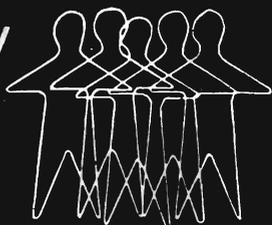


The New African



THE RADICAL REVIEW

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Can Themba
Shakespeare's Africa
Philip Kgosana
Communist bloc
Vaughan Stone
an S.B. satire

In this issue:

- 150 THROUGH SHAKESPEARE'S AFRICA: Can Themba
154 TANGANYIKA: TOWARDS AN EGALITARIAN SOCIETY: Francis Wilson
156 AFRICA WANTS AN ANSWER: Philip Kgosana
157 INTO A DIM WORLD: Carl Mafoko
160 "AWENDGESANG": Alf Wanneburgh
164 SEKOU TOURE AND THE TWO IMPERIALISMS: James Currey
167 THE PEACE CORPS AND GHANA: David Brokensha
169 A GENTLE PEOPLE: Bessie Head
150 Leader, 152 Comment, 162 Africana, 165 Verse (Vaughan Stone) 168 Words Words Words, 175 Reviews (Leonard Bloom, Leslie Rubin, Shula Marks).

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All political comment, unless otherwise stated, is by Neville Rubin, 47 Parliament St., Cape Town.

Messages of Paarl

A YEAR AGO this magazine rejected an article which warned our judges that, with the first General Laws Amendment Act about to become law, before them stretched the same pit of evil into which the German judiciary had fallen under the Nazis. A liberal-minded advocate, when asked whether or not we should publish it, called the article "utter rubbish" and said that, however much the lower courts may have declined in probity, the bench was still "the shining light of the constitution". Chastened, the editors rejected the article.

How does one view his words, now that the Snyman Report has been published—this story of the events at Paarl on 20 to 22 November 1962, and the causes of them, as investigated by a Transvaal judge, the Hon. J. H. Snyman?

Judge Snyman accepted almost all evidence favourable to the Government and rejected almost all that was critical of it. He blamed the riot on Poqo, and Poqo on the ambitions of individual Africans who wish to rule but have "little or no status under the tribal system". Grievances there were indeed; but they would fall away if the central government would manage Mbekweni location and the S.A.P. police it, instead of an inadequate local authority employing corrupt officials and its own location police.

We must accept that Judge Snyman wrote all this in good faith. Certainly his much publicised appeal that "the White man . . . be taught to abandon his impersonal and sometimes impatient attitude towards the Bantu section of the community" was perfectly genuine. So too was his proclaiming of the "message of Paarl" (in capital letters, lest it be missed) as the need for "the education of White and Bantu alike . . . (towards) a happy and understanding friendship . . . and an acceptance by both of the inter-racial policy of the country". This from a man who had looked into the grimly oppressive conditions of life at Mbekweni, at the growth of Poqo terrorism among the young men forced to live in those conditions, at the hideous trauma of the riot itself! As the great Duke of Wellington once replied to a stranger who addressed him, in all his magnificence, as "Mr. Smith, I believe"—"Sir, if you can believe that you can believe *anything*."

It is not only the findings in the Report that should be pondered by those who treasure a legal system that, for all its locally applied colour-standards, goes back to ancient Rome. It is the uncomfortable circumstances of the Interim Report, the second General Laws Amendment Bill it called forth, and the letter written by the Commissioner to Mr. Vorster approving the Special Courts and 90-day detention clauses of the new Bill. It seems that Mr. Vorster "kindly forwarded the Bill to me for my comments". In his reply, signed

(Continued on page 150)

"Yours respectfully", Judge Snyman tells Advocate Vorster that, though the 90-day detention clause is "in conflict with the principles of our Common Law", it may be justified by "circumstances as revealed in my Inquiry". These are presumably to do with the growth of the P.A.C., "a cancer in our society . . . that can be eradicated, provided that energetic action is taken against it". It may also be justified writes Judge Snyman "in view of the 'cold war' here and abroad" . . .

There are those who think that the ending of what remained of the rule of law was justified by the need to

eradicate the P.A.C. and to guard us against the "cold war". And there are those who do not. Our liberal adviser must surely be among the latter; and now perhaps, less dazzled by the "shining light", he may more clearly see that pit of evil than he did before.

Yet the majority of White South Africans are unaware of what they have lost. It seems sure that their own deeds will not restore their right to a fair trial, let alone win it for their black fellow countrymen. This is an objective of the South African revolution, of which the Paarl Riot was an early, tragic warning. ●

Through Shakespeare's Africa

Falstaff, Dumizulu

Dube, Agincourt

CAN THEMBA

ANTHONY SAMPSON, SOME-TIME EDITOR of *Drum*, was perhaps the first person to remark that the turbulence of urban African life was like the stage of Shakespeare's Elizabethan world—the action, the passion, the lasciviousness, the high drama, the violence and then: "Exeunt with corpses". One supposes that violence as life's ordinary stuff can be found in many other communities over the world. I would not be surprised to learn that in parts of Chicago of an evening saunter, even today, a couple could be "coshed" and robbed; that in Rome or Venice a jealous lover still doesn't hesitate to slip a knife between his rival's ribs; or that in Shanghai a man could actually be shanghaied. I do not doubt these contingencies.

But in most of these places violence comes as an event *ad hoc* from outside the normalities of life. Too often they are the material for novels or newspaper headlines. They invade and impassion the minds of men. What makes Africa's violence so unique is the uncanny sense that it is essentially *of* Africa. In a way that is not necessarily unsympathetic, it is true to say that violence is the core and fibre of Africa's being, and this those true Africans, the Negroes, Bantu and Afrikaner fully understand.

Pure, unmitigated violence, however, unrelieved by contrasts of pity and tragic sense, by depth and attenuation, by dementia or malevolence, becomes sheerest horror, or a kind of bore. In a word, brutality. It may make for a fairly accomplished sort of hell, but it does not express the arresting high-drama of life, despite the excesses of adventure writers and narrators of jungle-life stories. It is just here that that drop of human compassion

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in the teeming, creeping, eruptive, swelling, brooding, menacing, bursting, weeping, cajoling, zigzagging charivaria of life, that the spectacle becomes stirringly interesting.

Of course, by violence here is understood its whole protean totality, of rape and robbery; of murder and massacre; of ribald jokes and bawdy ditties; of gaudy dress and extravagant swagger; of inspired oaths and ferocious religiosity; of high-falutin' political declamations and many-limbed terminological crocodiles.

This, Shakespeare would have understood without the interpolations of the scholars, and in this wise the world of Shakespeare reaches out a fraternal hand to the throbbing heart of Africa.

THUS IT COMES WITH LITTLE surprise that the starting point in the Shakespearean odyssey for many an African who has staggered through literacy is *Julius Caesar*. There is a translation in Tswana by Sol Plaatje which loses nothing of that play's dynamism by giving it the *kgotla* atmosphere. But recently a friend of mine who wanted to make it more contemporary told me the tale thus:

Apparently, Chief Kaiser Msi had trampled down the haughty heads of most of the lesser chiefs in the Transkei and left them licking their bruised ambitions while he was climbing in the *Bunga* to the leadership. He was so widely acclaimed by the rabble and the world at large that many of these disgruntled chieftains murmured:

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves."

But there were other Xhosas, mostly from the cities, who resented the rapid rise of this upstart. They sought to clip his pinions, but the snag was that, being city men, it would have been hard for them to convince the tribesmen that it was in the holiest interest of the Transkei that Msi should be assassinated. A bright idea hit them! What they needed was a high-placed Xhosa, one everybody respected, one known to be honourable, to lead the conspiracy. And who else, they thought, but that dashing, young gallant chief, Dilizintaba Sakwe. It was tricky; this Sakwe was of the blood and the soul of honour; he would never even consider political expediency; murder would appal him; conspiracy he thought base, unless . . . unless . . . it touched upon the impeccable glory of the Transkei. Yes, let's get him through his love of the Transkei and his martyr-like belief in her eternal honour.

As the Americans would say, they sold him the line of

how Kaiser was ambitious, and his ambition threatened the weal of the Transkei, and how Kaiser had to die that Transkei might live. These trenchant sentiments fired the heart of Sakwe, and they decided to kill Kaiser on Ntsikana's Day.

On the night before Ntsikana's Day Kaiser's wife, Nombulelo, dreamed of savage happenings. Worse still, the witchdoctor, Makana the left-handed, warned Kaiser: "Beware the Day of Ntsikana!" But Kaiser brushed these ominous prognostications aside and went to the Ntsikana celebrations.

The conspirators approached him as if they were his friends. They pleaded with him "for the repealing of my banish'd brother" who had been sent from a Transvaal prison to Robben Island. Each of the conspirators pleaded for this repeal in mock obsequious manner, but Kaiser haughtily declared that he was as constant as the Southern Cross.

Then they stabbed him, one after another, and when he saw Sakwe also as one of his killers, he cried out in anguish: "*Tixo, nawe, mntwanenkosi!*"

But matters were not going to be left there. A judge of the Supreme Court, investigating these dire deeds, made an interim report so alarming that the conspirators were hounded. In Basutoland to which most of them fled they were hunted by people of their own people until one by one they committed suicide in the Maluti Hills.

One thing that still reverberates in the Transkei is the magnificent speech said to have been made by a young Xhosa lawyer on the occasion of Kaiser's funeral. It is believed this speech, more than even the judge's report, inflamed the mercurial tribesman against Sakwe and his fellow-conspirators. His eloquence so roused the mob that factions forgot their feuds and went berserk in their passion to avenge Kaiser Msi.

Ah, me . . . that is fantasy . . .

BUT IT IS MORE THAN ODD how many Shakespearean situations find echo in African life.

Consider a few . . .

In the Johannesburg of the 1950's there was the King of Jive, huge but electric Dumizulu. In the London of the 1580's there was jolly old Falstaff, the merriest ruffian in literature. This is no idle parallel, for just a London like that and a Johannesburg like this could produce a Falstaff and a Dumizulu.

When Sophiatown was still "live theatre", Dumizulu dominated the shows at the Odin Cinema in Good Street. The highlight of Talent Night which fell every Tuesday was the jive contest between Dumizulu and another legendary character called Mpshe. They were a kind of Laurel and Hardy. With all his blubber, Dumizulu had a trick of making the eiderdowns of flesh around him wiggle while the pith of him stood stock still. Indeed, all his movements spoke the infinite cheek and ludicrous incongruence of township life, and

"Falstaff sweats to death,

And lards the lean earth as he walks along."

For a fact, the relationship of Prince Hal with the ragamuffins Falstaff and Co. has reproduced itself countless of times in urban South Africa. The rich man's son joining the excesses of ne'er-do-wells, and when their

nefarious exploits have not come off so well, he pays for their entertainment in brothel and shebeen. Or the priest's black-sheep son who gallivants with the denizens of the nether world. Have not we, most of us, looked on them with ill-concealed joy, and muttered: "Ai, but Rev. Nkabinde's son is quite a boy!"? Such side-views of the human scene gave us, when the mood struck, "argument for a week, laughter for a month and good jest for ever."

This striking two-world contrast in South Africa has already been remarked upon by a few of our more perceptive white writers. Of course, it is the staple of the Non-white writers from *Drum*, *Zonk*, *Post*, *Elethu Mirror*, and such-like publications. But it took Shakespeare, about 300 years ago, to report on the frolics of a high-born youth from wealthy Parktown among dubious companions in Alexandra Township. No-one has told us all that Johnny has been doing in Sophiatown, Kent in Alexandra, or Mike in Orlando. These boys were accepted among tsotsis, cherries and churchgoers as readily as was Father Huddleston. I wish more of the township bright boys had heard of Harry Bolingbroke.

And is it really an accident, or just another of my exaggerations, that both young Boeta Shakes and the youth of the townships hanker after acting and the stage? Dramatisation, posturing, seeking special effects, are so much a part of our daily lives that often we are startled when some critic says such-and-such an African actor was very good. All the time we thought he was just living, and we were waiting for him to begin to "act". Perhaps, this is why we necessarily exaggerate. "Living the part", to us, does not mean seizing a role and making it a part of our lives; it means pouring our exuberance into it, and God help that role. No wonder Shakespeare stepped off the boards and wrote the people's stuff. He had found out how, by pen and imagination, to hoist both groundlings and gentry right into the play.

Here is an authentic piece of township conversation. The scene is a Dube shebeen. Five chaps are sitting around with their drinks. Three are labourers, one a

26 October 1963

The New African socialist survey (1)

DAVID CRAIGHEAD

Economic Development Methods (2) Gezira

FRANCIS WILSON

African Architecture Review

JULIAN BEINART

school-teacher, and one a cop—but very much *off-duty*. The big-bosomed shebeen queen rolls in and out, now and then, to serve her customers:

FIRST LABOURER: But what's wrong with the white man, hê? Tell me, folks. You can't satisfy the white man. Today, at work, the boss sent me out to the Post Office to buy stamps. When I returned, he wanted to know "wherrer hell you been?" He said he'd been waiting for his tea since my grandfather's time. I tried to tell him about the stamps, but he hooted me out for his tea. Ten minutes later, he came to the sink, leaned in the doorway, with legs crossed and a funny smile on his mouth: "When will you blacks grow up? I'd never've thought a man with your education would wash cups and make tea." I suddenly felt blindingly mad, as if I could stab him, and suddenly, too, gave up.

SECOND LABOURER: Doesn't help, my mother's child. The white man's got us by the nose and he's got us by the arse.

SCHOOLTEACHER (bitterly): It's heart-sore, my brother.

Look at me. I'm educated, *né?* I know what to teach and what not to teach, *né?* But it breaks my heart to see what I teach just because the white man tells me that is good enough for black children. Why do I go on teaching? I've got to eat. This cop here, too, he's also a man, he's got to eat. You, too, when you get a chance to snatch a bag or grab a pay-roll . . . (reminiscently) . . . hê-ê-ê, but those boys . . .

THE COP (still off-duty): You speak true, my brother. The things that I have to do for these white men. *Mcui!* (smacking his lips and crossing his fingers) God will hear us one day. When He asks me, me I'll say it's the white man. All those poor men I've led in a crocodile to the jail, it's the white man. All those women I've left husbandless, childless, *nyatsiless*, God, it's the white man. Those heads I've broken, those ribs I've kicked in, those noses, those mouths, those eyes I've bashed . . . God, I feel like crying my brothers . . .

A LABOURER: By right, it's crooel . . .

SHEBEEN QUEEN. Hai, go-away you. You've started to

COMMENT

The Home-Boy and the Backslapper

WE ALL KNOW the old arguments about how liberals, desiring non-racialism, should react to anti-white racialism, and I think the general conclusion is that if they react too vociferously it will look as though they are a sort of white insurance policy against ultimate defeat, and thus discredit them in the eyes of non-whites and do more harm, ultimately, than good to the non-racialist ideal.

So what do we do about it? When your issue of a few months ago came out with that ugly monument to anti-whiteism "Home Boys Abroad" I spent a couple of evenings writing a piece of equal length attacking it. When it was finished I asked myself what was the use of it, got an answer, and threw it in the wastepaper basket. This trend seems all rather inevitable too, and I don't know what to do about it. While I am probably moral enough to discern right from wrong, that is to say long term practical from long term impractical, I am not clever enough to decide which is practical politics in the short term in the complicated mess of South Africa. And under such conditions I am inclined to keep my mouth shut wherever possible and let those who claim such

knowledge do all the talking. Nobody wants the opinion of anyone who actually admits ignorance.

While I was in South Africa it was of course somewhat different. In the little world of liberalism in which I moved, I always felt I was expected to feel slightly guilty about being white—that I could say that whites were a lot of slobs but could not say that blacks, partaking of the human condition, were also a lot of slobs. I felt I had to be friendly with people I would not have chosen as friends and to try and like people who were not likeable—because they were black; that I had to admire scholars who were not good scholars but who were black scholars (and after saying things like this I still feel I can't leave unsaid and understood that I found others of their race who I genuinely liked, who were good scholars, and so on, but have to underline it) I and other liberals did not only have to contend with the enmity of other whites, which is bearable if you have so chosen, but with the weight of guilt of everything that any white had ever done to any black since van Riebeeck landed—although many of them had not profited from it. All this without even the psychological benefit the Africans and Coloureds had in having a group with which to identify—and a feeling that ultimately and in their lifetime they would be accepted in their proper place. In short it was good training in what it is like to be in a despised minority group without any hope of personal justice in the future.

Now we know there are liberals who can not only see this but grin and bear it. Good for them—beside such people the conventional martyrs are good time Charlies—but I am not made of that stuff; some distance I will go for the sake of my fellow men but

politika again. I don't want *ma-politika* here at my place. (The tension breaks, and they all laugh hilariously.)

Now turn to *King Henry V*, Act IV. Sc. 1 in the English camp at Agincourt, and listen to the dramatic irony in the conversation between King Henry, Michael Williams and John Bates, wherein the common men, for a moment, speak their mind in the king's face (save that in these latter days consultation as direct as this is frowned upon). These men are obviously loyal subjects, but the king is needled and brings heavy artillery in argument against them, and later when he is alone again he erupts into that noble soliloquy on "Ceremony".

I chose no sides in this lofty debate. I only point to the mood in which the common men speak and think of their overlord. It is almost the apologetic voice of that cop in a Dube shebeen who utters Bate's words:

"If his cause be wrong our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out for us."

BUT THAT FAMOUS "act of immorality" committed by Othello and Desdemona fascinates me more than aught

not that far. Therefore my reactions were what might be expected of a member of a despised racial minority. Being hampered, unlike most such groups in the world, by a belief that the majority group did in fact come first, I could still try to persuade them in my off duty moments that whites were also human.

This desire is no longer so strong, because I no longer have this feeling of personal rejection in the only world whose ideals fitted my own. I am in free competition with everybody else in Australia and thus I do not need to feel that the money I am getting (more than I got in South Africa) is in any way the wages of exploitation for which I must feel guilty. I even find it would have been easier for me, or at least as easy, to work my way through university here than in South Africa, so I do not even need to feel guilty about having the job. And I can take people as I find them, or leave them, without regard to their race (if your Home Boys author had come to Sydney instead of London he would have found at least one ex-Liberal who did not feel he had to slap him on the back and be big pals with him—perhaps he would have liked it better). In short, White Australia policy notwithstanding, I am allowed personally to actually *be* non-racialist instead of just hoping for it.

This does, I hope, show why I am now in a position to be more objective about the political realities of South Africa and liberalism therein—that is to say less horrified at the sight of new racialisms being added to old. Perhaps the pendulum has to swing a bit before coming to rest, and my emotions no longer demand that I try to stop it in the middle if this is not practical.

HARRY OXLEY

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else. And appropriately, it starts noisily . . . "Brabantio! Brabantio!" hollers Shakespeare's arch-plotter,

"Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tugging your white ewe!"

All the horror that one can conceive in the imagination of a backveld farmer who has tended his lands, jealously; guarded his honour, savagely; and contemplated his women in this dark jungle of black, virile, uninhibited men, fearfully; leap up when those words are hurled to frighten the night. The tool most immediate that Iago knows he should use against Desdemona who has dared to love a blackman is to "incense her kinsman" against the accursed union. This appeal to the herd-mania is all the more remarkable when one considers that it does not come naturally to supreme egotist, Iago.

It is not as if Iago is the kind of man who would be genuinely outraged by anything that merely concerns other men. For some people one can say that they are sincerely revolted by the "unnatural behaviour" of their fellowmen. Not so, Iago. "Whip me such honest knaves," he would say. But he knows that this thing that he is about to detonate touches the pack nigh and keenly. It is the most direct route to mob frenzy.

Odd now, we who live in the great cities of South Africa do not feel so sweatily the herd animosity of the white man as do our brethren in the country. True, limply, unconvincingly the white men about us try to cast their arrogance around, but it is oft so sickly pathetic that it raises more a smile than a scowl. But we are louder-mouthed. We have managed to uncurl the veneer of the white man where it has warped a little and, after the first start of surprise, we have met eye to eye with him, fallen off our haunches on our backs and gaffawed.

But . . .

Where we have proven that we are his equal—in evil as well as in genius—we have raised the fury in him. With a little education, a little fluent English, a little know-how, a little self-assertion and a little desiring of the sweets of his life and the women (where else at this stage will we find such charming, sophisticated felines?), we threaten his barest self-esteem. Moot, further, the fiction that we as savages are sexually more compelling, and you have announced Armageddon. You do not have to whistle at a white girl passing by. Only the crude ones among us play it that way. Cultivate yourself into a superior being; grapple with something in their world and succeed: become a scientist, a literatus, talk as if the high-brow things come naturally to you: a theory, a poem, grand passion; and, especially, despite your ebony complexion, that you have a sensitive soul and cannot abide the crudities of your own people, even. Then trembling whitedom looks round at you with that curious mixed reaction of fear, wrath and horror. *Écrasez l'infâme!*

It is just this that Othello went and done. Worse still, he made himself indispensable to the state. It is this, also, that the urban African is continually doing. He acquires degrees, if no more from Fort Hare, than Britain or America, and now dares to pontificate on the body politic or the cosmos.

BUT AFRICANS, TOO, have vitriolic things to say about their fellows who go for white girls. Apart from the pious lie of those who declare that they never desire a white girl . . .

A friend of mine tells me that if ever he got arrested for raping a white woman, he would tell the judge: "Your Honour, I'm aggrieved that anyone could ever imagine that I would ever be attracted by a scrawny, colourless woman like that. Look at her, if you please, and tell me what is there in her meatlessness that would ever attract a man of my tastes. Allow me, to bring before the court a full-blooded African woman, and I will show you where I am capable of rape. But this . . . this . . ."

Apart from the sour grapes, I say, many Africans sincerely believe that those of us who do manage a while to get white girls, get only the scum, the what the boss wouldn't stand a-stinking in his back yard in any case.

So, what kind of girl did Othello get? On Cassio's arrival at Cyprus, Montano asks whether Othello is wived. Cassio describes Desdemona thus:

"He hath achieved a maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener."

Or, as the boys in Johannesburg would say: "Nay, man, Boeta Can, you got yourself a Jewess that's got background and bodice; looks like the lord took special time off to make her. Not one of those weatherbeaten crows from Fordsburgville." For the boys are particular about what kind of a white girl you found yourself.

BY THE WAY, LET this quickly be said in the world that Shakespeare cast for Othello and his miscegenatious doings, this kind of thing was not illegal. They had not yet come round to an Act of Immorality. The law, those days, was more concerned with whether charms and witchcraft were practised on a girl to turn her mind to unnatural love. That was a serious crime. But we in the townships have long passed that stage. City-bred lover-boys who still use "roots" to catch the girls get laughed out of the shebang.

One thing that beats me is that Shakespeare shows more compassionate understanding for Othello than he did for Shylock. Fully comprehending the painfully delicate situation of Othello, undaunted by the cruel circumstance fate had placed the man in, Shakespeare swells with the dignity and nobility of Othello's spirit. In Shylock's case, I could not escape the impression that Shakespeare joined the carping, hounding, hate-fearing, anti-semitic rabble to make sport of the Jew. 'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange. Dammit, 'twas mean. And, fancy, in that other Venice there was hardly any risk that anyone would have peopled else the isle with Calibans.

But I wonder what we shall be like when that time comes, after we have turned the last folio, and the curtain has fallen upon all the buffoonery and mock-heroism and painted lives and pathetic half-hopes of our little fretful spell upon the stage. What manner of men shall we be then . . . or, for that matter, shall we be men? ●

TANGANYIKA

Towards an Egalitarian Society

FRANCIS WILSON

*Part I of a series on
economic development methods*

TANGANYIKA IS ONE of the poorest countries in Africa. Her nine million citizens earn an average income of less than R40 (£20) per head a year in a country which has few industries, almost no minerals and which makes its money almost exclusively from agricultural products on land which is still very largely undeveloped. While politically Tanganyika is one of the most encouraging countries on the continent, economically she is extremely weak; it will require a massive effort to develop her economy into one which will be really viable in the modern world. The Government led by Dr. Julius Nyerere, who is himself a trained economist, is naturally very aware of this problem and is determined to tackle it forcefully. The purpose of this article is to analyse the way in which the Government and people of Tanganyika propose to raise their standard of living and to see what we, in South Africa, can learn from their efforts.

DR. NYERERE, the founder of Tanu, was the architect of his country's political independence and is now the master-mind behind Tanganyika's economic development; and so it is to his speeches and writings that we must look to find the theory behind the present practice of the Government. Like most African leaders Dr. Nyerere is an avowed socialist in that he believes that the wealth of a country should be as evenly distributed amongst its people as possible. He feels that acquisitiveness for the purpose of gaining power and prestige is an inevitable product of a Capitalist system which is built on the assumption that the individual wishes to better himself even at the expense of his fellow human-beings. While one cannot totally eliminate such acquisitive desires Dr. Nyerere feels that they can be much more effectively controlled in a Socialist system, where everybody is working for the common good, than they can under Capitalism. Moreover he points out that, traditionally, all the societies in Africa were socialist

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in that they cared for the individual who was sick or old, and ensured that nobody was ever unemployed: hence he believes that in the new large-scale society which is emerging in Africa there must be the same sort of social security as there was in the old small-scale societies.

But it is more than a simple question of social security vital though this is. Dr. Nyerere goes on to show how the new society must be a community and not just an aggregation of individuals. His pamphlet on African Socialism is entitled *Ujamaa* which means 'familyhood' because it was the extended family system which was the basis of the social security and solidarity in the old society and although the extended family is being broken down by the industrial revolution, nevertheless, as Dr. Nyerere writes:

"Modern African Socialism can draw from its traditional heritage the recognition of 'society' as an extension of the basic family unit. But it can no longer confine the idea of the social family within the limits of the tribe, nor, indeed, of the nation . . . Our recognition of the family to which we all belong must be extended yet further—beyond the tribe, the community, the nation, or even the continent—to embrace the whole society of mankind. This is the only logical conclusion for true Socialism."

We see therefore that the purpose of the Tanu Government is to raise the standard of living of the people as fast as possible, but to do it in such a way that it is a communal effort, with everybody working for the common good, rather than each individual working to make himself rich. Tanganyika's only economic assets are large areas of undeveloped agricultural land and the determination of the people to better themselves, but as the wealth of a country depends, ultimately, on the will of the people living in that country this determination is vitally important and the Government is doing its best to increase it. At the Tanu birthday celebrations which I attended in Dar es Salaam recently the highlight of the day, apart from the President's speech, was the sudden appearance in the arena of three large and ferocious dragons, called *Umaskini*, *Ujinja*, and *Maradhi*, (Poverty, Ignorance, and Disease) each walking on about 15 pairs of children's legs. They were thoroughly beaten-up and killed by an army of school-children.

THE TWO MOST IMPORTANT weapons with which the people and Government of Tanganyika hope to kill these three enemies are the Co-operatives and the Community Development Schemes. Co-operative farming has already been extremely successful in the coffee area on the slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro but requires considerable expansion throughout the country. During the three years of the current development plan it is hoped to have the services of two experts on industrial co-operatives and one expert, from Israel, on co-operative farming. There is too little information to describe fully the nature of the Co-operative experiment in Tanganyika but I hope, in a later article on Israel, to deal with this properly. The Community Development Schemes, on the other hand, have grown spectacularly and, if the figures given are accurate, have achieved a very great deal.

The way in which these schemes work is as follows. If in a given area the people decide that they need a school, or a clinic, or a proper road, they approach the Government department, which is co-ordinating all this work, to

make sure that the school or clinic is necessary or that the proposed road will run in the right direction and link up with the other roads being built. Once they have Government approval they will get a grant for any large capital expenditure which is necessary (e.g. girders for a bridge) but which they cannot afford, and then go ahead with the job. The labour is voluntary in that it is the local community itself which has decided to do the project with no hope of being paid money wages by anybody, but once the project has been decided on every individual is expected to participate in the scheme and to contribute either his labour or materials (e.g. a trader might give a bag of cement) to the community's project. As Dr. Nyerere has pointed out, if, in a Socialist society, an individual expects to be cared for by the community he must expect equally to work for the community. The basis of the great socialist achievement in traditional African society with its security and universal hospitality was that "it was taken for granted that every member of society—barring only the children and the infirm—contributed his fair share of effort towards the production of its wealth . . . There is no such thing as socialism without work." In the 18 months since Independence the Community Development Schemes have been responsible for the construction of much of the 'Infra-structure' without which economic development cannot take place. 368 schools, 267 community centres, 166 dispensaries, 160 other public buildings such as co-operative stores, coffee drying sheds, lodging houses, leper houses and offices as well as over 10,000 miles of feeder roads have been constructed. Almost as important as the fact of their construction is the way in

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which they were built. The Government seems to have been remarkably successful in identifying itself with the people in such a way that it is regarded as a useful adviser on schemes which have been initiated and undertaken by the people themselves. This means that local people feel that they themselves are responsible for, and active in, the great work of nation building rather than that they are being forced to do this for the prestige or profit of an alien Government or business enterprise. Socialism, as Dr. Nyerere points out, is fundamentally an attitude of mind.

ONE COULD WRITE A GREAT DEAL more about Tanganyika: about trade unions; about the tremendous emphasis given to education; about the pros and cons of one-party democracy; or even about the proposed East African Federation, but all this would be beyond the scope of this article which has attempted, merely, to outline some of the more exciting economic ideas and developments in a country from which we in South Africa can learn a great deal. Although our economic problems are not the same, in that we are already an industrialised country, we can nevertheless take heart from the determination of the people of Tanganyika that everybody must have a fair share of the nation's wealth. The economic inequalities in South Africa are amongst the greatest anywhere in the world and there will have to be great changes in the distribution of wealth and economic power. Although Tanganyika cannot teach us much about the details of this change (and we must do a lot more thinking as to just what our goals are to be, and how they are to be achieved) she can teach us a great deal about the fundamental ideas on which the new, egalitarian, society must be built. ●

Rhoda Prager

"I am thinking of a gay and vital person who has died. I am thinking of her dancing before some children, laughing and singing. I am thinking of her, earnest in conversation about books and people. It was for people that she cared and for whom she worked. She resented with anger the oppression of those without privilege, and she was tender towards those close to her. In this way she gave of herself to others and by this we shall remember her."

These words were spoken at the funeral in Johannesburg of Rhoda Prager, who died suddenly on 31 July 1963. The story "End Street" which we published on 27 March 1963 was only one kind of contribution she made to *The New African*, which also profited by her enthusiasm and critical interest from the start. We offer sincerest sympathy to her husband, Mr. Fred Prager, her children and grandchildren and to the many who mourn her.

Africa Wants an Answer

Are the Communists trying to have it both ways?

PHILIP KGOSANA

IN THE OBSERVER (London) of 9 June 1963, Mr. Colin Legum, Commonwealth correspondent of the paper, reports that many Western countries, including the United States are progressively reducing their supply of arms and ammunition to the Government of Verwoerd. In his article, Mr. Legum explains how the United States, for instance, has worked out a formula by which "by means of export licences, it enforces a policy of forbidding the sale of 'any arms which could be used by the South African Government to enforce apartheid'."

It appears, however, according to Mr. Legum, that there are a number of Communist countries, notably East Germany and Czechoslovakia which are selling small arms to the Verwoerd regime. (Czechoslovakia's recent denials have been refuted). For this reason, a certain Cape Town importer, Mr. F. Seder is reported to have told the Johannesburg *Sunday Times* that "Czech arms were selling well in South Africa". Mr. Seder is further reported to have confirmed that "East Germany had approached ammunition dealers in recent weeks to increase its export of arms."

There is also a report in the same article that "South Africa's total imports from Hungary last year were just short of R800,000. Its exports to Poland amounted to R2,124,730 and East Germany R1,629,190."

Another journalist, Mr. Stanley Uys, reports from Cape Town that Communist China is buying "large quantities of maize grown by South Africa's predominantly Government-supporting farmers."

IF THESE REPORTS are true, it appears to me that the only legitimate thing is to openly tell those who support the Pretoria regime that they cannot at the same time be our friends.

PHILIP KGOSANA left South Africa while on trial for incitement after the 1960 Anti-Pass Campaign, having been Cape regional secretary of the Pan Africanist Congress from which he has since resigned. He is at present a student in Addis Ababa.

The whole continent of Africa is today engaged in a life-and-death struggle against the Pretoria regime of racist Verwoerd. Since the advent of independence in Africa in 1957, the strong forces of African nationalism have been building up slowly against Verwoerd and his regime.

Whether it is at the United Nations, or at the Commonwealth conferences; whether it is at the International Labour Organisation or at the ECA conferences, the African countries have made it clear that they will not rest until Verwoerd has been brought down to his knees.

Very recently, unprecedented strides have been taken to crush and frustrate South Africa's regime. African states now talk the language which, I believe, is the only one which Verwoerd can understand. African states are now resolved to throw South Africa out of the UN including all its agencies. It would therefore not be wrong to say that Africa is just fed up with the Verwoerd regime.

IN THE LIGHT of this dynamic spirit which now rages in Africa against the racists of South Africa, it sounds most fantastic that Communist countries should at this stage be fishing for new markets and friendship with Dr. Hendrik Verwoerd. The Communist countries constantly speak our language of "anti-imperialism, anti-colonialism and neo-colonialism", and, if it is true that some of them supply South Africa with arms, we will be shirking our duty if we do not challenge them.

If these Communist countries think that they can talk our language today and tomorrow support Verwoerd, we do not hesitate to tell them that, "those who are not with us are against us". It is with this background that we see the USSR vetoing a motion which aims at the ultimate expulsion of South Africa from the International Labour Organisation (ILO).

IT IS AT THIS JUNCTURE that Africa wants an answer to the following questions from East Germany, Poland, Hungary, USSR, The People's Republic of China, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia:

- (i) What types of arms and ammunition (if any) do you supply to South Africa?
- (ii) What quantity of arms and ammunition (if any) have you already supplied to or you intend to supply to South Africa?
- (iii) What types of agricultural and or manufactured goods do you import from or export to South Africa?
- (iv) What volume of trade, in these goods etc; do you have with South Africa?
- (v) When do you propose to break off diplomatic and trade relations if any, with South Africa?

I wish to make it very clear that, on the question of South Africa, there can be no middle-of-the-road or two-ways about it: Africa is engaged in a life-and-death struggle against Verwoerd and "those who are not with us are against us". That's all there is to it. ●

Into a Dim World

The Compound is a Meerkat Burrow

CARL MAFOKO

SOUTH AFRICAN INDUSTRIAL COMPOUNDS have a unique and quite unattractive architectural character.

From foundation to roof a compound building is one mass of a grotesque figure, cast in stark relief that defies the eye; stubbornly conveying to the outside world the unwelcoming mood of its inside. The ugliest compound will show an outline of brick and mortar for walls, and zinc or asbestos of a dull shade for roof. It will be about three hundred yards long, to be pouched into mass rooms. As it grows up, the wall bends into a shape as of a train, the impression of a train being pronounced more by the length. Here and there, a squat chimney stump pokes out from the solid monotony of roof. There may be several five-room, six-room structures in the middle, but the general hunched outline of the outer screen wall is the rule.

Thus finished, the compound is hardly noticed by the prosperous city dweller, always a passer-by here, always occupied with visions and ideas of cheerful home and society.

Only, as you hie past one, you need to have a curiosity and a hunger for facts that does not stop at generalisation, to have a sense of the reality of the seamy side of life to notice the compound. Its bleak, elephant appearance will sicken your eye, you will wish it was not there; you will wish that the Mrs van der V's could be down to earth enough to see this thing, thorn in their clay, cancer of an otherwise progressive State; to behold and be sickened also, so that they may cry for its replacement by something with the air of home; for their cries are always given a hearing.

The inmates of the compound prove to be of a mould different from that of their brothers in the townships, and it is easy to make them out when they descend into the streets of town. Lacking the city poise, extremely careful, discreet, drawn-in phenomenal beings out of some hole, eager to avoid the forward, fast city dwellers in mutual tenderness and sympathy for their simplicity. They halt, stagger, stutter. They have come from country places and never had a chance to adapt themselves to town and its people.

CARL MAFOKO is the pseudonym of a free-lance writer at Petersburg, Transvaal.

The music of their women folk still in their ears, the feel of the horns they blew still on their cracked nether lips, the vibrations of the grating hoe and the bleat of goat still in their nerves, they leap from station to station in trains. From station the next home they know is the compound.

THERE IS ONLY ONE ENTRANCE into a compound. From here stretch of it two walls in opposite directions. They curve or sharp-turn in their course to meet in the rear. Shut in like this, the compound is a small world with its own character. The air is close and damp. There is a permanent funny smell as of dirty linen in a long standing state of decay; and you wonder that people should be used to this fetid atmosphere. You sniff into your handkerchief as you pass near the reeking lavatories and massive cement wash stands. Fustiness hovers in all rooms.

The character hardly changes in any of the large rooms. The inside of one is tattered. I cannot compare it to the inside of an anthill, as this is neat, having been designed and cared for by its inmates to their own taste. Even mice, though given to destructive habits, still pile their offal in one place, and leave their bedrooms clean and dry and sufficiently ventilated. It would be fitting to say the room looks like a forgotten overcoat rescued from destruction by termites. Though the men launch a constant battle with the broom, the shuffling tired feet always bring in soil and dust; from a remote corner some accumulated loose ends of a once glossy garment sweep out at a shaking, from the roof a dangling soot flake falls at every slight creak and stir in the structure.

There is no privacy in the rooms. To each room there are about thirty men, sharing a common fire place (coal is supplied in winter). Bedding consists of cement stoeps built on to the walls. Even then, designs differ. In some cases they are so built that they lie parallel to the walls. In others they lie head-into wall, so that the room looks like a many mouthed furnace. In each case an upper bedding is provided above every lower one so as to accommodate many sleepers. These sleeping holes are dark and narrow to fit each one body. With an air of romantic mock pride, the men will remark how they live in burrows like meerkats! Ageing coats and shirts and trousers hang on the thin bedding partitions, involuntarily performing the duty of curtains.

For sitting when they partake of a meal, the compound men use self-made clumsy benches or they just squat. Everyone having brought a lump of hurriedly-prepared mealie husk porridge and a piece of meat all wallowing in a pool of soup often without vegetables, at times including beans or stamped mealies, friends and mates will sit in a circle to eat. This happens in the morning, noon and evening without variation. Those who choose go also for beer.

For a visitor they buy mealie-meal to cook decent porridge, and vegetables to enrich soup. Then they may also serve tea and cakes. One would feel that they recognise that theirs is not the feeding standard of an ideal society. There is also noticeable in their attitude towards visitors (only males are allowed) an embarrassing gentle regard such as men commonly hold women in. It

would be an embarrassment to them if a visitor elected to spend the night with them.

While the young men play football, the elder ones will be at a song party. They play local chess indoors if they are not too tired.

In conversation, reasonably considered the yard stick of a man's mental development, the average compound man reveals an unshakable belief in the mad injustice of so-called modern, advanced social and political systems. He betrays a distrustful trait, a complaint against some brute force that keeps him in this condition, an incurable grudge against the frowning power that stands between him and the free world of humans, the grudge engraved in him by the workings of the narrow scope to which his world restricts him.

INTO THIS DIM WORLD a young man is ushered; here to make a start in life; here to learn essentials of life, to build himself into a man with responsibilities; here to play a part in the shaping of industry, if aught he plays; to develop his talents, though to do so here invariably means to accustom himself to manual work and to the simple pastimes of the muscular men with befogged minds, to learn to forget what he was taught at school: that industry hires apprentices, and that such advance and become scientists, great world figures if they have the talent. Here the rough touches of experience will show him how merit is dashed on rocks and a white skin considered first.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER IS a typical example of the semi-literate South African "boss-boy" (first messenger), who has had this office thrust on him by dint of his servile attitude, and a readiness to sell his original principles and those of his people. Like most people without merit, he is vainly authoritative, supercilious in a vulgar manner.

Two boys, each carrying a small bundle in a blanket follow him into a "boss-boy" friend's compartment, in the compound. Though it is unnecessary, he shouts at them injunctions to sit and to greet. There is drinking and a lot of complacent talk in the men around, most of them long timers on the middle rungs of the ladder to "boss-

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boyship". The recruiter's friend does not even sit down (you cannot command from an obscure part of the platform). Besides a straggling of the usual ragged men you find in all rooms, there are three clerks sitting on benches, one yellow stockinged leg crossed over another, one red stockinged leg hooked over another. There is also a policeman who has come for a drink—a man with an erect, superior mien.

At the invitation of the friend, the recruiting man retires into a recess behind an old wooden box (how unfortunate that they have no cosy, private room!) to have a meal. When he has finished, the recruiter emerges with two bones in his hands. He barks a peremptory call to his recruits, indicating the bones held to dangle from his fingers. That vulgar! That contemptuous! . . . One of the men jump for his bone. The other one hesitates a little, then, apparently remembering a previous lecture . . . "we all started there, myself and *poisa* and *mapalan* . . ." he darts glances at the men around, makes for the proffered relic of a meaty bone with the soft, crouching tread of a whining dog. The man has to sell his labour very cheap, yet he must first sell his manhood (soul and flesh) to gain a price to take him to market, where he may even not sell well.

A MACHINE HOOTS OUT at clocking time for a shift. The men file out like ants on trek, in all shapes of tattered, battered neglect. In their iron helmets, big boots and filthy clothes, they leave in one the impression of people embarking on an inhuman project, this clumsy uniform apparel to back them morally, to bolster their courage, to mark them out as different from the man in the street in flannels, to reinforce the limited human strength and endurance . . . They flow out for an hour—they are so many! it is necessary for the power needed. They do not even embarrass the industrial magnets: twenty men share the tit-bits of a man's ideal salary.

In some cases the industrial site will be a few miles from the compound, and a lorry will fetch the men there. The car filling up, some of the men will sit astraddle along the narrow edge, each knee hooked over that of the next behind, close together like packed chairs. Only a solitary whistle or yell from among the bunch of fearfully still men, tells of life.

You wondered to a police friend of yours: "But why will people thus abandon normal life? . . . And to think that they are human, that their mothers loved and kissed them with pride when they were babies! small, humble things drinking mother's milk just like any child! . . ."

Your police friend just frowned, tilted his helmet in front, played his fingers on the hair exposed behind and "Well, well!" he said.

"This is strange", you continued, "they look like some beings specially designed for such life. Really to think . . . and do they go home, and do they kiss and caress? . . ."

"It's shocking. I don't like it. Wild, wild! And they seem to know and accept it. Listen to their forlorn singing, how it touches the heart . . ." There was a slight tilt back of the helmet at the flow of this human feeling.

Yes, your friend had learnt some of the compound men's warrior songs and these he would sing to you. You

could never laugh. Their message appealed to your wrath, to your grim moods, even from the constable's untrained voice. They tell of castigation, of despair of life, of a trifling regard of death as their portion—Put in English, the words of one would sing: "Even if I die, I won't care!" They tell of a constant battle with authority, of a determination to defy, to break the chain. You have to hear it from their group: the mournful, drawn, drawling effect.

Your police friend took you to the police station to show you the weapons they carry: tomahawks and regular axes, kieres and sharp pointed iron bars. As a sample he showed you in the charge office wounded men, their faces cut and chopped in parts. He and his colleagues indicated them as much as to say "see them . . . criminals, of course!"

"They seem to like it", your friend had said. Seen on the surface they give this impression. Often we are not aware of the cruel hand that casts the men into inimical tribal groups, one side selling the other in a bid to lift the trodden head; one side charging at the other with impatience, in a desire to give vent to the suppressed cry. One day they will charge without quarter in another direction.

"But why will the State not stop such cruel life?" you asked.

"Well, we arrest them. But they come back and fight again."

"And is that enough? Isn't there some root source of this evil that needs to be dug out?"

There was another tilt to the front of the helmet, a deeper frown, a craned shoulder as "hm, hm!" he purred. Then, "Man, you never know. We arrest their ring leaders." That was the argument of your constable friend.

THE COMPOUND TAKES shape again as you pass by. Here and there drooping figures make slowly for their home. Into that compound a young recruit is led. His mother tossed and patted him, lovingly fed and grew him up, only to see harmless child changed into this bloody thing. While others see their children grow into gentlemen accomplished and liked in the world, she must be satisfied with this thing, packed in lorries, fed on coarse foodstuffs and beer, housed in meerkat holes. ●

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"AWENDGESANG"

A short story

ALF WANNENBURGH

*The Elandskloof March took
place a year ago this month*

OLD FRANS FEBRUARY stood on a flat rock at the summit of the pass and watched as his people assembled in the clearing before him.

Four miles behind them to the North lay the settlement at Elandskloof which they had left at sunrise that very morning. Now they were encamped on the pass for the night, with the dark outline of the Sederberg Mountains rising above them to the East, and the Olifants River, running deep with the late Winter rains, below them to the West. And somewhere in the lands to the South, in the hundred miles between themselves and the sea; somewhere, they hoped, there might be a new home, where they could again enjoy the things which had been taken from them.

Now they were coming down from the scattered, small fires on the slopes to the clearing, and as they assembled they sang:

*Gee my die oude tydings,
Gee my die oude tydings,
Gee my die oude tydings . . .*

A FIRE HAD BEEN BUILT in the centre of the clearing, and the flames from the fast-burning brush shot high into the congealing darkness, tinting the varicoloured headcloths of the women with shades of red and orange, giving inconstant light to the weather-scarred surfaces of the surrounding rocks and dust-laden bushes.

Old Frans February stood on a flat rock at the summit of the pass and watched them with paternal fondness. He had been born into the community long before most of them, and for the past thirty years he had been chairman of their small committee, the Elandskloof Vigilance Association. He knew intimately every one of the almost six hundred faces now grouped around the fire. Behind those collarless shirts and soiled waistcoats—remnants of long forgotten suits—enclosed in those shapeless jackets, he knew every sorrow and every gladness. It was to him that they brought their troubles and disputes, and it was with him that they shared their every joy. And so it was now, as their leader, that he partook of the great communal sorrow that had come to them all.

When he raised his bible and opened it the singing faded and ceased. And he read to them:

"O Heere! wie is als Gij onder de goden?—who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like

thee glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?"

And then the people murmured "Amen."

And he paused and prayed silently: In the wilderness, Heavenly Father, are your children; the aged and infirm, the young and the sucklings. Behind them they have left their homes and their animals; all that they have ever had.

"Gij leiddet door Uwe weldadigheid dit volk, dat Gij verlest hebt;—Thou in thy mercy hast led forth the people which thou hast redeemed: Thou hast guided them in thy strength unto thy holy habitation.—Gij voert hen zacht-kens door Uwe sterkte tot de liefelijke woning Uwer heiligheid."

AND HE REMEMBERED that in twelve hours they had travelled only four miles. Twelve hours without food, for the decision to leave had been sudden and there had been not time to bake the bread for the journey. Before sunrise, the owner of the land on which the community had lived for a hundred years had come to the settlement and said that the years of argument had come to an end, and that they must be gone by nightfall. And so behind them they had left their homes and their animals.

And he was afraid for the future. For the hinderances that would be placed in their path, for the actions which would be taken against them. Now already it was said that the authorities wished to divide and distribute them among the farmers as labourers. Their desire to remain together found no favour with those who had the strength to compel. So that now, all six hundred of them together, they would have to wander through the countryside until they found their new home.

"Fear and dread shall fall upon them; by the greatness of thine arm they shall be still as a stone, till thy people pass over, O Heere, till the people pass over, which thou hast purchased."

But still there was reason for them to fear, for the tragedies which had befallen those who went against the will of the authorities were well known.

"Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance, in the place, O Heere, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in, in the Sanctuary, O Heere, which thy hands have established."

And the people sang again:

*Gee my die oude tydings,
Tell me the old old story,
Tell me the old old story,
Of Jesus and his love . . .*

HE RAISED BOTH HANDS above him, and once more the singing ceased.

ALF WANNENBURGH, a teacher in Cape Town, has recently had this and other short stories published in a book with three other South African writers.

"Brothers and sisters, we are gathered here tonight to praise God, and to seek His guidance in the days that lie ahead of us. Our homes have been taken away from us, and we wander at His mercy in the wilderness. We must speak of these things, for if we have faith in His power to heal our suffering, it is through our speech then that he will reveal His plan to us."

And the first who spoke were those who had been members of the Vigilance Association for many years:

"All my life have I lived at Elandskloof," said one, who was also on the committee of the Mothers Union of the mission church. "My parents and their parents before them are buried there, as also the three children who came dead from my womb. Now I must leave untended the graves of those whom I loved, because this white farmer has bought the land we always thought was ours."

"And I," said another; "thirty years ago I bought my house from the church. How was I then to know that they would sell the land I lived on? All the money that I have earned on other men's farms, I have used to build sties for my pigs and hoks for my chickens, so that I would not be a burden to my children in my old age. Now there is nothing."

"And these people in The City", said yet another, "they tell us that we must go to the farms and that the farmers will give a place to sleep, to those who will work on their lands. But what of the crippled and blind among us who can no longer work? Where will they find a place to sleep?"

"What of the old and grey whom together we have been able to care for?"

"Yes, what of the old and grey?"

"What of the children in the schools?"

"Yes, what of the children in the schools?"

"And what of the children to come?"

"Yes, what of the children to come?"

And so the people spoke of the things that were heavy on their minds.

Frans February seated himself on the rock and listened as they spoke. One after the other they stood up and repeated what those before them had said, and often they spoke the same thing many times in the same words; but always telling of their own losses and hardships, and those which they shared; always speaking of what had been done to them—never of what they would do. And he knew that it would be, as always it was: that any decisions would be of his making. It was true that sometimes, when they were angry or desperate, there would be a spontaneous, undiscussed decision to act, as had been the case when they had left Elandskloof that morning. But when they were asked to consider any other things or what they should do, then it was as if their responsibility had suddenly come to an end the moment it had been decided that he would lead them. It was always for him to decide. They left it to him. They always did.

And he knew that it would be as always it was.

Then it was that Dirk Jaftha came forward to speak. He was the youngest member of the Vigilance Committee, and had been in the Cape Corps and had fought in Egypt and Italy during the war. And the people were silent at first, because they knew he had seen far more of the world than they had.

"Friends," he said; "all we ask is a place where we can

ALF WANNENBURGH, a teacher in Cape Town, has recently had short stories published in a book with three other South African writers.

From Cape Times photo



live together and work in happiness."

And the people nodded their heads, because they felt with what he said.

"It is not we alone who search. All over this country there are people, like ourselves, who are searching for the same thing."

Then there was a low rumble of disapproval from the old people, for what he said sounded like politics. But Frans February raised his hand and said: "Let him speak." And they were still.

"They are like us because they also do not know where they will find such a place. But can any of us find it on our own!"

Once more the old people shook their heads, and this time they called on him to stop speaking of things which concerned other people, but which did not concern them. And once more Frans February said that they should allow Dirk Jaftha to speak.

"There is no Promised Land for us alone, and we cannot find it alone. Things are changing. But if we stand together and show these others that we shall not be moved from our plan, then there must be a day when they will join us. And together with them we shall make this the Promised Land."

Now the murmurings of the old people were angry, and whereas, before, they had respected him because of what he had seen of the world, they now said: "To think that

he was born among us. There is his mother, who is eighty years old; almost as old as Frans February. You can see that he has been away from his people. You can see what it has done to him. He can no longer speak like us. He is no longer one of us."

But Frans February did not listen to the murmurings of the old people, for all the while that Dirk Jaftha had spoken, he had watched the faces of the younger people; and he had noticed the new light of excitement that had come to their eyes and the secret smiles of agreement that had been on their lips while Dirk Jaftha spoke. And he was uncertain.

While the old people were still murmuring, Manie Damens came to the front of the assembly. He did not belong to the community by birth, but had come to it as a teacher in the Mission School twenty-five years before, in the days when the settlement at Elandskloof was still controlled by the church. When it had withdrawn its support from the school, he had remained to teach the children, depending on the community to supply him with food, clothing and shelter. And when the white farmer had locked the door of the school, he had continued to teach them in the fields. Because he wished to speak, the people were silent. After all, he was a teacher; a man of education.

"People of Elandskloof," he said; "we have heard the words of Dirk Jaftha. But we know that the things he says

AFRICANA

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- A leadership course for school girls, organised by the Division of Adult Education, is being held at the Hartebeespoort Dam near Pretoria . . . They will be taught the social graces and the practical arts needed by women for life in South Africa.

Among the social graces are flower arranging, art, deportment and public speaking. Among the practical arts are the legal rights of women, life-saving, physical exercises, jujutsu — and pistol shooting.—*South African Digest*

- Power unlimited, available to anyone. Write for information to Ely, P.O. Box 394, Johannesburg.—*Sunday Times*
- The Minister of Justice, Mr. Vorster, told the Nationalist Party Congress in Durban this week: "I can tell you that South Africa

would never allow political refugees from Swaziland, Bechuanaland and Basutoland to come to this country and continue their attempts to undermine those protectorates."—*Sunday Times*

- Louis Ferdinand Beckerling, general manager of Royal Dairies Ltd, told Mr. H. J. Powell in the Cape Town Magistrate's Court yesterday there were stringent precautions to ensure cleanliness in bottling milk at the company's factory in Cochran Avenue, Epping. Together with Jacobus McLachlan, director of the company, he was appearing on charges arising from an allegation that a cockroach was found in a bottle of milk delivered to a customer.

Both men pleaded not guilty.

"It seems impossible that a cockroach could have been there," Beckerling said. "Someone could have put it in the bottle." In April he had written to the Medical Officer of Health drawing his attention to "subversive activities."—*Cape Times*

- Executive Services (Pty) Ltd, Personnel Consultants, require for an International Company A Mechanical Engineer

* Who is a B.Sc., A.I.Mech.E or equivalent, and could be classified as a Senior Engineer with

* Administrative ability and used to dealing with correspondence and office work. Therefore an organisator and one who is completely at home with the English language with

* Good knowledge of workshop practice . . .

* You must be able to visit countries in Africa.—*Sunday Times*

- How C.P. brought new mobility to underground drilling . . . working today for a better tomorrow.—Advertisement by Consolidated Pneumatic Tool Company S.A. (Pty) Ltd in *The South African Mining & Engineering Journal*. (R.F.)

- So far as the basic principles of Christianity are concerned, I do not see how any fair-minded reader of this book could fail to understand that the sneaking socialism of the Left is simply a total repudiation of the Christian religion.—book review in *baNtu*. (R.F.)

are the things they say in The City. We are not people of The City. We are people of the country."

And the people nodded their heads, because they believed that what he said was true.

"We are people of the country who know that it is best that we follow the guidance of the older and wiser among us."

Then the people clapped their hands and called out their approval.

"And who is older and wiser, who has served us better as chairman of the Elandskloof Vigilance Committee; who but Meneer Frans February?"

The agreement of the people was loud, and they said to each other: "He was not born among us. And you can see that there is not one of his family here. But you can also see that he has *lived* with us. He speaks as we do. He is one of us."

And again Frans February watched the faces of the younger people; and he saw that there was no light of excitement in their eyes, no smile of agreement on their lips, and that it was not they who raised their voices in approval.

He knew that it would be as always it was.

When the old people left the clearing and returned to their individual fires on the slopes, Frans February climbed a short way up above the pass and stood high over the encamped community, his back resting against the raw surface of the night-darkened rock. The overcast sky was lighted from behind the clouds by a full moon, and rested like an incandescent cupola on the rim of the horizon. In the half-light, from where he stood, he had an unobscured view, for a few hundred yards, of the road as it wound its corrugated, pothole-pitted descent to the foot of the pass. And six miles away, in the valley, he could see the patch of scattered lights which vaguely defined the ragged limits of the first town through which they would have to pass.

Now that he was on his own, away from his people, he felt tired and weak, and the weight of his responsibility lay heavily on him. He placed his hands behind him and pressed his palms against the chill, unyielding surface of the rock. And the uncertainty he had first felt beside the fire in the clearing returned in a great strength-sapping wave, and he doubted his ability to lead his people. He was afraid. For then he knew that there was a way in which a man thinks with his lips when he was with those whom he must lead, and a way in which he thinks in his heart when he is alone.

Down below him in the clearing, the younger people had gathered around the fire; and again they were singing:

*Gee my die oude tydings,
Tell me the old old story,
Tell me the old old story,
Of Jesus and his love . . .*

As he listened to the words of the old hymn, it was as if they were singing:

*Gee my die oude tyde,
Gee my die oude tyde,*

and asking for the return of the old days of their happiness, for the word "tydings" was distorted by the acoustics of the rocks to sound like "tyde", which means "times".

And at first he smiled, because the distortion was appropriate. And then he was sad, for he knew that they would never again enjoy the old times. No, the old times had passed; but life would go on—they would go on—and there would be new and unfamiliar times into which he would have to lead them. And maybe, a Promised Land.

And as he thought of the Promised Land, of which he knew nothing, the words of Isaiah returned to him—a passage which was among his favourites—and softly, to himself, he repeated them:

"They shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them . . . for as the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands."

He drew fresh strength from the vision of the future contained in the words he repeated, and once more he believed in his own ability to lead the people. But then he remembered the faces of the younger ones beside the fire; how they had been excited by the words of Dirk Jaftha, and how the flame of their excitement had been extinguished by the reply of Manie Damens. And then he knew that it was only the old ones who still had faith in him—only they who believed that there was a Promised Land to which he could lead them. Again he felt the tiredness of age and was afraid of the temptations which would prey upon his weakness, and lead him into accepting conditions which would not have tempted a younger man. And he wondered at the simplicity of a manner of living which depended on one as weak as himself.

Below him the people continued to sing:

*Gee my die oude tyde,
Gee my die oude tydings,
Tell me the old old story,
Of Jesus and his love . . .*

Grouped as they were, in shades of red and copper around the fire, the younger people reminded him of the petals of a varkblom in bud; closed together in protection of the seeds which promised new beauties and joys. It was all that the older generations could give them, this spirit of community.

Yes, times were changing and sweeping everything before them, bringing fresh ideas and new ways of doing things. And still he was left with the responsibility of leadership, and would be called upon to do things which his religion would not allow. But then, all was being pushed aside, the old way of life, the old religion and even the old ways of protesting. Everything would change, and then he too would be pushed aside. Perhaps Dirk Jaftha was right, for there would be new leaders, and the youth would go out and distribute the seed of the varkblom. And yes, there would be a Promised Land.

" . . . want de dagen Mijns volks zullen zijn als de dagen eens booms,—for the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands.—zullen het werk hunner handen verslijten."

And there would still be youth.

Then he looked again over the land to the South. The clouds had thickened and become heavy so that they excluded the light of the moon. And he saw that the road along which he would have to lead the people was now in darkness. ●

Sékou Touré and the two Imperialisms

Guinea's experience of France and Russia has bred determination for African unity

JAMES CURREY

THE TWO RUSSIAN SNOWPLOWGS which rust under the palm trees in Conakry are monuments to the Russian attempt to make Guinea the "Cuba of Africa". Outside Sékou Touré's palace stands the memorial to the victims of the war against colonialism. But the snowploughs remind the President of how the Guineans became the victims of neo-colonialism.

At Dakar in July the new friendship of Sékou Touré with Jojo Wachiku, the Nigerian Foreign Minister, surprised the Addis Ababa Continuation Committee. This time a year ago Guinea could apparently be labelled 'Casablanca bloc'. That Nigeria was 'Monrovia bloc' seemed as certain as the return of the rainy season. This new understanding with Wachiku means that the snowploughs have served a purpose. Sékou Touré has learnt through his experience, at the hands of both France and the Iron Curtain countries, that only African unity can make the independence of individual African states real. Unity between the 'have-not' African states will enable them to take aid from the 'have' states without selling themselves. The President could not get francs without placing Guinea in the invidious neo-colonial position which de Gaulle demanded of the other French colonies. Then Sékou Touré, the convinced Marxist, found that he could not accept roubles without being expected to commit Guinea to the Iron Curtain bloc. In January 1962 Mikoyan, the first Deputy Prime Minister of the U.S.S.R., toured Guinea in an attempt to warm up cooling relations with Russia. But Sékou Touré told him in public that Guinea refused to be drawn "into choosing sides in the struggle between two blocs."

ADDIS, as the meeting of African heads of state is now affectionately called, was remarkable for great African handshakes of unity. Nasser clasping Bourguiba was a spectacular moment in the Hall of Africa. And yet in the aftermath of this burst of black and brown brotherhood Sékou Touré announced that the Ghana-Guinea-Mali union was at an end. The irony might seem to be as great

JAMES CURREY, an Englishman, who is working in the Cape Town office of a London publishing house, visited Guinea while in West Africa.

as when Nasser grasped the hand of the man he had plotted to murder.

Mut in fact Touré's announcement was a new step towards African unity. His experiences at the hands of the developed countries has shown him that this neo-Marxist Union had recently placed individual African states even more greatly at the economic mercy of the countries with something to give. In 1960 the Union had seemed a step towards a "unité des patries", as Sékou Touré put it. But it turned out to be a divisive rather than a uniting factor.

This was partly because of the undoubted personal Pan-Africanist ambitions of Nkrumah. This offended many African states. The meeting at Casablanca produced, as counter-balance, the meeting at Monrovia. The Americans, French, Russians and British immediately tried to drag the two blocs into the cold war by playing off one against the other. The Casablanca bloc was dubbed pro-Eastern. The West tried to sign up the Monrovia bloc.

Last year it became increasingly evident that Guinea was edging out of the Ghana-Guinea-Mali Union and away from the Casablanca bloc. Sékou Touré has looked for rapprochement with France through the good offices of Houphouët-Boigny. Last year a delegation went to Paris after the Algerian peace and an observer to the meeting of the French-orientated *Union Africaine et Malgache*. In May this year accords were signed in Paris. But Touré does not want to be back in the Paris orbit any more than he wishes to be in the Moscow orbit. While he was in Dar es Salaam announcing the end of the Union, the heads of the other ex-French territories were supping with de Gaulle under the chandeliers of the Palais de Chaillot. Sékou Touré's journey back from Addis took him not only to Tanganyika but also to the two Congos and to Nigeria.

On 24 March this year, at the passing-out parade of the military academy in Guinea, Sékou Touré said: "We are looking for a name which, added to that of Patrice Lumumba . . . can also become a symbol of our army's and people's desire for perfection." The man he named was Sylvanus Olympio of Togo, who had been a Monrovia man. But he was, before his assassination, an African leader who had acted as a bridge between Monrovia and Casablanca.

Addis saw the end of the two blocs. It saw Nkrumah a wiser and more restrained man. And it saw Sékou Touré—in between long philosophical discussions of *négritude* which brought yawns to the throats of English-speaking delegates—moving into a new position in the forefront of the drive for African unity.

The history of Guinea since 1958 shows why Sékou Touré is determined to put his country, and all other African states, into a stronger position in their dealings with the economically richer countries of the East and West.

TOURE HAS SHOWN that, though he can be one of the best diplomats in Africa, he can also be fearlessly blunt when small and poor Guinea does not get what it wants out of a great power. In 1958 he deeply offended de Gaulle at the time of the referendum on France's constitution. During his tour of French Africa the General visited Conakry in August 1958, and he was given a copy of the

speech Touré was to make. In it, Sékou Touré, as President of *Parti Démocratique de Guinée*, asked for independence but with association with France; he was asking, in fact, for what de Gaulle was forced to give the other French territories in 1960. But de Gaulle was tired after his tour of the West African hustings, and he did not read the copy of the speech which had so carefully been given to him. Its contents came as a great shock to him as Touré made the demands. In his speech he stormed back "I say here even louder than elsewhere, that independence is available to Guinea. She can have it; she can have it on 28 September by saying 'No' to the proposition which is put to her, and in saying this I guarantee that Paris will raise no obstacle to it." After this Sékou Touré's efficient party machine moved into the full scale campaign which resulted in the rejection of the constitution by 1,136,000 votes to 57,500. It was the only French territory to reject the proposals absolutely. The women of the party were as passionately behind Sékou Touré then as they are now. Today the women wander along the streets of the capital in swathes of cotton printed with the head of the President.

De Gaulle determined to make the price of independence as high as possible. "La civilisation française" was ripped out with a malevolence which the Belgians never equalled in the Congo. Telephones were dragged out of their sockets; files were burnt; anything too heavy to move was destroyed. By the first week of December 1958, only twenty French administrators and technicians remained out of the 4,000 who had been there at the time of the referendum. De Gaulle purposefully smashed the administration in order to make Guinea an example to all the other French colonies. At the Algerian peace talks at Evian last year he tried to make use of the example of Guinea. It was of little use. He had already been forced to concede independence with association to all other French territories.

IN 1958 GUINEA therefore needed help. It turned to the Eisenhower-Dulles administration. Dulles asked de Gaulle what to do, and was told to do nothing. When Touré turned to the Iron Curtain countries, Russia saw her chance to make a 'Cuba in Africa'. Guinea could be used as a propaganda and revolutionary centre for the rest of

Report of a Special Branch Major

PART ONE

*A savage saboteur
And his perilous partner
Were arrested in the bundu
of the west of the Transvaal,
For with mischievous intention
They conspired in an invention
(Which I'm not allowed to mention
If I want to keep my pension)
To indoctrinate the kudu
in the west of the Transvaal.*

*In the west of the Transvaal,
in the west of the Transvaal
To indoctrinate the kudu
in the west of the Transvaal.*

*This calculating couple
Always on the look for trouble,
Yes, a very pair of killers
in the west of the Transvaal,
With fanatical devotion
They were working out a notion
(It's a secret, hence my caution,
For I'm longing for promotion)
Training monkeys as guerillas
in the west of the Transvaal.*

In the west . . . etc., etc.

*This pestilential pair,
With a verve beyond compare,
Were about to wage a war,
please, in the west of the Transvaal,
For in sinister disguise,
They designed an enterprise
(Which I mustn't publicise
If I want to get a rise)
'Twas to devastate the thorn-trees
in the west of the Transvaal.*

In the west

*This tantalising team
Had evolved an 'active dream'
By pulsating out their thought-throbs
in the West of the Transvaal,
They had found a means eternal
With an impudence infernal
(I must keep this news internal
If I want to be a colonel)
For deflating all the wart-hogs
in the west of the Transvaal.*

In the west

* * *

PART TWO

*Now you may think I'm romancing
In unfolding such a plot,
But suspicions are advancing
(Though the evidence is not)
Which is further indication
(And we need it, I admit)
There's a subtle insurrection
Which we really can't permit.*

In the west

*Though the evidence is missing
And we cannot show the truth,
A policeman's intuition
Is worth more than any proof,
So we've thrown them into prison
And they'll stay in durance vile
For the evidence will come up
If we suck our thumbs awhile.*

In the west

*And they won't need any lawyer
And we shall not grant them bail,
And there isn't an indictment
So they'll have to stay in jail;
To imprison without trial
Is a democratic right
And I'm staunchly democratic
So I do it with delight.*

In the west

*Now my salary must rocket
Since I do the work of four,
For the judge and his assessors
Are not needed any more;
My promotion must be pending
And you know the reason why,
For I'll hold the scales of justice
Till I'm pensioned or I die.*

In the west

VAUGHAN STONE

West Africa. With this in mind the East Germans built an enormous printing works called the Imprimerie Nationale Patrice Lumumba. A large proportion of aid from the Iron Curtain countries has been spent on propaganda and in aiding oppositions in nearby countries. *Le Figaro* estimates that this aid has amounted to at least 280 million new francs. Guinea could be used as an example of the superiority of the Communist system and of the munificence of Russia.

BUT THE IRON CURTAIN BLOC has also failed. This has been due, in the main, to three facts. There has been bureaucratic inefficiency of the snowplough kind. Secondly, there has been economic exploitation reminiscent of Wall Street and the Katanga lobby. Thirdly, there has been an attempt to gain Communist (alias Russian Imperialist) control in Guinea.

THE BUREAUCRATIC MALADMINISTRATION of Soviet aid has been an Evelyn Waugh delight for everybody but the Guineans. The snowploughs are but the beginning of a list of trinkets which have piled up on the pretty palm-tree-covered peninsula on which the capital stands. Two million screwdrivers have been landed for a population of two and a half million; there do not seem to be enough screws. A frustrated bureaucrat off-loaded a five-year supply of paper clips to rust and rot in the warehouses through five rainy seasons. There is a field full of bidets, but there is no plumbing.

The Guinean franc has been totally valueless outside Guinea. Within the country the government did not know how much money there was in circulation. The Czechoslovaks printed all the new bank notes for the Republic, complete with pictures of the President. But the Guineans did not find out how much money they had before they put the notes into circulation; and the Czechs were unable to tell them how many notes they had printed. One day last year a British journalist was calling on Moussa Diakité, the Governor of the Bank of Guinea. Diakité pointed to three 1,000-franc notes on the desk in front of him. They all had the same number. He did not know whether they were forged or whether the Czechs had simply printed three identical notes. The Guineans have now placed a sedate order with Waterlows in England and will withdraw the old set of notes. In March this year the currency was reformed at forty-eight hours' notice.

THE IRON CURTAIN COUNTRIES have, secondly, driven very hard bargains with the Guineans. This is perhaps the most interesting feature. For in the West we ourselves are probably greater victims of Communist propaganda than we should like to admit. We do not think of the Russians as "exploiting" under-developed countries: only capitalists "exploit". But the Russian record in Guinea is one of exploitation. It was made clear to Mr. Mikoyan that one of the main reasons for Guinea's disillusion with the Eastern bloc has been with the quantity and, most important of all, quality of Eastern aid.

For example, Soviet technicians were sent to survey a district of Guinea in order to report on the possibility of growing rice there. They provided a report with a plan

which meant that the cost of production would be three times that of the world market price. They then charged the equivalent of \$4m. as the cost of making the useless plan.

The instances of bureaucratic mismanagement already mentioned may be a new form of dumping. To a great extent the Communist five-year plans put their emphasis on quantity. Factory managers work with Stakhanovite devotion to meet the targets they are set by the planners. They then overproduce paper clips, bidets and snowploughs. Trade delegations arrive from shattered Guinea and are grateful for any help which is given to them. Contracts are signed, amid a smoke of speeches about Soviet-Guinea friendship. The Guineans are provided with goods which the Eastern bloc have over-produced, regardless of whether they need the products or not. These are then chalked up against long-term credit. Sékou Touré realised that the Iron Curtain countries were taking advantage of the inexperience of his officials. He sent another member of his government to cancel certain of the contracts, which he felt were either useless or extravagant. In most cases his envoy found it impossible to annul these agreements.

The value of exports from Guinea to the Iron Curtain countries does not balance with the value of imports. In the first three-quarters of 1960, for instance, £2.3m. worth of produce was exported while £5.3m. worth was imported. The lack of balance of trade reflects the extremely favourable prices the Eastern Bloc has paid for bananas, pineapples and oil. At the same time the figure for imports is high because of the long-term credit which the Guineans have been given. This credit is commendable, of course, except that Guinea will eventually have to pay for many goods she has not needed.

THIRDLY, THE COMMUNIST GOVERNMENTS have tried to push the Guineans under Communist control. Just as de Gaulle under-estimated Sékou Touré's pride, so did the Russians. He wanted aid. But he wanted aid with no strings attached. The result was the crisis in Soviet-Guinea relations which came to a climax at the end of 1961. In November, 1961, the Communist-controlled Teachers' Union distributed a memorandum criticising Government policies. This was circulated among those centres of intrigue, the Iron Curtain embassies. On 16 November it was also circulated at the conference of Guinean trade unions. The twelve leaders of the Teachers' Union were sent to jail for varying periods of between three and ten years. Immediately there were disturbances in other parts of Guinea. Sékou Touré set out on a tour to reassert the party's authority but returned on 11 December to talk to the party activists in Conakry. Four days later, Touré summoned the heads of the Communist diplomatic missions to the Presidency—just across the road from the monument to the victims of colonialism. The next day the Russian ambassador left for Moscow.

Mikoyan attempted to warm up Soviet-Guinea relations in January 1962. His words at the opening of the Russian commercial exhibition in Guinea were: "Imperialists are unable to look with composure at the developments of relations between our countries. They cannot conceive

other relations between a big nation and a small nation except those they themselves have begotten, based on exploitation." Sékou Touré received his speech coldly. Mikoyan perhaps realised that Russian imperialism had failed just as French imperialism had failed.

THESE EXPERIENCES explain why Sékou Touré is deter-

mined to make the Addis Ababa spirit a reality in diplomatic terms. His experience at the hands of France and the Iron Curtain countries has fired his determination. His diplomatic ability will give him the tool. The chief danger is that personal ambition may intrude as it has done in Nkrumah's attempts to gain African unity. But his conception is less ambitious. His experience is tempered by snowploughs, bidets, bank notes and paper clips. ●

The Peace Corps and Ghana

DAVID BROKENSHA

ON 28 AUGUST 1961, 50 young American men and women arrived in Ghana as Volunteers with the first Peace Corps Project. They came at the request of the Ghana Government, which had asked for secondary school teachers in order to augment graduate teachers in Ghana. They were watched with curiosity and interest, and also some concern, by Ghanaians and by the Peace Corps headquarters, both because this was the very first project, and also as relations between the Ghana and U.S. governments were at that time somewhat strained.

A year later the original Volunteers were joined by a second batch numbering 69 and, since then, further groups totalling over 60 have gone to teach in Ghana. I propose to examine briefly the composition of these groups, to describe their training, to evaluate their usefulness to Ghana, and to consider their reception by Ghanaians.

FIRSTLY, then, the Volunteers, who come from almost all the states of the Union (including several from the Deep South), comprise about twice as many boys as girls. In age they range from 19 to over 50, most being in their early twenties: they are all college graduates, about one third of whom have had previous teaching experience. Each group has contained a few negroes. They are generally neither romantic idealists nor ultra-patriotic

DAVID BROKENSHA, a South African, spent four years teaching at the Department of Sociology, University of Ghana, and is presently at the Institute of International Studies of the University of California at Berkeley. He was Director of Studies of a recent training programme for Peace Corps trainees going to teach in Ghana.

nationalists, merely extremely pleasant and competent young persons who are realistically attempting to assist one of the more vigorous of the new African nations in her rapid, educational development. And, as I hope to show, they are being largely successful in their attempts.

The Volunteers spend two years in Ghana, and they receive the same salary as a newly-graduated Ghanaian teacher—£G680 (R1,360) p.a. In addition, \$75 (R53) is banked for them each month in the U.S.A., so that each one has \$1,800 (R1,286) on return after two years' service with the Peace Corps. Whilst in Ghana, Volunteers are housed in comfortable furnished accommodation which has been built for teachers.

BEFORE GOING TO TEACH in Ghana, all Volunteers undergo an intensive training programme for eight weeks, during which they are instructed in several subjects. They learn some Twi (the principal vernacular language in Ghana) and are thoroughly exposed to the background of Ghanaian life; talks are given on the physical and cultural environment; in an attempt to describe the main formative factors in Ghanaian economic, political and social life. As the Volunteers will be teaching Ghanaian children, they are given thorough instruction on the background of their pupils. By the end of their training programme, Volunteers are unusually well prepared for the tasks ahead of them in Ghana, and they are probably better informed on Ghanaian life and affairs than most other newcomers to Ghana. (In fact, it is likely that they are, at least in some areas, better informed than *most* Ghanaians.)

THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT that this Peace Corps programme has been successful: this is generally recognised by the Ghanaians, and especially by the pupils taught by Peace Corps teachers, who usually demonstrate a remarkable enthusiasm for their duties, coupled with affection for, and understanding of, their students. Whilst students generally appreciate their Peace Corps teachers, and headmasters welcome their ability to work hard and to make effective contributions, some Ghanaians show an ambivalence to the Peace Corps. On the one hand they are pleased to have such useful help at the schools, but on the other hand, they resent any dependence for assistance in development on outside sources—particularly on the wealthy, and therefore vulnerable, U.S.A. Although the secondary school system in Ghana would be severely curtailed if the Peace Corps were withdrawn, there are occasional suggestions that this be done: the more vituperative sections of the press carry periodical editorials

saying, "Let the Peace Corps Pack Out of Africa!" (*Ghanaian Times*, 23 July 1963), or words to that effect. However, it is doubtful if such words are meant to be taken seriously, as they are probably merely a gesture of independence, an indication that Ghana is not really dependent on any outside nation. Generally, relations have been, and remain, on a cordial level between the American Volunteers and Ghanaians.

The Volunteers, who are distributed in nearly 50 schools in different parts of the country, have generally made a favourable impression on their pupils and others by their cheerful and conscientious approach to their duties: in a country where secondary education means as much as it does in Ghana, this ensures that popularity and respect are accorded to the Volunteer teachers.

It should be mentioned that, in addition to the teachers, Peace Corps has sent nearly twenty geologists to Ghana. These young men are helping the Ghana geological survey in its location and development of the mineral resources of the country.

In addition to Ghana, Peace Corps Volunteers are serving in many other African countries—Liberia, Sierra Leone, Guinea, Ivory Coast, Togoland, Niger and Nigeria in West Africa; and also in Tunisia, Ethiopia, Somalia,

Tanganyika and Nyasaland. All these countries have asked for even more Volunteers, which is an indication of the popularity of the projects. Other African nations have requested Peace Corps assistance. The general experience, both of Ghana and of other countries, is that the Peace Corps can make an extremely valuable contribution to the social and economic development of the new nations.

A SECONDARY, though important, outcome of the Peace Corps programmes is the effect they have on the Volunteers, who gain enormously in maturity, breadth of outlook, commitment to basic values and the like, and who usually return to the U.S. with a potentially larger contribution to make to their own society. They also become much more international in outlook, and gain an insight into, and a sympathy for, the problems of a small new nation such as Ghana.

I confess that, like most others (including, it should be said, many Americans), I received the announcement of the formation of the Peace Corps with reservations: but my close contact with the Ghana projects has convinced me that this is a splendid scheme, one of which the U.S.A. can be justly proud. ●

Words Words Words

THE coming internal censorship of books in South Africa has aroused English and Afrikaans writers alike to protest and even to threaten defiance. From Alan Paton to Stuart Cloete (in a spectrum of quality, quantity and political viewpoint) and excluding only those even further right, like Sarah Gertrude Millin and W. E. G. Louw, our writers have protested. So many books and so many writers are banned already, through stopping them coming into the country and through the Suppression of Communism Act respectively that the Government can say: "you have put up with these bans for years, why complain now?"—a classic example of a small loss of freedom, condoned, leading to a greater loss.

Two writers gagged by the Suppression of Communism Act are Alex la Guma and Dennis Brutus. Neither the novel by the former, (Mbari, Ibadan) nor the poems of the latter may be sold or quoted in South Africa. As an offering to the many in this Vorster-imposed silence, here are Ulli Beier's comments on the verse of Dennis Brutus, made at the Mbari Writers Conference, held at Makerere last year:

"Dennis Brutus often deals with political situations in his poetry, but I don't think anybody could accuse him of being self pitying or even self-centred. On the contrary, his verse is extremely restrained and disciplined, and he speaks in a quiet, muted voice which is only possible for a person who manages to stand partly outside the events that affect him.

"In Dennis Brutus' verse there is none of the outcry, the scream, the anger of protest poetry. Sometimes it reads like an understatement; yet who could fail to be moved by a subdued poem like

[Quotation]

The poem is ostensibly about erosion but the double sense is obvious. The basic feeling is one of deep sadness rather than of outrage, of mourning rather than of protest. But there is nothing feeble here; a sensation of subdued strength runs through the whole.

"If we compare Dennis Brutus's writing with that of the West African writers we have discussed earlier, he seems more down to earth, closer to pressing everyday reality. He cannot indulge in purely personal poetry, he cannot afford the luxuries of myth-making, of polished verse or extravagant imagery. He is never allowed to forget the context in which he writes, and as we leaf through his poetry we will encounter the imagery of the apartheid state on almost every page, regardless of the theme of his poem:

[Six quotations]

"Such powerful lines convey a grim sense of reality. To Dennis Brutus, happiness—or

even peace—can only be fleeting transitory moments, moments he nevertheless relishes:

[Quotation]

he needs and enjoys each small moment of respite:

[Quotation]

"All this is said calmly, quietly, without bitterness. Not even the white oppressors come in for hatred, in fact they are mentioned only once, and then with a mixture of pity and contempt:

[Quotation]

"Dennis Brutus's language and themes are almost prosy. But there is a maturity of feeling and above all a *precision* of phrase, that lifts this verse far above the common protest cry coming from South Africa. This simple precision of language produces almost a kind of transfiguration. And this is possible through the poet's quiet fortitude that pervades all:

[Quotation]

WHITE highlanders cheer Jomo Kenyatta in Kenya while in Durban SABC reporters gloat over the Kenyans who stumble down the gang-plank saying they are going to stay in South Africa. It seems a pity that those who have survived one revolution should put themselves in the way of another. Both those who stay in Kenya and those who have left might be interested in a settler story which came in a letter from Morocco the other day. The settler is a hard-headed Belgian factory owner who

makes soap out of the last drop of oil squeezed from olive stones. His wife is a second-generation Moroccan French *colon*. In 1954 as the French rats were leaving the Moroccan independence ship he said to his wife: "Now is the time to buy a bigger house than we have ever had before." And now more people than ever before can afford to wash their hands in Morocco.

One of the farmers who is staying in the Kenya no-longer-white Highlands described himself on the BBC Overseas service as 'hard-core'. He was confident enough of the new Kenya to be able to make this joke in front of Kenyatta.

And yet at the same time the book *Mau Mau Detainee* by Josiah Kariuki, which has recently been published by Oxford, has been condemned by many Kenya settlers before they have even had a chance to read it. "Why rake all this muck up again?" they ask. And the largest chain of book-shops in East Africa has refused to handle it.

But of course there are many lessons to

be drawn by everybody from this blow by blow account of life in the detention camps of Kenya. And one of the lessons has a relevance closer to South Africa. Clyde Sanger pointed it out in his review of Kariuki's book in the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* written after the Havelock Mine strike:

"It is a warning to Britain to avoid the same mistakes. It could never happen again, you say? What about the hooded men who screened the strikers in Swaziland, and put them in three categories including "hard core"? The terminology and the "Little Sacks" were identical with those used in Kenya's past. Swaziland has 10,000 whites, and most of the settlers are South Africans and they own half the land. There are plenty of forests in Swaziland: and the Swazis, being descendants of one of Chaka's Zulu regiments, are every bit as brave as the Kikuyu. Mr. Kariuki's book is more timely than he could have imagined when he looked no farther than at Kenya's horizon."

Africa Diary

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A Gentle People

BESSIE HEAD

The warm, uncommitted

"Coloureds" of the Cape

WHEN I FIRST CAME to Cape Town in 1958, my friends told me that Cape Town would weave a spell around me and I should never be able to leave it. If I went away, they said, I would always come back. Their words have proved true. I have come back, again and again, not knowing what it is that draws me. Now I do know. I love the Cape because it can give me, a writer, a fierce individualist—a warmth, a love, a sense of something that is the opposite of isolation and a sense of belonging, if not to the country, at least to the human race. I have found all this among the Coloured community in the Cape.

Whites in the Cape, with the habitual arrogance of Whites, refer to the Cape as having a "liberal tradition"; meaning of course, "their liberal tradi-

tion". It would never occur to them that it is the basically gentle and un-aggressive personality of the Cape Coloured that has made them "liberal". Wherever the White has felt himself "threatened" he has never hesitated to clamour for the most ruthless army and police repression. He lives always with his fears. The fact that he is able to pride himself in the Cape on being "liberal" is because he does not fear the Coloured man.

Another fallacy of the Whites is that they are the preservers of White Western Christian culture in Africa. Culture is not limited to the West, or Europe or a White skin or Christianity. Culture, in its truest sense, in its universal sense is the expression of the *personality* of a people. The Cape Coloured has this personality and he expresses it in little gestures and habits that are unique and belong to him alone. In fact his sense of belonging to himself and understanding himself without desires to impose himself on

others gives him a wonderful sense of a relaxed enjoyment of living. In a country where the rest of the oppressed groups are hounded day in and day out, their homes broken up, their movements restricted, he has been able to live in relative peace and move about as freely as he wished. To do this he achieved a compromise with the ruling, dominant group. Superficially he has many outward mannerisms and speech similarities of the Afrikaner. But the Afrikaner did not want him and yet did not fear him so he has developed from a bit here and a bit there a personality of his own. He adapts and grows and absorbs, adding to himself all the time. He welcomes strangers, is curious and interested in them and with a quick wit and jolly humour puts on a bit of their garments. He even adopts Hollywood and all its quaint trash. Anything and anyone can live beside him: sometimes these mixtures make him a better man, sometimes they have a harmful influence. In a cold and loveless country like South Africa his warmth of heart and *genuine* friendliness is like a great roaring fire on the white icy wastes of the Antarctic.

IN SPITE OF THE ADVANTAGES, such as freedom of movement that the Coloured man has had over the other oppressed groups in South Africa, he has, either through an innate laziness,

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lack of initiative or maybe even a sheer crazed honesty not made financial capital out of his advantages. He is on the whole perpetually poor, uncomplaining about his poverty and no trouble at all. On top of all that, he is that infuriating character—the uncommitted man. He has given his loyalty to *no one*. How can he when he cannot even agree with himself about what he is thinking?

The negative aspects of Cape Coloured leadership tend to stress the fact that the fate of the Cape Coloured people is the fate of the White in South Africa. If that were really true then the Coloured man is doomed. But it is not. The Coloured man knows he is oppressed, and he knows his oppressor. He of all oppressed groups in South Africa fears his oppressor most because he is closer to him and really understand the ruthless nature of his power. So, he complies. He is obsequious, just so long as everybody leaves him in peace. Instead he would rather expend his hidden rage and frustration in drink and acts of violence on his own people or else try to outwit and make fun of you with his shrewd sense of humour. Coloured men, like Dr. Van Der Ross, appear to be unaware of the tragedy that is the day to day life of the Coloured people. He, and a few others like him would give the impression that the Coloured man is working hand in glove with the oppressor. The real trouble with the Van Der Rosses and a number of others like them is that they have created a conservative middle class of their own which is but a pallid and watery reflection of White privilege. It is a treacherous, dangerous and deceiving reflection.

THE RACIALISTS IN THE SOUTH of the United States of America are making their last stand. The pro-tribalists are or will be making their last stand. We are told that the hard core of Afrikanerdom in South Africa will also make its last stand. A decisive factor for a man in all these strifes and last stands is for him for the sake of his self-respect to find out where his loyalty lies. A man who sees a country merely as a place where he can earn money is not loyal to that country; his loyalty lies some other place, and, as soon as he has collected enough will be a-

getting back to that place. Neither is a man loyal who values a country only for the privileged position he holds there. Colonialists dominated in Africa for so long only because there was no other force to counter their power. When they had to contend with the uncompromising force of African nationalism, they gave way; sometimes gracefully; sometimes with a fierce and bitter struggle.

There is often the cry of Non-White leaders in this country, and among Coloured leaders in particular, about the lack of unity among the oppressed people. Leaders, especially some sinister and unscrupulous ones which we have here, wish to use the people for their own ends; for ends that may have either a perpetuation of White domination or the introduction of something like Moscow rule. Africa and the awakened forces of African nationalism are against them and against all exploiters who do not admit a loyalty to a continent that has had its fill of exploitation. Future generations of young people in South Africa and Africa will be against them too.

WE ALL LOVE OUR COMFORTABLE grooves and somehow feel safe in patterns of living that have been imposed upon us; even though these patterns are unjust. A time of change is a time of upheaval that disrupts the status quo. It is also a time when violent passions rampage and terrifying acts of repression are perpetrated by those who wish to resist this change. The sane man will resist being swept into this cauldron of hatred. He learns to accept change as one of the inevitable consequences of life and prepares to adjust himself to something new, well knowing that the past was not good for him and looking forward with hope to the future.

Who knows what is ahead? But life has need of a people such as the Coloured people of the Cape. While they too are suffering at the hand of the exploiter and do not as yet know whether they are this or that or here or there, they are warmly human, generous with a word of greeting and a smile. For my part, they evoke the words of Stephen Foster, later used in a popular song—"dear hearts and gentle people." ●

REVIEWS

Reticent Keepers

Leonard Bloom

Langa: A study of social groups in an African township by Monica Wilson and Archie Mafeje (O.U.P., Cape Town R2.55)

PERHAPS UNFORTUNATELY, *Langa* is likely to be read widely both by those professionally interested in Africa and by the interested layman. Many readers will feel warm and satisfied that now they *know* how, and what, Africans suffer from apartheid. Some readers will, I fear, feel vaguely and comfortingly that those quaint creatures in the Langa zoo are, it seems, becoming not too different from the keepers outside. It is, of course, the keepers who read the book.

Frankly, I was disappointed, irritated and baffled: both as a social psychologist, much concerned with the problems of urbanisation in Africa, and as a layman.

I was disappointed and irritated that in this "study of social groups", so much was treated so muzzily, and so much of significance was left out. It is quite astonishing that in 1960 in South Africa, a scientific study can omit an analysis of political and economic organisation, even on the most general level. Not one serious reader should be satisfied with the apology that "a very large number of the people of Langa take a lively interest in politics, and readers must make allowance for this fact". Later in the book we read that "the general leaders in Langa are the political leaders", but we search in vain for any account of *how* political leaders lead, and in what situations. Nor are we told what kind of social groups arise from this "lively interest in politics". This striking omission is in no way balanced by lists of names of dance bands, sports clubs and churches, and tedious descriptions of which clergyman quarrelled with which other.

THE BOOK CONCLUDES that "something new is growing in the towns: its mark is the intense vitality, the aliveness, that appears in dance and song, in the jiving of the *ikhaba* and the Merry-Macs band, in the

irrepressible humour of the townees, and in a flexible changing language". It is irritating that throughout a serious work (which is not, we presume, intended to be a lengthy version of the "Our friends the Bantu and their smiles in the face of adversity" type of journalism), the emphasis is upon trivial description. Is Langa no more than Merry-Macs and jiving?

To be sure the authors criticise the mischiefs of *specific* apartheid policies, but I was left with the impression that they are more interested in "the intense vitality . . . dance and song", than in the revolution in social structure and behaviours that urbanisation brings about. I constantly felt that the reader was diverted from any considered discussion of harsh political and economic realities, by the interruption of the trivia of soccer clubs and churches.

As a social psychologist I was baffled: I have no idea how accurate and reliable the book is. Nowhere are we told *who* was interviewed. Nowhere are we shown the plan of the interviews. No information is given about *how* the interviews were carried out. For all that we can tell from the book, the entire material might have been collected from a handful of informal chats with youngsters, a couple of aged tame members of government-appointed "Advisory Boards", and an underground organiser of Pan African Congress. For all we know the interviewers might have been more concerned to present a picture of happy, singing Langa in the teeth of political and economic distress, than an accurate account—and what is worse, be quite unaware that they were doing so. We do know (from careful reading) that much information was picked-up on the 'bus, and from overheard conversations—scraps of chatter that no self-respecting firm would dream of accepting from its investigating psychologist, in a report on if and why housewives liked their new detergent. For we always hear on the 'bus what we want to hear.

LANGA IS STRONGER on a superficial, descriptive level, where it sketches vividly and warmly what it means to be an African in Langa: to grapple with completely arbitrary authority, exploitation wages, a high cost of living, geographical and cultural isolation, and the corruption that inevitably accompanies threading one's way through the labyrinth of bureaucratic fascism. *Langa* describes well the doubts, confusions and upheavals felt by a countryman on first arriving in town and having to learn the ways of the city, and I was moved by the sympathetic account of how migrants tend to look after one another (until used to town ways) and how there are many informal means to settle disputes. I was impressed by the complex cultural, social, sporting and educational activity that has developed in Langa, despite financial hardship and (often official hindrance or sabotage—such

as that which closed the voluntary night school with its enrolment of 300 to 400). Despite the official policy of sealing-off Langa (as all African townships are sealed off), "a community has emerged with characteristics very similar to those of urban communities in other countries". "Very similar"? No! Identical—Africans are not a *special* kind of human being.

About broad social issues the authors are coyly reticent. I have already criticised the authors' shunning any extended account of economic and political organisation, throughout the book there are scrappy references to the impact of the political and economic system upon life in Langa. This reticence makes the nine pages of "Conclusion" read curiously like a kindly, welfare report.

THE AUTHORS MAKE the sociologically unsophisticated statement that "what drives men to town is poverty". Certainly, the poverty-stricken "reserves" are an incentive to move to the towns. But are there no such spurs as ambition, the wish to escape a stultifying tribalism (where it lingers), the desire to find more opportunities in work and education for oneself and one's children? The authors nowhere comment that it is the *deliberate policy* of a quasi-colonial country to create the poverty that drives men to seek work in the towns, to become members of a new urban, landless, rightless proletariat. The authors' bare assertion leads to the ridiculous implication that migrants to Langa (and other townships) are no more than hungry tribesmen. De Wet Nel would love this: it comes comfortingly close to the government view that Africans are only "temporary sojourners" in the town, and are really rooted in the country.

Exciting Evidence

Leslie Rubin

Africa Unbound. Reflections of an African Statesman by Alex Quaison-Sackey. (André Deutsch, London)

DURING THE FOUR YEARS that Alex Quaison-Sackey has represented Ghana at United Nations, he has made his mark as an eloquent spokesman for the new Africa. Still a student when his own country achieved

The authors fail to trace systematically, or even to suggest, what is implied by urbanisation *as a universal social change*. Is all that occurs the creation of a handful of churches, clubs and fluctuating groups of "Home Boys" (from the same area)? What are the changing attitudes to education, work, leisure, money? What are the conflicts between rural and urban ways of life and thought? How are social groups formed to provide substitute activities for frustrated political interests and energies? How does the African, whose status is depressed by law and administration, find outlets to make him feel that he has *some* control over his environment? What social, economic and political pressures encourage, and which discourage the formation, maintenance and normal functioning of social groups? Which pressures foster, and which inhibit, the transition from rural to urban life?

Briefly, I missed any suggestion that the authors had a framework to make their material more than an untidy—if often interesting—jumble of "facts". *Langa* fails to place the basic existence and pattern of life in Langa squarely into the economic, political and social system that demands that the most substantial building in Langa is the police-station, and that the town is isolated, and can be insulated, some eight miles from Cape Town. If we wish to take seriously the urban revolution that is now gathering speed in Africa (and which is, perhaps, most advanced in South Africa) attention must be paid to a *systematic* study of the developing African working-class, which may well be Africa's decisive force for the future. The Merry-Macs and the Spiritual Zionist Church contribute little to our understanding, and ultimately, little to our sympathy. ●

her independence in 1957, he was one of the first of a growing number of young African patriots, called upon to assume the burden of world statemanship at short notice and with very little diplomatic training and experience. His career at United Nations is exciting evidence of the capacity of Africa to throw up men well able to hold their own—and more—with the most seasoned products of British, American or Russian foreign service. The record of his participation—described in this book—in the decisions taken by United Nations in regard to Hungary, Cuba and the Congo, disclose skilful negotiation within an admirable framework of dedication to the cause of international peace. But his specific activities—the lobbying, arousing interest, urging action, seeking compromise when there is conflict between the Western nations and Soviet Russia—are grouped around a central aim. His main purpose is

to interpret Africa to the rest of the world.

It is this interpretation of Africa which constitutes the theme of *Africa Unbound*. A chapter on the African Independence Movement discusses the colonial background to the process of emancipation from British and French rule, and goes on to present an illuminating comparison of the early approach of Houphouët-Boigny, on the one hand, and Nkrumah, on the other, to independence. An impressive feature of the treatment of this topic, is its objectivity. While—as one would expect—there is an

unequivocal assertion of Nkrumah's pioneering and determinant place in the whole process of African independence, the author does not fail to give full recognition to the part played by Houphouët-Boigny in bringing about the independence of the French territories. Other chapters provide balanced explanations of such concepts as the African Personality, Negritude, Positive Neutralism, which add, to much that has already been written on these subjects, both a sympathetic grasp of the non-African's difficulties in understanding them, and a re-

freshing readiness to question the views of African leaders.

This is a book I recommend, unhesitatingly, to student and layman alike. Perhaps the fact that Mr. Quasion-Sackey is opposed to the expulsion of South Africa from United Nations (another example of his admirable objectivity) may persuade some Afrikaner nationalists to read it. If they did they would learn much about the Africa of today and tomorrow that they ought to know. ●

On the Chessboard

Shula Marks

The Diaries of Lord Lugard Volume Four.
Edited by Margery Perham and Mary Bull (Faber 50s)

WITH THE PUBLICATION of the fourth and last volume of Lord Lugard's diaries, Miss Margery Perham and Mrs. Mary Bull have once again earned the gratitude of the student of African history. Both for the specialist in Nigeria and the general reader interested in Africa, the two diaries in this volume contain much fascinating material. While following on the three previous volumes which recorded Lugard's experiences in East Africa, and especially in present-day Uganda, the present volume has been so edited as to be intelligible on its own, although the reader will be much rewarded by turning to Miss Perham's full biography of Lord Lugard for further background material—and indeed will be greatly tempted to do so while reading the diaries. The admirably lucid and scholarly introductions to the two diaries however fully enable the reader to relate the entries in the diaries to the wider context of the time: both late nineteenth-century Imperialism and the 'Scramble for Africa' and Nigerian internal history; the introductory pages to each chapter relate to the more detailed records which follow.

As Miss Perham has pointed out in her preface, these diaries were essentially private records of Lugard's day-to-day activities, what he had achieved, what still lay ahead of him, written very often under the most difficult of circumstances. They were *paroles d'action* not meant for publication;

and herein lies much of their value in revealing the personality and temperament of the man who has been called 'Britain's greatest administrator in Africa', and whose philosophy and assumptions, for better or worse, not only influenced British policy in the whole of Africa before World War Two, but still play their part in the shape of politics in Uganda and Northern Nigeria. From this point of view the impressions and comments of the man who was later to become first High Commissioner of Northern Nigeria, on his first treaty-making trek through the country are of considerable importance. On the other hand, precisely because the diaries, and especially the first, were written as an account of daily events, there is little to remind one in the picture that emerges of Lugard the explorer and the brilliant organiser, of his later role as one of the chief proponents of 'indirect rule'—with all the contradictions that those words imply—and his ideas of the 'Dual Mandate'.

THE FIRST AND LONGER OF the two diaries covers the period from July 1894 to April 1895 when Lugard, as agent of Sir George Goldie's Royal Niger Company undertook the arduous and dangerous mission of treaty-making in that part of North-Western Nigeria rather vaguely described as 'Borgu'. From the plethora of detail in the diaries such as how many miles were marched on a particular day, how much Lugard paid his men, how generous a gift he gave to a particular ruler or how a particular treaty was negotiated, a really dramatic story emerges; however much one might deplore the underlying motivations of participants in the European scramble of which this trip was a part, and detest many of its repercussions, one cannot but admire the courage and intrepidity, to say nothing of the really extraordinary powers of organisation, of the man who led a virtually unarmed caravan of 293 Africans and two other Europeans through difficult, hostile and uncharted territory. Always taking into consideration the limitations imposed by

late nineteenth-century assumptions about Africa, Lugard's observations also give much important information on the internal state of the towns and principalities—if that is the correct term—through which he passed: their economic and social situation, their relationship with each other.

THE SECOND DIARY DEALS with the period October 1897 to June 1898, when Lugard, now in the employ of the British Government is placed in command of the West Africa Field Force and sets about its organisation. Perhaps the most interesting sections of this diary are those dealing with the supplanting in Northern Nigeria of the Royal Niger Company by a British Government with Chamberlain in its ranks very aware of its Imperial mission, and Lugard's clashes with Chamberlain over the so-called 'Chessboard' policy advocated by the British Government, whereby British troops would occupy towns in Nigeria immediately neighbouring those already occupied by the French and so try to edge them out of the region. Nothing could illustrate better the essential idiocy in terms of Africa itself of the 'game of Empire-building' as Lugard himself calls it. ●

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