

mals in dust and rocks on the other side. The ANC's position is that cattle ranching on the Kruger lands merits investigation, particularly for the 525,000 acres of privately owned game reserves within the Kruger ecosystem.

However, cattle ranching in the area has no economic future. These lowveld regions were abandoned by white ranchers because they have little rainfall, poor soil, and considerable disease. In this region the average large grazing animal requires from 35 to 100 acres. In contrast, the best pasture in the United States can support one animal per acre. It is safe to predict that in any sections of the Kruger opened to communal cattle ranching the land would degrade until it matched the land now on the west side of the fence. And the people involved would be bound to a life of eternal poverty.

A somewhat more economically promising alternative is potential sale of buffalo carcasses. Culling 3,000 buffalo annually for meat (an equivalent number are likely taken by predators) would permit a constant buffalo population of 25,000–35,000 in the park, the current level. Sales would be about \$2 million annually.

There are two ways that Kruger could quickly make an economic contribution to its region. First, the park could raise its fees to foreign visitors and distribute this revenue within the region for public sector investment in schools, health care, and roads. Twenty-five percent of Kruger tourists come from outside of Africa: Europe, Japan, Australia. The typical trip costs the visitor about \$2,000. But the Park admission fee is only \$50 for each visitor, and this includes accommodations and meals. Increased entrance fees for foreign visitors could easily add \$20 million to the park's revenue, without reducing visitor levels.

While making a large increase in the park's revenue, this would add only 3 percent to the total cost of the average visitor's trip. It seems clear that higher fees can make more money for the region than cattle or buffalo ranching, and, unlike cattle, are not destructive to the park. Increasingly, ecotourism is seen as a possible engine of clean and green economic growth for South Africa.



# Managing Nature in the Future

by Frederick Turner

We will not, despite our postmodern fantasies, be living in some metallic or concrete or crystalline techno-desert; our future will no doubt respond fully to our need for the forms of geology, vegetation, and the animal kingdom. We will live among trees and rocks and clouds and grasses, as we have always done; our technology will have vanished into the background, to be recalled, like magic, by a mental command. Landscape architecture and ecological restoration will come together into a super-art whose palette will be species evolution and ecological interdependence.

But there will be no "going back to nature." The nature we would go back to never existed, in the sense of the unspoiled, uninterfered-with, harmoniously balanced wilderness. The wild is ourselves. Indeed, the whole universe will become our garden—and if that is a claustrophobic thought, consider the deep wildness of the English countryside, with its layers of history, its ghosts, the visionary and mystical qualities that William Blake and William Wordsworth and Thomas Hardy and Samuel Palmer and John Constable celebrated in it. Reflect that all England is a garden, a human-made landscape. It is up to us to make our gardens wilder than any "virgin" forest.

We will, I believe, continue our intervention in the physical universe with an increasingly sophisticated and organic array of sensors and effectors. We will come to know and experience the rest of nature more and more intimately, from the inside, and will be able to move and change it in the same way that we move and change our bodies—and with the same mixture of resistance, learning, shame, pain, fatigue, and pleasure....

When we look down on the landscape by plane, we will see that much of the land has returned to meadow, swamp, forest, prairie; we will see flocks of thousands of birds, herds of deer and elk; and among the hills the occasional settlements of people who have chosen, permanently or temporarily, to explore as the Amish do the life of traditional technology, religion, and village economy. There will be a large increase in "wild" nature, unobtrusively managed. The Appalachians are already going back to hardwood forest; the bears and the wolves are coming back; and this is happening all over the developed world. Scotland, for instance, is now closer to its "aboriginal" state than at any time in the last 400 years.

Although the old city centers will be increasingly limited to pedestrians, cheap, pollution-less, hydrogen-powered cars traveling on subway roads, partly automated, and with neural/cybernetic control, will continue the tradition of individual choice. Personal mobility will always be crucial to human freedom, as crucial as the vote. Perhaps the bicycle will become even more important than it is now. The cities will, I believe, survive the revolution in communications that has made them technologically obsolete. They will do so by developing a sense of themselves as unique centers of human communion, philosophical exploration, collective art and worship—the vision expressed in medieval cathedrals or in Van Eyck's Ghent Altarpiece. Gardening will become one of the chief urban occupations. In Europe very heavy urban population densities have proved to be quite compatible with delightfully quiet, green, and pleasant residential districts. Indeed, without feeling so, the cities may well be more populous than in the past, especially if we can solve the problem of inner-city decay.

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BY  
LAURENS VAN DER POST

# THE PRISONERS AND THE BOMB

I had forgotten the date until the moment I walked into that television studio at about six o'clock in the evening on Wednesday, August 6th.

I was a British guest on an American current affairs program, due to be interviewed about Africa, and all day long my mind had been trying to concern itself with my native continent. That subject normally comes to me very easily, but on this occasion there was an unusual resistance in my mind. The meaning of this resistance only became clear when I arrived in the studio and saw the man who was already in the process of being interviewed on the same program for the 10 minutes before I myself would appear. He was a Japanese who I guessed to be about 70 years of age, with close-cropped grey hair. He was small even among his countrymen, and his smallness was emphasized by the contrast with the tall, robust young American who was interviewing him.

I do not know which was greater: the violence of the eruption that followed within me, or the feeling of personal dismay that accompanied it. How could I have forgotten until then the special meaning of August 6? If I could forget, how could anybody else be expected to remember that day as I had known it? It was, of course, the anniversary of the dropping of the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima, and the young American was extracting from the little old Japanese gentleman, with skill and delicacy, his experience on that great and terrible day.

He was, the guest said, a doctor. He was at work in his surgery and his wife was in the Japanese equivalent of a drawing

room, sitting at her harmonium. He could hear her playing a Christian hymn. She had not been there long when the bomb fell. She and his four children in other parts of their house were killed instantly; he, miraculously, was spared.

As I stood there caught between the turmoil of my own associations with that day and the horror of Hiroshima, it suddenly seemed to me that the imagination of our time, particularly the imagination of the young who have been born since Hiroshima, knew only part of this story. As a result, we accept, like this American interviewer (who could have been no more than five at the time of the bombing) that this tragic Japanese version is an authentic microcosm of the whole truth.

I have been amazed to observe how many of my Japanese friends do not seem to feel that their nation did anything to provoke what was inflicted on them at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. I am also amazed at how incurious they are about their own part in the war. And in the Allied nations too, more and more people view the horror of Hiroshima and Nagasaki out of context. They increasingly tend to see the bombings as an act of history in which those who dropped the bomb were the villains. I feel it is extremely important for both the Japanese and those of us in the West to maintain a whole view of this cataclysmic event.

This all suddenly seemed of such overwhelming importance to me that, right there in the middle of a television studio, I was compelled to immediate action. The producer of the television program had all the while been standing silent at my side