

INSTITUTE for
SOCIAL
RESEARCH

NEWSLETTER

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(i)

INSTITUTE FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH

** NEWSLETTER **

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UNIVERSITY OF NATAL INSTITUTE FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH 4100 GEORGE V AVENUE - DURBAN

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editorial

RESEARCH DETAIL - WHERE DOES ONE
DRAW THE LINE?

A thought which has been exercising my mind during the past weeks is the question of when, where, and how one draws a line in regard to a particular research project. Those who have attempted even a small piece of research know all too well how the possibilities for investigation, the permutations that offer themselves for analysis, and the number of times that one can hack about the report, all seem if not infinite, then at least very large in number. To put it another way, with our finite minds, and more especially in the particular research situation of a project with our limited funds and limited amount of time, one can never do more than cover only a small part of what in theory would be possible. I have always felt that the research process involves a continual making of decisions. A large part of these decisions involves deciding what to leave undone, and what to leave out - there is always far more to be left undone than one can ever hope to tackle. Where in fact does one draw the line?

It seems that there is no simple clear-cut answer to this problem which can be provided as an infallible rule for the guidance of the research worker - be he novice or worker of long standing. In principle, one's theoretical framework, and the hypotheses which one has worked out before planning the research in detail, should demarcate the boundaries for the actual research project. In practice, there are other factors which often play a decisive role in determining how much work one is going to plan to do. Time is one factor, but often

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overriding the question of time is the problem of money, and the availability of staff and equipment. Within the limitations set by time, staff, money, equipment, and also set by one's theoretical framework and hypotheses, there is nevertheless a fair range in the amount of work that can be undertaken. Should one always try to do as much work on a research project as seems possible, bearing in mind the limitations imposed on that particular project? Personally, I gravely doubt the wisdom of trying to squeeze as much as one can out of a given situation. My reasons for this are as follows:

From experience, I would say that when faced with the problem as to how much work to undertake on a research project, a good rule is first of all to under-estimate one's resources. One of the hardest lessons I learnt - and therefore one which is likely to stick for a long time - was the experience which resulted from calculating to a nicety how many cases I could include in a fieldwork study. All went well until due to unforeseen circumstances some of my helpers were withdrawn, and I was left with two-thirds of an incomplete enumeration. If I had under-estimated my resources, and allowed a margin of error for the unknown, it would have been far easier to recover the situation than in fact it turned out to be.

A second reason why I feel it is not necessarily good, even in principle, to try and squeeze as much as one can out of the research situation is that I am convinced that very often the particular research situation does not warrant such an approach. With our present development in the social

sciences, our methods are often crude, our approach often of unknown reliability and sometimes dubious validity. Under such circumstances it is perhaps wiser to regard what is at best a crude approach to the problem as not warranting the "squeezing of the last drop out of the research orange." Sometimes one is doing no more than killing a fly with a sledge hammer. The big snag of course is to recognise when trying to extract everything possible out of a piece of research, just when one's research methods and design are in fact fairly crude, and all too often one's emotional involvement with the research makes one tend to view the whole project in a somewhat rosy light. Here the criticisms of one's colleagues can be most useful - they can, if their criticism is friendly but honest, be our watchdogs.

A third reason why I feel that one should not necessarily pursue a research process to the ultimate end - whether it be undertaking the maximum number of interviews, or tabulating as many items as possible, or analysing hundreds and hundreds of tables - is because I feel that the research process is one similar to many human activities. It is a process which involves diminishing returns. Beyond a certain point, it becomes uneconomic in terms of time and results to pursue a particular investigation further. It behoves the research worker to try to realise when this is happening to him.

A final reason which occurs to me is that I feel it is far wiser to make small-scale studies which can be well rounded-off in a reasonable period of time, rather than to attempt something on a large scale, and have one's research

activity dissipated, not only over several years, but over a multitude of factors which it is impossible to handle carefully. This is not to say that I do not regard large-scale projects as fruitful. I do think that it is far more difficult for a research worker to organise and bring to a successful conclusion a large scale study than it is a small one. When in doubt, I would urge rather tackling only part of the problem, in such a way that subsequent follow-up studies can investigate the problem further, building on the foundation of the already completed study. After all, research is very much like building a house - our knowledge is added to brick by brick, piece by piece. If we try to lay too many bricks at once, the structure may be rather shaky!

I realise in putting my views forward that I can give no clear-cut guide for distinguishing between essential detail in research, and unnecessary proliferation. Perhaps a clear-cut guide may be developed as our knowledge progresses further. I am inclined to doubt it, and think that what we call "common sense", plus a healthy sense of realism and scepticism in regard to one's own research, is in the final analysis the only real guide. Even experience by itself is no infallible guide. There is a question which every research worker should ask himself - "Am I making my canvas too big, or throwing the net too widely, bearing in mind my material limitations for the research, and my own limitations as a research worker?" It is not just a case of needing more money for bigger and therefore better research. We need better research surely, but often the improvement in quality will be at the expense of reducing the breadth of our ambitions for a particular project. It is

necessary to critically weigh-up whether or not we would get better results with a smaller sample, if thereby we could devote more attention to controlling the results. While we might wish to tabulate every item of information we have collected with every other item, perhaps there are only a hundred or so tables (rather than the several thousand that are theoretically possible) which would contribute anything significant to our findings.

Is my research detail really necessary in all respects? Is yours? The answer to this can only be in terms of the criteria which one uses for deciding whether something is necessary or not. If we always ask ourselves this question when planning the details of research, and planning the analysis and writing up of our results, we will not all come up with the same answers. But at least we would have a good idea after our soul-searching of just why we are doing something, or more often, not doing it. This would help us to avoid the pitfall of being mere "fact-grubbers" for the sake of collecting facts, or squeezing the last drop out of our research material regardless, because we can't bear waste! What do you think?

C O N G R A T U L A T I O N S to

Mr. Colin Shum, who was awarded an M.B.E. in the 1966 Honours List.

Dr. P.B. Harris, who graduated recently with the degree of D. Litt. from the University of Natal. He has also been appointed to the Chair of Politics at the University College of Rhodesia, with effect from July of this year.

Dr. A.T. Cope, who graduated earlier this year with a Ph.D. from the University of Natal.

Mr. Loet Douwes Dekker, who was a Research Fellow of the Institute for some years, and resigned at the end of July 1966, who in October last year married Sally Schlemmer, sister of our Senior Research Fellow.

Mr. Bill Page, for his appointment as Lecturer in Psychology at Rhodes University. He started in January, and we hope he'll like the "City of the Saints".

Start and Finish or around the Circuit with
the Members -

FAREWELL: Mrs. Sabbitha Jithoo left the Institute at the end of last year. She has been appointed as Lecturer of Anthropology at the Indian University College on Salisbury Island, with effect from the beginning of 1967. We understand that she is finding the work interesting and the students responsive.

Johannesburg has called another member of our staff

since the last Newsletter was published. Mrs. Wendy Rogers resigned at the end of March to take up residence in the "Big City". (Some people would call it the "Big Bad City"- Ed.)

We wish Mrs. Marie Henze, who has been assisting as a scientific assistant in the Institute for a while, a well-earned rest in Switzerland. She was working for some months on the Study of Retail Outlets in the Durban Metropolitan Region.

ELCOME:

Mr. Peter Johnston joined the staff at the beginning of January as a research assistant. He graduated with an Honours Degree in Sociology last year at the University of Natal.

Also a welcome to Mrs. Jane Kvalsvig who joined us in December last year as a temporary scientific assistant.

* * * * *

Members will be sorry to hear that Mr. Walter Felgate has been undergoing treatment at Addington Hospital. While he is now Lecturer in Social Anthropology at Rhodes University, he is still a Research Fellow of the Institute in connection with his Study of the Social Organisation and Relation of man to the Environment in Tongaland. It seems that he picked up some type of tropical complaint,

probably in the field in Tongaland. No doubt this is one of the hazards of being an anthropologist. We are looking forward to seeing him fully recovered.

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ROUND THE WORLD: A "South African" welcome to our new members of the Institute - Miss Corinne Armstrong from Los Angeles, (who has been appointed Lecturer in Social Anthropology), and Dr. Heribert Adam from Frankfort (who has been appointed Lecturer in Sociology).

INSTITUTE MEMBER IN CANADA: Mr. Cliff Shearing, who obtained an Honours Degree in Sociology "cum laude" last year from the University of Natal, is now continuing his studies at the University of Toronto in Canada. He has recently received a Canadian scholarship to assist him with further studies, in conjunction with a teaching assistantship. We are pleased to hear of Cliff's success, and hope that he does not find the "frozen North" too cold after Durban.

GLOBE-TROTTER: Another traveller is Mrs. Margaret Sugden, who with her husband ventured on an overland journey by kombi through Africa to Britain. Their plans, however, had to be changed, because as South Africans they were denied entry by African states beyond Malawi. After their return to Durban,

and a brief stay in the City to recover their breath, they decided to fly to Britain. Mr. and Mrs. Sugden hope eventually to undertake the journey by road through Africa, returning from the north. For a geographer such a trip would undoubtedly be fascinating, if no doubt hazardous. We hope that they manage to achieve their ambition.

WELCOME: Many members of the Institute will have already met Professor Cowen, newly appointed Professorial Research Fellow at the University. We are very pleased to have Professor Cowen on the campus, and his interest in and experience of African affairs is likely to be stimulating.

AWARD OF NEW HONOUR TO INSTITUTE MEMBERS: It is understood that a C.H.R. is a new honour to be available for Institute members. Many C.H.R. awards have been bestowed on Institute members and we congratulate them. (The Editor was somewhat puzzled as to what this new honour or award consisted of. It in fact turns out to be a recognition for "charring activities" in the Institute. No doubt it is a reference to the recent upheaval we have had in connection with the painting of our offices, and the present turning out and cataloguing of the contents in our storeroom. No doubt the accumulation of a certain amount of dust on one's person is a requirement for the award of a C.H.R. - Ed.)

FACE-LIFT OF THE INSTITUTE'S OFFICES: Three of the Institute's offices have recently received a face-lift, by the kind permission of the Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings. The Director's, Senior Research Fellow's, and Secretary's offices have been repainted, and an interleading door constructed between the Secretary's and the Senior Research Fellow's offices. The members who have seen the improvements agreed that the Institute's main offices look much brighter, but by contrast the other offices looked rather drab. We can't be greedy, so we will have to wait for ? number of years before the other offices likewise receive beautifying.

SALUTE TO A PROJECT

Stencils up and stencils down,
 Where can this page now be found?
 We search and look and give a sigh,
 And move midst bundles very high.
 Handles we turn and buttons we press,
 Oh, dear Machine, please don't make a mess!
 Collating and checking is done by swift hands,
 Then the big parcels we are able to send,
 Along to the printers so they can end
 Our Salute to a Project.

* * * * *

After-thought.....

The readers of this neat survey,
 Accept it in a casual way,
 And only by a missing table,
 Are these people ever able,
 To have an idea of the war that rages -
 To get together so many pages!

* * * * *

So perhaps we should say:

Our bravest and best lessons are not learned
 through success, but through misadventure.

A.B. ALCOTT

THE DANGERS OF TOWN PLANNING
STATISTICS AND COMPUTERS

(With apologies to all readers, lovers of
poetry and English.)

Over a hundred-and-thirty years ago,
At Port Natal, a little village began to grow;
It grew and grew and - more's the pity -
Eventually achieved the status of City.
Yet, it's a beautiful city, a beloved place,
With a definite atmosphere, charm and grace.
But the leisurely days have long since gone -
Progress and development must march on!
Gone, forever, the wagons and carts,
Fast, dangerous, smelly vehicles now play their parts.
The Hordes from the North rush down here
And add to the chaos, year after year.
Alas, the demand for space has outstripped the supply,
Even a site for a house is too expensive to buy.
Our streets are inadequate to carry the volume -
Must diesel fumes and road deaths us all consume?
Would you believe it, everything is too small!
Decisions were made, the axe must fall.
Ring roads, Free roads, lots of new terms,
Islands, Cloverleaves, intertwining like worms.
For our City: no criticism, only the best -
Durban must be a model, to be copied by the rest.
Experts and Specialists we therefore import -
Conferences on Traffic, Industry, Roads and Sport,
Arguments, disagreements, meetings galore -
Oh, why can't we go back to the days of yore ?

But Lord Holford, Professors, Consultants - all have one aim,
No stone must stay unturned to preserve Durban's fame.
The I.S.R. team must add to the score,
Surveys and Statistics galore - and then more !
Our Professor and Lawrence with make-do assistants
Interview, plan and code with admirable persistence.
Economists play their part, the City Fathers too -
All in all, it's a heck of a to-do!
The outcome? - I tell you with utmost reluctance,
They replanned our City - right out of existence!

A thousand years hence, a Martian surveys
This part of the World. To his comrades he says:
"It's strange to see here on the Indian Ocean
Just jungle and signs of ancient upheaval and commotion,
Yet Statistics from Saucers and other Craft
Pinpointed a city at this site." - the others unbelievably
laughed.

M. HENZE

SIX THOUSAND MILES AROUND AND ABOUT

IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

Margaret Sugden.

We spent eight weeks touring around Southern Africa in a motorized caravan at the beginning of this year. These eight weeks were to have seen us half-way through Africa on an over-land trip to Europe, but this was not to be.

The first three weeks went according to plan. We left South Africa behind us for, as we thought, a few years, and made good time through Rhodesia. The scenery changed from brown, dry thorn-veld in the vicinity of Beit Bridge to park-like savanna as we travelled northwards. The trees became progressively fewer as we made our way to Salisbury, while the grass reached heights of 2 - 3 feet. The roads were narrow tar, 9-foot wide, which for some distance were merely the typical Rhodesian "strip" roads filled in with macadam. The only stretch of true "strip" was for about five miles north of Enkeldoorn. The strip roads are laid straight on the ground, with no cuttings or embankments, as the road in places becomes rather like a switchback along the plateau surface.

Salisbury, with a population of 310,000 in 1963 is an attractive town, with skyscrapers, wide streets and plenty of green shrubs round about. It has a peaceful air in spite of the hustling and bustling of city life.

We entered Zambia through Kariba - this awe-inspiring monument to human ingenuity and workmanship. We were greeted by a sign "Welcome to Zambia - the friendly country", and spent the next four hours getting through Customs and Immigration and having our vehicles searched!

Already differences were noticeable in the local Bantu population. The men appeared taller, with a darker skin than those of South Africa, with a predilection for wearing shorts which is not found in our own country. A lot of timber is used in the construction of their huts, which are frequently square, with thatched roofs. The women carry their children in slings over one shoulder as against the general South African custom of tying them on their backs.

Lusaka is a relatively small town - about 100,000, of which 10,000 (approx.) are Whites. The buildings are only a few storeys high, (up to about six) on account of the low-flying aircraft coming in to land at the nearby airport. The main road in town is very wide, and on the central islands are displayed the African curios and carvings, mainly for the benefit of tourists.

We left Zambia for Malawi via the Great East Road, which may have been a great road before the petrol lorries started making regular runs from Lusaka to Dar-es-Salaam and back. We encountered 26 such lorries over the 400-odd miles, plus two most spectacular crashes involving petrol-trailers. The road was shocking, alternately sandy or muddy, with a fairly deep layer of loose top-covering. We slithered or ploughed our way along, taking about 12 hours to cover the 400

miles. At the end of the day the vans were covered with a fine layer of sand and mud, both inside and out. So were the occupants!

The following few weeks were some of the best of the trip. Malawi welcomes visitors, whatever race or nationality (almost), and wherever we went the people of all races were friendly and interested. It is a beautiful though poor country, with picturesque scenery and marvellous cloud formations. The land appeared fertile and green, with neat, clean African kraals dotted along the roadside. The huts were often square, but all of them had wide verandas around them, formed by an overhang of the roofs. We were struck by the number of broken and abandoned huts. Whether this was due to the torrential rain (and when it rains in Malawi it really pours down) or due to some tribal custom, we were unable to ascertain. The scenery is varied, with mountains, plateaux and plains, and in the east is the beautiful lake.

On Sunday, 15th January, our troubles began. The main north road through Malawi is in a shocking condition (I don't think they know what a road-grader looks like), and after hitting one particularly violent bump, hidden by a bend in the road, we parted company with our roof-carrier. We just managed to stop before running over it - trunks, jerry cans, the lot. A short while later, after picking up everything and repacking it (as well as separating the sugar, flour and soap powder, which had been upset by the impact), we rounded a seemingly innocent corner, caught a patch of slippery mud, and collided broadside with the bank. I disappeared on to the

floor of the van under cameras, taperecorder, biscuits and the contents of a cup of hot coffee I happened to be drinking. We managed to push the van out, becoming covered in mud from top to toe in the process, and measuring our length a couple of times in the slush as well, only to get stuck again about a mile further on, and again after another two miles.

Our hopes and plans were shattered a few days later when we reached the Zambian/Tanzanian border. We were refused entry, as we came from South Africa, although we were travelling on British and German passports. After being threatened with arrest and hard labour, we made a quick get-away back to Malawi, our "haven in a storm", and camped for a few days on the shores of the lake while we recuperated from our hectic experiences and decided on future plans.

Lake Malawi is really beautiful. The clear water reflects the islands and surrounding mountains, while the blue of the sky is repeated in the water, and framed by the surrounding tropical greenery. Crocodiles and hippo's may be encountered towards dawn and dusk, but we have it from authority that one can make friends by "tickling the hippo's and patting the croc's". We were lucky and did not encounter these friendly animals!

After leaving Malawi, we spent a few weeks in Mocambique, which in parts is like a bit of the Continent transferred into tropical surroundings. Our hopes for shipping from Beira to Port Said were thwarted, and so we wended our way homewards, and booked a passage by air.

Our idea of crossing Africa by land has not been abandoned, however, but at present it is impossible for the average tourist from the southern part of Africa to travel through the "Black" states. A journey from north to south is, however, still possible, provided one is prepared to brave the hazards of arrest and hard labour (and worse) likely to be encountered on the way.

Does anyone want to buy a fully-equipped motorized caravan? (Only slightly depreciated by a trial run? - Ed.)

NEWS FROM AN OVERSEAS MEMBER.

Jim Fernandez, Associate Professor of Anthropology at Dartmouth College in the States, has written to say that he is hard at work on a book on religious movements. This will include the materials which he gathered in South Africa. Jim has just got back from a five months' tour in Togo and Dahomey. It is obvious that whatever the disadvantages of being an anthropologist might be, one of the advantages is the opportunity to see the world at large!

He reports that in a semi-light-hearted moment he offered something which is called the "Shaka Complex" as a substitute for the Oedipus Complex in respect of African psycho-analysis. He used some of the discussions he had with Bantu in and around Durban in publishing a piece on the subject in "transition". He rather wryly comments that "This article is not the consequence of good social research as it stands, but could be the basis of good social research. "Heuristic" is a term of apology I think we employ in such cases", is his remark.

We hope his research and writing up, both light-hearted or otherwise, bears much fruit.

INCIDENT IN A REEF TOWN.

Lorna Geils

'Beware of the Dog' on the gate I read
In letters large and clear,
As I stood with a schedule in my hand,
Grappling with my fear.

Perhaps if I rattle and shake the gate,
The dog will hear and bark at me,
Then someone will come to investigate,
And I can make my plea.

I rattled and shook... where was the beast?
Not a single sound could I hear,
So I walked along in the field next door,
To see if the back was clear.

"Is your mother in?" I shouted
To the child I saw, with relief,
But the huge Alsation behind her
Charged at me, baring his teeth.

I panicked and ran without looking,
Right into a hole I'd not seen....
As I stood knee-deep in rubbish,
My language was rather obscene.

"Can I help you?" came a voice from behind me,
Oh, why did she have to come!
Should I pretend to be looking for something,
Or merely act deaf and dumb.

But remembering my interviewers' instructions,
I wiped the scowl off my face,
And stumbled towards my respondent,
To smilingly state my case.

"I'm from the ISR", said I,
But I could say no more,
For she was shaking with laughter,
And I too began to roar.

Driving home with the schedule completed,
And still looking rather a wreck,
I thought that there must be easier ways
Of earning one's monthly cheque.

THE TAIL OF A SCORPION.

Patsy Wickham

One night when Lawrence was at work,
(He never was a one to shirk),
A scorpion crawled across his shoe,
And made him tremble through and through.

We all know that a scorpion stings,
But this one gave poor Lawrence wings,
He flew at least twelve feet or more,
Clean 'cross the carpet on the floor.

And then he turned to face the foe,
His muscles flexed, his eyes aglow,
And in his heart the will to win,
And in his hand he clenched a tin.

He could have phoned for help we grant,
The Police Chief or the Commandant,
Or even called the Fire Brigade,
But our man Flint was not dismayed.

The battle waged, no sound was heard,
And Lawrence uttered not a word,
But then to his entire dismay,
The scorpion vanished clean away.

He sat uneasy through the night,
That scorpion gave him quite a fright,
Until at last he went to bed,
To rest his weary limbs and head.

He came next morning fresh and bright,
To carry on this dreadful fight,
One had to win, he knew that true,
He said "It's rather me than you."

He moved the cupboard from the wall,
The foe emerged and tried to crawl
Across the room intent to sting,
And Lawrence did the Highland Fling.

He vowed that in that very room,
The scorpion soon would meet its doom,
At last I'm very glad to say,
He killed the scorpion with the spray.

And now this little tale is told
Of modern knight with heart so bold,
The trophy now is on display,
The bearded knight once more is gay.

REPORT ON NEW RESEARCH PROJECT.

Members of the Institute will be interested to know that details for a study to be undertaken by the Institute on behalf of the Natal Town and Regional Planning Commission have just been finalised. A project, costing R27,000 over two and a half to three years, is to be undertaken into the recreational patterns and needs of the four racial groups in Metropolitan Durban. The investigation will be one of the largest-scale ones that the Institute has undertaken.

Lawrence Schlemmer will be the Project Director, and Peter Johnston has been appointed as Social Research Assistant in charge of the study. Some members already know him as an ex-student of the Sociology Department. Assisting Peter will be Mrs. Everil Frangs, a Social Science graduate from Rhodes University, who has had some years' experience in personnel management. She will be joining the Institute on the 15th May. Additional workers, mainly interviewers, will be appointed as and when the need arises.

The project is a sequence to the recreational study undertaken by the Natal Town and Regional Planning Commission itself in Pietermaritzburg. The Institute acted as consultants to the Commission for the research, which is now in its processing stage after the completion of the fieldwork. The Durban investigation will commence with a small-scale intensive interview study of a sample of subjects. Particular stress will be laid on "depth interviews", aimed at obtaining basic information in regard to how various racial groups and

different social classes perceived recreation, what need it fulfils in their lives, and what their patterns of recreation are. In the light of the findings of this small but intensive study, a larger-scale social survey into recreational patterns and needs, will be launched. This will cover several thousand cases, and will be intended to provide information to guide the planners in providing recreational facilities for the future. The main fieldwork will be undertaken half during the summer and half during the following winter, as recreational patterns and needs vary with the seasons.

It is hoped that not only will the research be of direct value to planners, but that it will also yield a mass of useful basic psycho-sociological material.

OFFICE RULES

The following is a list of "office rules" which first appeared in the Macon., Ga., Telegraph & News. The rules were found in Boston in an old file, dated 1872.

1. Office employees each day will fill lamps, clean chimneys and trim wicks. Wash windows once a week.
2. Each clerk will bring in a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the day's business.
3. Make your pens carefully. You may whittle nibs to your individual taste.
4. Men employees will be given an evening off each week for courting purposes, or two evenings a week if they go regularly to church.
5. After 13 hours of labour in the office, the employee should spend the remaining time reading the Bible and other good books.
6. Every employee should lay aside from each payday a goodly sum of his earnings for his benefit during his declining years, so that he will not become a burden on society.
7. Any employee who smokes Spanish cigars, uses

liquor in any form or frequents pool and public halls, or gets shaved in a barbershop, will give good reasons to suspect his worth, intentions, integrity and honesty.

8. The employee who has performed his labor faithfully and without fault for five years will be given an increase of five cents per day in his pay providing profits from business permit it.

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"EXTRACT FROM AN EXPEDITION INTO THE
INTERIOR"....OR A PILOT STUDY FOR A
HOUSING SURVEY.

At the break of day on Tuesday, the 21st July, 1966, whilst Durban lay smug and smogly sleeping, one professor and two young ladies made their clandestine exit from the metropolis en route to Pretoria. Off they set in the brand-new Institute Cortina (hence referred to as Poor-Fina).

What an incorrigible female "Poor-Fina" proved to be! No sooner had we left the smog than she began to complain and splutter. When made to go over 45 miles per hour, she would obstinately grind her gears and let off a flood of steam posteriorily. ^{1]} Neither would she endure the car radio hitched on to her window - as soon as the radio was attached, she would make the most terrifying noises, distorting every sound, and buzzing so loudly that it was impossible to hear our Professor profess.

Detailed discussions ensued, after which it was decided that since "Poor-Fina" was at her most crucial stage in her development - (she must at all costs be protected from exposure to any traumatic experience which might cause her to be irretrievably fixated at her narcissic developmental stage and rendered permanently even more retarded than she already

1] Is that a hyperbole for the sake of effect, or does the Institute possess a steam carriage? - Ed.

was) she would have to be treated with the utmost consideration until she was somewhat older. Thereafter she was treated with great consideration.

After twelve long arduous hours we reached Pretoria, the city of controversial statuesthe ladies of the team felt exceptionally proud to think that they had travelled through three provinces in one day, all in the interests of social research.

However, in Pretoria, women have no status - they are nonentities. On one occasion the team was scheduled to address a Bantu advisory board in order to obtain permission to enter the Bantu townships. On our arrival we were blatantly informed that only the male sex was permitted to enter and convene behind the impressive, dark, forbidding doors. But sex discrimination did not end here! On the day of our departure from Pretoria, when our luggage had been loaded into "Poor-Fina", the porter came dashing down the steps looking most harassed. "Madames", he said, "you almost left Pretoria without your books". He then proceeded to present each lady with a large thick red book - the one entitled "The Bible", the other "Die Bybel". We could see through this, and realised that it was a subtle reminder of the need for reform of the inferior sex. Professor too realised this sinister implication, and convinced the porter that the next occupants of our rooms might be in greater need than we were.

How harassed we were in Daveyton! We had arranged to meet our Professor at the car at 5 p.m., after completion

of the interviews. However, at 5.45 p.m. we were still waiting. Had we lost our Professor? While the wind howled and growled, and it grew darker and darker, we searched. Suddenly at 6 p.m. out of the gloom appeared a familiar figure, decidedly unconcerned. We were "saved".

"Poor-Fina" of course, when we were homeward bound, purred pleasurably back to the metropolis of Durban nestling snugly in its smog - back to what the jealous Transvalers call "Banana-land".



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