Bathers in tight black rubber suits battle the waves at Green Beach. (Surfers from all over the world converge at Jeffreys Beach on the Indian Ocean near Port Elizabeth to ride what are alleged to be "perfect waves".)

Hout Bay (Hout baai or wood bay) is a colorful harbor where drama is formed by a magnificent backdrop of Sentinel Mountain and Chapman's Peak. On nearby Duiker Island black and brown seals have squatters' rights and revel in the attention of tourists. Like avatars of

apartheid black birds and white birds group themselves separately on rocks, watching patiently.

The scene in the area is striking: raging ocean on one side and the road cut into cliffs around Chapman's Peak (Kaapman or Cape man) on the other. Stratification colors the scene: purplish manganese, beige and brown sandstone and greyish granite. Baboons sit on the side of the road apparently oblivious to the spectacle before them.

At Hout Bay the "Springbok" turns from the Atlantic Ocean side of the peninsula to cross over to the Indian Ocean side. Here the bay is called "False" because ships often confused the smaller Cape Hangklip with the Cape of Good Hope and had to rechart their courses.

Muizenberg on False Bay has one of the finest beaches in South Africa. It became fashionable in 1899 when the high financier Cecil Rhodes bought a seaside cottage and attracted others. Rhodes died here in 1902; the cottage which contains Rhodes' memorabilia is open to the public daily.

Fish Hoek is a quaint town on Kalk Bay where homes perch on rocks at different levels to allow unobstructed views of False Bay. In stark contrast to the aggression of the Atlantic Ocean, here on the Indian Ocean the waves are tame; the mood, serene.

The main road on the Indian Ocean coast veers inward at Simonstown (an important South Africa naval base) for the

final 8 miles through the flower-covered Cape of Good Hope Nature Reserve to a cul-de-sac of the Cape Point road.

The "Springbok" parks here near a small red brick office and visitors climb to an acme for a breath-taking view of the Cabo de Boa Esperance -- the Cape of Good Hope! It juts out from land to join two oceans like a solicitous hand offering peace.

Imagination soars at a moment like this! Is there indeed a "Flying Dutchman" roaming around out there? Did Wagner's majestic opera portend a blessed but troubled South Africa? Imaginary strains from it mingled in my mind with the poignant words of Sir Francis Drake who wrote from the deck of the "Golden Hind" as it rounded the cape in 1580, "This cape is a most stately thing and the fairest cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth."

A point further out than the Cape of Good Hope is Cape Agulhas which can only be seen. Straining to see in the distance beyond the two capes is similar to straining to see into the future.

The geographical position of South Africa -- flanked on the west by the Atlantic Ocean and on the east by the Indian Ocean -- gives it major strategic and political importance. A defense analyst, Anthony Harrington, considers the Cape to be the most important point in the Indian Ocean. Vast shipping activity sails around the Cape to unite worlds.

Some years ago this comment was made by the British Conservative Political Center:

The Cape route is becoming increasingly important as 57% of Western Europe's oil requirements are transported along it. Already 20% of U.S. oil requirements are routed via the Cape, and this figure is expected to rise to 60% by the 1980's. Twenty-five percent of Europe's food supplies are also carried by this route. It is interesting to note that the sea route between New York and the Persian Gulf around the Cape is 5000 nautical miles shorter than through the Panama Canal.

Although Herodotus first mentioned the cape in his early writings of sailors' tales (sailors who had sighted it), Bartolomeu Dias called the peninsula the "Cape of Storms" when he actually sighted it during a storm in January of 1488. He passed the same cape in fair weather at the end of May on his return home and renamed it the "Cape of Good Hope". (Some sources claim that Portugal's King John II renamed it Good Hope because it offered promise of a route to India.)

✓ However, it was not until April 6, 1652 that a Dutch surgeon, Jan Van Riebeeck, established a way-stop (refreshment station) at the cape area for the Dutch East India Company whose sailors were in need of fresh vegetables, meat, fruit and water to prevent scurvy on their sea routes. Van Riebeeck planted varieties of vegetables and fruit. Nor did he forget grapevines! By 1659 he wrote in his diary, "Today (Feb. 2) -- God be praised -- wine pressed for the first time from Cape grapes . . . truly fine bouquet

and taste." Years later the French came and added their expertise to the pressing of the grape and today Cape-wines are known worldwide. It has been written that Napoleon died while calling for a glass of Cape-made Constantia!

Riebeeck's settlement at the foot of Table Mountain soon became Cape Town. More and more Dutch settlers were attracted to the area as it flourished. French Protestant Huguenots who were alienated in a Catholic France came and were at home with the Dutch. Later, British and German settlers came to the Cape. Black and Malay slaves were recruited to help in the new work. Eventually a new color classification was added: lighter than black and darker than white.

When Riebeeck arrived there were already people present in the area. They were the nomadic Hottentots (Khoi) and Bushmen (San). At that time there were no Bantu (family of Negro tribes) peoples in the cape area. They were present in South Africa but the Dutch were not to encounter them until much later.

Cape Town's marker is Table Mountain! The massive rectangular-shaped mountain looks like a table top and serves as a dramatic buttress for the city nestling in its lap. To the left and right of it are two smaller peaks known as "Devil's Peak" and "Signal Hill". Ordinarily cable cars travel 3563 feet to the summit of Table Mountain but clouds play tricks on windy days: trips to the mountain

top are canceled and cameras are unnecessary. Clouds completely cover the top of the mountain to create an effect the natives call the "tablecloth".

The Castle of Good Hope and fort were built in 1666 as a residence for the governor and for protection of the settlers. The governor pronounced his edicts from a porch built in front of the building. It is called the "Kat balcony".

South Africa's legislative capital, Cape Town, is a charming *mélange* of old and new. Interesting examples of old Cape Dutch architecture can be seen: the Martin Melch House (Strand Street) was built as a parsonage in 1781 and still has a "dakkamer" (room on the roof); the Koopmans de Wet House (Strand Street) was formerly a town-house and is now a National Monument and Museum; the Rust en Vreugd House (Buitenkant Street), once a private home, is now an Africana Museum.

Adderley Street is the city's main artery. It leads to oak-shaded Government Avenue. The avenue is open to pedestrians only and it has access to the Houses of Parliament, National Gallery, South African Museum, the residence of the State President, and the Company's Garden. A statue of Jan Van Riebeeck overlooks the garden he planted which grew into a city!

The oldest university in South Africa is the University of Cape Town on the Groote Schuur estate at

Newlands on the slopes behind Table Mountain. The building was originally built by Van Riebeeck as a grain store. English owners later converted it into a home which was eventually bought by Cecil Rhodes (British colonial capitalist and government administrator in the late 1800's). About his old home he once remarked, "I like teak and whitewash I want the big and simple, barbaric if you like." The estate was bequeathed by Rhodes to South Africa and the house has been the home of the Prime Ministers ever since.

✓ Near Cape Town and throughout Cape Province are towns with Dutch-sounding names like Franschoek, Stellenbosch, and Paarl. Nature decorated the valleys of Tokai, Banhoek, Ida, Groot Drakenstein, Hex River and others with special favoritism: some of the most beautiful and unusual flowers in the world are found here!

An indigenous style of architecture was created by the Dutch farmers and their Batavian (Dutch name for slaves from Djakarta) slaves. Unusual gables are a particular part of the style. French Huguenots and Germans brought along their architectural memories when they came to the Cape so consequently the homes are a fascinating study.

Groote Constantia Homestead is a prototype of the true Cape Dutch style which Governor Simon van der Stel built in 1685. It is a perfect blending of Dutch-German

design with those odd touches which skilled Malay craftsmen used so successfully at the Cape -- lime-washed walls and black thatch roofs.

Most visitors are not likely to have time to roam the wide reaches of the Great Karoo to see Bush paintings! There Bushmen lived and used lonely kopjes and kloofs as natural galleries for their art. Their intriguing paintings are found all over the region, but a visit to the South African Museum in Cape Town can satisfy the curious. On display are original Bush paintings taken from the Drakensberg area. One depicts jumping eland like "cows jumping over the moon" and another of Bushmen with protruding backsides hunting with bows and arrows.

It isn't necessary to be a student of phylogeny to appreciate the superb collection of life-size casts of Bushmen and Hottentots. These indigenous peoples are shown hunting and dancing, fishing and cooking, and in other attitudes. Although the Hottentots are now extinct, the 55,000 Bushmen who are still in existence live on a government reserve at the Kalahari desert in southwest South Africa.

Several rooms of the museum are devoted to the display of examples of the magnificent flora and fauna of South Africa. Stunning stuffed birds and animals are superbly demonstrated.

Thomas Baines is to South Africa what David Roberts was to the Middle East. Baines painted native life in the kraals around 1800. His fetching paintings can be seen at the Cape "Castle" as well as in the National Museum. Other notable paintings are "City Hall Cape Town" by R. G. Goodman and "Holiday Time in Cape Town" by James Ford.

Prawns and crayfish hold their own in Cape Town. A colorful place to get them is the "Harbour Cafe" on the waterfront.

The 90-year-old "Cafe Royal" in the heart of the city is equally colorful. Besides having excellent food it is a noon-time mecca for journalists.

✓ An imaginary straight line across the southernmost part of South Africa would connect Cape Town on the Atlantic Ocean side to Port Elizabeth on the Indian Ocean side. Port Elizabeth, the "Friendly City", is located on the 100-mile wide, 20-mile deep Algoa Bay. Besides being South Africa's fifth largest city and its third most important seaport, it is also important industrially.

The chief port of entry to the Transkei and Ciskei territories which adjoin Cape Province is East London, 195 miles up the coast from Port Elizabeth. In this area more than 3,000,000 Southern Nguni called "Xhosa" live in their homelands in much the same way as did their ancestors.

Picturesque family kraals dot the countryside. Circular houses with thatched roofs are rimmed with white

paint. Striking looking, pipe-smoking Xhosa women wear turbans of intricately folded material and wrap themselves dramatically in red or yellow blankets.

Outeniqua is a melodious Hottentot word which means "man laden with honey". South Africa is a country "flowing with milk and honey" in every sense of the word. Nowhere is this more evident than on the famed "Garden Route". It runs along the southernmost tip of the country between the Indian Ocean and the Outeniqua and Tsitsikamma (clear water) Mountains.

The garden-route road runs from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth. Its view is kaleidoscopic: forests and birds, ostriches and crocodiles, caves and seascapes.

The town of George is at the foot of the Outeniqua Mountains. Through the wilderness and through the indigenous Tsitsikama forest with its venerable old yellow-wood and stinkwood (a striking feature of Cape Dutch furniture and architecture) trees, the road twists on.

Oudtshoorn is known worldwide for ostrich feathers. The town is beyond the Outeniqua mountains in the Little Karoo. On the outskirts are several fascinating ostrich farms to visit; ostrich omelettes to taste; ostrich eggs and feather dusters to buy.

A labyrinth of caverns called the "Cango Caves" are outside Oudtshoorn. In addition to numerous caverns

decorated with spectacular stalactites and stalagmites, one cavern contains an entire Bushman family (museum exhibit).

✓ Hottentots who lived around the present-day town of Mossel Bay were bewildered by the strange invasion of their domain by white men. Bartholomeu Dias left Lisbon in 1487 and sailed down the west coast of Africa. He unwittingly rounded Cape Point. He met the coast again and set foot on land on February 3, 1488 at a place where he had spotted the Hottentots' cattle moving about. The place was named "Bahia dos Vacqueiros" (Bay of Cowherds). The existence of cattle and a fresh-water spring attracted settlers. When Vasco da Gama reached the area on November 25, 1497, he found the Hottentots, who had been hostile a decade before, quite friendly and willing to trade.

The unique town of Knysna (from a Hottentot name, "Xthuys Xna", meaning "the wood is there") originally attracted timber merchants and shipbuilders. It is formed by an immense tear in the coastline which lets the ocean in for a confrontation with the Knysna River. Today adventurous visitors may hike in the great forests of the Outeniqua and Tsitsikamma ranges.

"Garden-Route" tourists are treated to a multitude of strange and exciting sights along the way, but one is unforgettably startling! After twisting through the forests, the road emerges at Knysna, and reaches the coast

again at Plettenberg Bay. Here, perched incredibly on the very edge of Beacon Island, and looking like a mirage, is the Beacon Isle Hotel. The hotel (Miami Beach-style) is modern, multi-storied and strangely incongruous with the sights that preceded it.

It should be obligatory to stay at the Beacon Isle Hotel for a few days! The food and service is excellent and the view in any direction, unbelievable: Indian Ocean in front and house-studded mountains in back. A downstairs bar has a picture-window with a breathtaking view of fascinating rock formations being lashed incessantly by wild waves, close enough to touch with the imagination. We watched a huge cocconut palm tree being planted in the lobby to replace one which had died. To the rear of the hotel are man-made lakes for swimming with bridges crossing over to sandy beaches for sunning. Dias and Da Gama would have stood aghast at the Plettenberg Bay experience!

✓ A bluff protects Durban Bay from the Indian Ocean. Vasco da Gama anchored at the lush, green spot on Christmas Day in 1498 and called it "Natal" in honor of the birthday of Christ.

Several centuries later, in 1823, Lieutenants F. G. Farewell and John S. King on the British Royal Navy brig "Salisbury" pulled into the bay to escape severe storm winds. Impressed with an unspoiled paradise filled with birds, flowers and wildlife, they and a group of British

colonists later settled there. They received a grant of land in 1824 from Chaka, the Zulu warrior king, and Durban was founded. Its name, however, came later following turbulent years when Durban was wild and woolly: Zulus fought whites and Boers fought Englishmen. Zulu impis burned the settlement. In 1835 another small town was laid out there and named after Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the Governor of the Cape at that time.

Today the city is a splash of cultures and colors. Its "potpourri" of over a million people includes Whites, Indians, Bantu and Coloreds.

Indentured Indian laborers arrived in 1860 to work in the rural sugar cane fields. Today their progeny includes many of Durban's most prosperous shopkeepers, doctors and lawyers. One young Indian lawyer, Mohandas Karamchand (Mahatma Gandhi), who practiced law in Durban in 1919 was destined to change the course of British and Indian history. There, for the first time in his life, he was confronted with, and repelled by, racial prejudice. The experience inspired him to develop his famous philosophy of resistance without violence called "Satyagraha" (Hindu for truth-grasping). He became one of the foremost champions of peace of all times.

The Maharani Hotel is on a strip of beachfront called the "Golden Mile". An outside elevator courses its way like a thermometer from the bottom floor to the 32nd floor. To

view the magnificent Indian Ocean panorama from the elevator is worth a trip to the Maharani. It, also, happens to have two of the town's best restaurants: the Papadum (Indian specialties) and the Crystal Room (elegant dining). Saltori's, another fine restaurant, is especially popular with local people.

Ancestors of the Zulus drifted slowly down to South Africa from Central Africa a thousand years ago. They wandered into the area between the Indian Ocean on the east and the escarpment of the Drakensberg Mountains in the west, and between Swaziland and Mozambique in the north and the Umtumvuma River in the south.

Two hundred years ago a nomadic chieftain, Mandalela, settled in the well-watered grasslands and around the hills near Durban. His son, "a surprise from heaven", was born here and named Zulu (their word for heaven). Zulu became clan chief when Mandalela died so the name "amaZulu" or "People of Heaven" was adopted.

Shaka, the mightiest of Zulu warriors, was born in 1787 and he, figuratively, "wove threads with the other developers of the South African tapestry". Except for Shaka's 6 ft. 3 in. heavily-muscled frame, he has been compared to Napoleon. Discovering that the traditional light throwing-spear was flimsy, he devised a new stabbing-spear called an assegai. Its broad blade and stout

shortened haft is similar to the short sword of the Romans. With ferocious use of assegais, Shaka smashed clans, shook up clans and, finally, became a powerful clan unifier. By 1822 this warring Zulu reigned supreme from the mountains to the sea.

About 5,000,000 Zulus belonging to 286 tribes are spread about South Africa today, but in the hills near Durban is the Zulu homeland -- kwaZulu. In 1972 the kwaZulu Legislative Assembly was formed to serve the interests of Zulu-speaking South Africans.

Chief executive officer of the Zulu Territorial Authority (which could eventually lead to political autonomy for the Zulu people) is Mangosuthu Gatsha Buthelezi. When asked why he participates in the separate development scheme, he answered, "Because only within its framework can I help my people. Anything outside the framework of separate development is not allowed."

The site where Zulus can be seen in their natural tribal environment is called the "Valley of a Thousand Hills". It is possible and more rewarding to go into a private kraal with a guide and with permission of the head of the household. However, Durban bus tours take tourists to the Phezulu Kraal which is authentic, albeit "stagy".

In a typical kraal huts resembling "beehives" cluster to form a circular plan protected by an outer fence.

The main hut (Indlunkulu) belongs to the man of the household and the huts of the women and children, kitchen, and granaries surround it.

Since cattle are of great importance to a Zulu the cattle-byre is placed in the center of the kraal. It is a sacred area where sacrifices to the spirits are made. Cattle are a status-symbol to the Zulu family. Even today a bridegroom must pay lobola (purchase price), usually about 11 head of cattle, to the parents of the bride. Thus a father of daughters can become a wealthy man!

A chief character in the Zulu kraal cast is the witch doctor (Isangoma) who is usually a woman. This diviner, healer and protector of society is well-trained and well-respected. Her special dress is exotic: goat skins around her chest, long hair worked into strips with white beads to protect against evil, and inflated gall-bladders of sacrificial animals, also, ornamenting her hair. She wears a necklace of bones, teeth, porcupine quills, and horns filled with charms and potents; in her hand she carries a tail-switch to "smell-out" evil doers. The Isangoma we met posed obligingly for a picture and swapped prescriptions with my doctor husband.

Phezulu Kraal provides the visitor with an inside look at a "beehive" hut complete with a detailed explanation by taped recording of the daily rituals of life in a kraal -- charmingly enacted by the principals. Exuberant

and athletic young Zulu males provide lively entertainment with typical Zulu dances. They enthusiastically pose for pictures.

Apart from hundreds of traditional rural kraals and villages in kwaZulu there are 24 townships and 25 or more planned. On the northwest boundary of Durban is the vast township, kwaMashu, which is flanked by Ntuzuma. It was started in 1958 to provide accommodation for the thousands of black squatters who lived in slum shanties. Other townships are Lamont, south of Durban; Chesterville, west of Durban; and Umlazi in the south, the largest of all.

A wise old Zulu once wistfully stated:

In the days of my father and his father there were steady rains and much grass for the cattle, but in these days we have drought, followed by thunderstorms and floods. So it is with the Zulu nation, after King Cetshwayo. It was he who said, "First come the traders, then the missionaries, then the red soldiers." And always, they wanted land. Always, the white man has taken our land. First the Boers, who took Utrecht from King Mpande. Then the red-coated English who opened Zululand for settlement. Now the young men go off to Thekwini (Durban) on the big bus, and respect has broken down, because men beget, and the cattle beget, but the land could not beget.

Zulu-evoking souvenirs to take home are beadwork, assegais, knobkerries and shields. Assegais carried in hand luggage will be taken from the passenger at the airport and put in the "cooler" for the flight home.

Zulu beadwork is intricate, meaningful, and much sought after. Besides being a form of adornment, it became a part of religious and tribal ritual, a symbol of status

and wealth, and a means of communication. Girls use beads to speak the language of love. Each bead color has a different meaning (I love you, I want you, I need you, I hate you) so feelings are literally worn on the outside!

The Zulu knobkerrie is a short heavy stick or club with a knob at one end. In the past it was used for striking and throwing but today's Zulu uses it for protection. It makes a marvelous souvenir to use, perhaps, in our own "jungles". Shields covered with animal skins are also typical of Zulu-land. They make attractive wall hangings and prove without a shadow of a doubt that "you've been there".

✓ Journalist Evert Van Dijk expressed it aptly when he wrote, "It was inevitable, it seems, that the migrating Whites from the Cape and the migrating Blacks from Central Africa would meet." The "Kaffir Wars" arose as a result of a conflict of interests between these two groups -- Whites and Blacks. Both were cattle farmers and needed larger grazing lands.

The British conquered the Cape area during the era of the Napoleonic wars and its rule disillusioned the Dutch settlers: in 1833 England set about 39,000 slaves free and replaced Dutch with English in the schools.

Unhappy with British rule, the Dutch settlers migrated northward to "greener pastures". In a move known

in South African history as the "Great Trek", they moved to the Natal area.

A confrontation between the Boers (Dutch, farmers) and the Zulus who already occupied this Natal area resulted in bloody wars between the Whites and Blacks. Eventually, the Boers gained the upper hand.

Although for a time the two groups learned to co-exist, the British sought and gained control of the region in 1843. Once again, in pursuit of freedom, the Boers moved and this time they formed the Orange Free State and the Transvaal.

A new kind of tension developed between the Boers and the British, however, with the discovery of gold and diamonds in the Transvaal and Orange Free State area. The result of this deepening tension was cruel warfare (Anglo-Boer wars) which began in 1899 and lasted until 1902. In the peace treaty the Boers recognized the whole of South Africa as part of the British Empire. The Boers received compensation -- money to rebuild farms, the right to use the Dutch language in schools and courts, and the hope of self-government one day.

After a long and arduous history, the tenacious Boers finally realized their burning hope for freedom -- their lifelong dream of a totally independent republic -- with the formation of the Republic of South Africa in 1961.

The Boers became known as Afrikaners; their Dutch language, Afrikaans.

✓ A massive granite monument known as the "Voortrekker Monument" stands on the outskirts of Pretoria. It dramatically commemorates the "Great Trek" of the 12,000 or more brave Afrikaners (Voortrekkers) who left the Cape Colony between 1835 and 1843. Four corners of the monument are guarded by figures of the Great Trek leaders. Designer-architect Gererd Moerdyk surrounded the whole monument by a laager of 64 life-size ox-wagons exactly like the ones the Voortrekkers used in their memorable trek.

The last work of the famous sculptor Anton Van Wouw is the bronze statue of a courageous Voortrekker woman shielding her two children which stands at the entrance to the monument.

The monument is entered through the Hall of Heroes. It contains a marble frieze of 27 panels depicting the "Great Trek". A circular opening in the floor exposes a cenotaph in the crypt -- a memorial to the Voortrekker leader, Piet Retief, and his men.

Pretoria (administration capital of South Africa) is transformed in the spring into a mauve and lilac fairyland when brilliant jacaranda bursts forth in profusion. The city was founded in 1855 by Martinus Wessel Pretorius and named in honor of his father Andries -- the hero who defeated a force of Zulu warriors on the Blood River in 1838.

The hub of Pretoria is Church Square, site of the original Voortrekker church. Church Street stretches from east to west while Paul Kruger Street stretches north to south.

The Paul Kruger House has been restored to its original condition and it houses the personal papers, possessions, pictures and other memorabilia of this former president of the Transvaal. This sixth generation Kruger served as president four terms.

Fascinating things have happened to "a girl's best friend" in South Africa since 1866 and 1982! Young Erasmus Jacobs spied a glittering stone as he walked along the bank of the Orange River. Evaluated by experts, it was discovered to be "a veritable diamond" of 21,75 carats. The governor of the colony paid \$2500 for it and sent it to the Paris Exhibition of 1867. The diamond was later called "Eureka"! The rush for diamonds was on and the estate of two Boer brothers, Johannes and Diedrick DeBeers, became the real prize. Beneath their farm were the richest diamond deposits ever found in South Africa. Eventually, they became the DeBeers Mine and the Kimberley Mine.

The young Englishman who grew to be a giant in South Africa was Cecil John Rhodes. He realized two of his driving ambitions: to enlarge the British Empire and to control the whole diamond output in South Africa. With astute vision and keen concentration he joined hands with

other gifted business leaders, Charles Rudd, Alfred Beit, and eventually, Barney Barnato of the Kimberley Mine. By the time Rhodes was 36 he had gained control of the diamond industry.

However, it was left to Sir Ernest Oppenheimer to create "the world of diamonds" as it is known today by reorganizing the Diamond Syndicate in 1930 and enlarging the marketing conduit to include the whole world and not just South Africa.

Harry Oppenheimer, an astute, well-respected, world-renowned South African businessman, succeeded his father as "Chairman of the Board" of DeBeers Consolidated Diamond Mines (CDM). Head of the world's foremost diamond industry and controller of much of South Africa's gold-mining, Mr. Oppenheimer was once asked which of the two he preferred. He replied, "Diamonds every time. I think people buy diamonds out of vanity and they buy gold because they are too stupid to think of any other monetary system which will work -- and I think vanity is probably a more attractive motive than stupidity."

For more than 50 years CDM has enjoyed an exclusive domain in Namibia (formerly South West Africa). Mr. Oppenheimer is known to be an altruist as well as a realist, and a keen observer of politics in South Africa. Speaking of Namibia in his book, "The World of Diamonds", Timothy S. Green points out:

This former German territory, next door to South Africa, has been held by the latter country in defiance of a 15-year-old United Nations demand that it vacate. The reason that South Africa gives is that Marxists would take over Namibia; a deeper reason for fear may be racial, the territory being nine-tenths black. Fighting over Namibian independence has gone on for years and probably will not end this year. But whoever wins, DeBeers has a big slice of its fortune tied up on the Namibian shore.

Cullinan is 25 miles east of Pretoria. Surface workings of the Premier Diamond Mine located here since 1903 can be enjoyed by visitors who are first briefed in a room where a model of "mine workings" is shown. Hard hats in a choice of luscious colors (blue, pink, lavender, yellow or orange) are donned and the group, looking like a bouquet of walking-protea, is taken to stand near a high hill of kimberlite rock to hear the first spiel of the guide.

The largest diamond ever found was plucked from a sidewall here at Cullinan on January 26, 1905. The 3106-carat diamond was big as a fist. After it was fully cut the stone yielded nine major gems, ninety-six small brilliants, and ten carats of polished fragments. South Africa gave this Cullinan diamond, as it was called, to King Edward VII for a birthday present to be kept among the Crown Jewels.

Crystallized carbon is a common material in nature and this substance is called "diamond" from the Greek word "adamas" meaning "the unconquerable".

Mining blueground (diamond-bearing ground) is a complicated process. A method called "chambering" was used in all the South African diamond pipe mines until 1953 when the more sophisticated "block caving" method was introduced.

Volcanic diamond-bearing kimberlite shoots to the surface and cools to form what is called the diamond pipe. The elements erode exposed blueground, thus scattering the diamonds it contains. In the process of diamond-mining, parallel concrete-lined tunnels called "scraper drifts" run across the pipe and are placed immediately below a solid block of blueground. The blueground is undercut completely; it crumbles; and caves into cone-shaped excavations rising high above floor level.

Miners drag out the blueground and load it into trucks. These trucks are hauled to the crushing plant (underground) by electric locomotives. The broken ground is crushed before it gravitates down to loading flasks ready to be hoisted to the surface. The whole process is then repeated further down the diamond pipe.

After the blueground is crushed to manageable proportions and hoisted to the surface, it is sent to be processed in recovery plants. Since diamonds form only a tiny proportion of the blueground mined, the recovery process is extremely important. Each particle of diamond is valuable and the object of the recovery process is to

reject the enormous quantity of waste material without discarding or damaging any diamonds.

In general, the first stage of the recovery process is to pass the crushed blueground through the first of a series of rotary washing pans. Puddle is added to the ground in the first rinsing and both the heavy concentrate and the bigger diamonds settle to the bottom. The under-size passes to secondary pans while the oversize goes to a recrush section; after sifting and more sifting, the residue passes to a greasebelt -- literally, a conveyor belt covered with a thick layer of highly refined grease. Water runs over the surface and because diamonds do not become wet they stick to the grease. Finally, they are carried away to be carefully scraped off and sent to the sorting and evaluating offices.

An interesting development in the diamond recovery process is noted by Anthony Hocking:

The grease treatment which has been favoured for so long is fast being superceded by a new method pioneered in Russia. Experiments by the Diamond Research Laboratory in Johannesburg have led to the adoption of the method at a number of South African mines, where it has been found to be nearly 100 per cent effective in dealing with larger concentrates though not yet so useful with fine size stones. The new method involves the use of X-ray beams, which bring out a blue fluorescent glow in diamonds. Other minerals fluoresce when exposed to X-rays, but only diamonds are blue. The diamond-bearing concentrate is rolled along a narrow belt and passed under the beams. When a diamond "lights up", a photo-multiplier tube fitted with a blue optical filter activates an air jet which blows the diamond out of the stream of waste materials and into a special bin.

One attitude of the problem facing South Africa today can be explained in the words of Christiaan Prinsloo, former chief Information Officer of the Department of Bantu Affairs:

Don't think of our Bantus as equals of your American Negroes. Several generations of American living, most of it in your cities, provide a cultural pattern distinct from that of our blacks. Here we have a tribal people, bound to the land by tribal ties. Just as the primitive herdsman returned at night to his hut and family, so our mine or industrial worker feels a magnetic attraction to tribal areas and customs. Even today, he saves his wages to buy cattle, still the most acceptable currency with which to acquire a wife from her father. Such wide cultural differences gave rise to our apartheid policy. Our policy is aimed at separate development, but it cannot be done overnight. There are two roads to development. Each has its own speed.

An opposite attitude of the same problem may be shared with Mrs. Helen Suzman. This Parliament member for over thirty years is a leading spokesman for anti-apartheid opposition. Her kudos are a mile long: recipient of the United Nations Human Rights Award in 1978 and member of the Freedom House Foreign Advisory Council being among them. Mrs. Suzman argues that the urban blacks disregard these independent homelands. Most of them are third generation, urban born, and attach no importance to having a vote in some remote "homeland".

Although Andrew Young once called Mrs. Suzman a "paternalistic liberal" (he later apologized), she definitely is not paternalistic. Her feelings about black people are not sentimental but are motivated simply by her love of justice.

Her belief is that the best way for evolutionary change in South Africa is for the black people to acquire economic muscle -- that economic development helps the black cause. She urges the investor to stay and work to improve working conditions of the black workers. She would have two non-negotiable things on the statute books: no race discrimination and no oppression by one group on the other.

Our final farewell to South Africa -- this beautiful land metaphorically "flowing with milk and honey" -- followed a few days in Zimbabwe. Visions of South Africa's color and beauty haunted me while we dawdled one night in a casino in Victoria Falls. As the giant roulette wheel spun in agitation, one vivid image after another flashed past: Sotho houses painted Dali-style; glittering gold and sparkling diamonds; birds of brilliant plumage and animals with spots and stripes; emerald-green grasslands and orange sunburnt Karoo; gorgeous flowers with the euphonious name "Protea"; and "the fairest Cape in all the world" jutting out to unite two mighty oceans. But a curious thing inevitably happened! The wheel, invariably, stopped at black or white.

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